Early Baptist Missionaries and Pioneers

W. S. Stewart

BAPTIST MISSIONARIES AND PIONEERS

Volume I

EARLY BAPTIST MISSIONARIES AND PIONEERS

By
W. S. STEWART

Edited by
The Department of Missionary Education
Board of Education of the Northern Baptist Convention
276 Fifth Avenue, New York City

PHILADELPHIA
THE JUDSON PRESS
BOSTON CHICAGO LOS ANGELES
KANSAS CITY SEATTLE TORONTO

Published July, 1925

This book is lovingly dedicated
to my parents

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Stewart

who first taught me the love of Jesus
and His program of world redemption

INTRODUCTION

In the history of human affairs, the record of new knowledge and achievement always gathers about certain outstanding figures, who have influenced the thinking of their times. In Christian history it is essential that we know the life-stories of missionary pioneers if we are to understand truly the growing influence of the religion of Jesus Christ. The history of the Christian Church is, indeed, written around these great personalities, who, encountering extreme opposition and hardship, both within and without the church, made bold to press their claim for the world-wide recognition of the supremacy of the Christian religion. No history which aims to show the conquests of Christianity can ignore these pivotal personalities. Some of them have profoundly influenced the thinking of their own generation, and many of them have changed the thinking of many generations. Some of them stand out like peaks in the mountain ranges which they identify. Some of them, inconspicuous in their time, championed causes which have changed the life of the world. Many of them rendered distinguished service as geographers, explorers, and linguists; and many more as evangelists, doctors, and educators. In the cause to which they gave themselves, they developed great abilities which they have consecrated to noble ends. The life-stories of these missionary pioneers are, therefore, not only necessary for a knowledge of the growth of Christianity, but they are alive with thrilling interest.

Introduction

The contribution which Baptists have made to this host is quite conspicuous. The honor roll includes names which will never be forgotten in human history, and the stories of some of these are reviewed for us in this volume.

The title of this volume suggests at once that other volumes will appear, and the entire series as now projected is as follows:

Early Baptist Missionaries and Pioneers, No. 1.
Early Baptist Missionaries and Pioneers, No. 2.
Later Baptist Missionaries and Pioneers, No. 1.
Later Baptist Missionaries and Pioneers, No. 2.

These volumes are suited to the needs of student groups, summer conferences, and young people's societies, and will be especially valuable for mission study classes, discussion groups, and reading courses.

In gathering together in condensed form these biographical stories now scattered in many volumes, some of which are out of print or remotely accessible, the author has rendered a distinct service to Baptists everywhere, and has made a valuable contribution to missionary literature.

William A. Hill.

CONTENTS

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

I

ESTABLISHING THE BOUNDARIES

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER I

1. Missions began in the mind of God.
2. Jesus the first missionary.
3. Paul the first missionary of the church.
4. Modern missions begun in 1792 by William Carey.
5. The Baptist goodly heritage:
   (1) They were first.
   (2) They have gone far and wide preaching and teaching.
   (3) They were statesmen and prophets.
6. People were called of God:
   (1) Blessing of Christian home.
   (2) Training of Christian school.
   (3) Obedience to Jesus the ultimate purpose.

ESTABLISHING THE BOUNDARIES

"The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdom of our Lord, and of his Christ."—Revelation 11 : 15.

Missions Began in the Mind of God

The modern era of missions began in 1792. Since that date there has been an ever-growing interest in missionary work. The spheres of influence and fields of service are constantly increasing as the missionaries press onward to world conquest. This all had its inception in the mind of God, "The Lamb slain before the foundation of the world."

Jesus the First Missionary

Jesus, the Son of God, is the peerless missionary. "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself." Christ's birthday in Bethlehem will always be observed as the day when "Christ existing in the form of God, emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men." He is our perfect example of sacrifice, of love, and of devotion. As Livingstone epigrammatically said, "God had only one Son, and he was a missionary."

All is in accordance with the perfect plan of God. His purpose was gradually being revealed to the sons of men in the ages before Christ. History and poetry, law and prophecy, all pointed toward Jesus, through whose sacrifice "men were to be born anew." Darkness was to

disappear. Desolation and despair were to be overcome. Destruction and death were to be conquered by him of whom Isaiah wrote, "God hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."

God's heart was yearning over a sinful, dying world. God's plans were maturing for its redemption. Finally, the hour of divine omnipotence struck. The golden text of the immortal missionary book, the Bible, was written: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life." The urge of all missionaries has since been "the love of Christ constraineth us." Their song of triumph has been

> The Son of God goes forth to war
> A kingly crown to gain:
> His blood-red banner streams afar,
> Who follows in his train?

Their ever-growing hymn of praise is

> Lead on, O King eternal,
> The day of march has come.

The victorious Christ led the heroes of the early church. Peter was the preacher of the sermon on the first Pentecost. Stephen was the first martyr of the church, James the first apostle to suffer martyrdom that "he might follow in his train." Time will fail me to tell of John, Andrew, Thomas, Philip, Matthew, Mark, and Barnabas, "who had trials of mockings and scourgings; bonds and imprisonment; they were destitute, afflicted, tormented." They counted it a joy to suffer for him, if by so doing they might advance the kingdom of Jesus.

Paul the First Missionary of the Church

Paul, the chosen vessel to the Gentiles, became the greatest missionary of the New Testament Church. No record of the book of Acts is more freighted with meaning and power than the thirteenth chapter, the second verse: "The Holy Spirit said, 'Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them.'" The church will always think of that as the real beginning of active foreign missionary work.

How tireless was Paul, the missionary! No task was too difficult for this intrepid disciple of Christ. He was determined "to know nothing among them but Jesus Christ and him crucified." He wrote the golden text of his life into the very fabric of his being. His letters, his deeds, and his life became the embodiment of his life purpose: "I have been crucified with Christ; and it is no longer I that live, but Christ that liveth in me: and that life which I now live in the flesh, I live in the faith, the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself up for me."

Missionaries have all studied his life to gain a deeper insight into the cause of his constant victories. The church does well today to see this man obeying the last command of Jesus, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." He went under the direction of the Holy Spirit. He preached equipped with knowledge from on high. He established churches in centers of influence, and helped them to radiate for miles around their Christian gospel. He wrote letters which are today part of the Holy Book of God. He was never content with just introducing men to God. Nor was he

content in seeing men "saved by grace"; or in establishing churches. Rather, did Paul work and pray that the Christians "might grow to the measure of the stature of the fulness of God." He was willing "to be all things to all men if by some way he might gain some."

Today Paul is still the outstanding missionary of the church. The study of his life gives constant inspiration. The books he has written have become not only a part of God's Book; but they have become also a part of the impetus and incentive to take men and women into life work for God.

After Paul's death the church carried on. The zeal of the early Fathers was translated in lives of devotion and sacrifice until practically all the known world heard the story of Jesus and his love. And then? God always had a witness. Through the darkness and shadow of the Middle Ages; through the bloodshed of the early Protestant Reformers; through the deeds of dissenters and non-conformists there was always a company, a group, or scattered individuals who were true and faithful. They did not bow the knee to Baal. They believed "the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears.

Modern Missions Begun in 1792 by William Carey

The church entered on a new era in 1792. To William Carey, the Baptist preacher, belongs the credit of awakening the church from its lethargy and its self-satisfaction. When he made his proposal, however, his words were not greeted with enthusiasm. One man said, "Sit down, young man, if the Lord wants to convert the heathen,

he'll do it without your help." That young man today is thought more of by earnest Christian students of history than Napoleon Bonaparte, his contemporary. He looms above the men of his day as a seer, a prophet, and as a Christian statesman of the very highest order.

William Carey was a Baptist. Is he only a Baptist? Does he not belong to the whole Protestant church? Did he not open up India so that all denominations might work there? To William Carey is the credit given of starting the enterprise of Modern Missions.

Who shall say then that William Carey is theirs and theirs alone? What branch of the church claims Livingstone to the exclusion of all others? Is the work of Robert Morrison a contribution to his denomination, or to the bringing of the kingdom of God in China? These great pioneers went out, "not knowing whither they went." They knew they had not here an abiding city, but they were seeking "the city which is to come." They served. They struggled. They died. "There was many a heartache, many an anguish, many a tear." They were faithful unto death. The challenge of their sacrifice has become the urge of the whole church.

What has been our contribution? What have Baptists given not of money but of men for the salvation of the world? Have Baptists been among the pioneers? Are we content to follow after another has blazed the trail? Has the practise of our lives equaled the confession of our lips? "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to the whole creation." Have we waited for the paved road, and the motor-car? Have we been willing to bear the brunt of the fight, to receive the scars of the battle? Can we as a denomination say with Paul the

missionary, " I bear branded on my body the marks of Jesus "?

The Baptist Goodly Heritage

Baptists have a goodly heritage. Many of our number are counted among the immortals. Men and women who have given their all, not for the praise of men but for the glory of God—to them we owe a great debt. The world's histories have marked some of them. How much more should the life of our denomination appreciate to the full the debt that is ours, and the heritage that we enjoy because these Baptist missionaries and pioneers were willing to go out and serve under the command of him " who came to give his life a ransom for many "!

Their names are many. Every student of missionary history can name tens of folks worthy of consideration and deserving of honor for the accomplishments of their lives. Who shall be chosen from among this group as deserving of a place in these books on " Baptist Missionary Heroes "? To ascertain the judgment of English-speaking Baptists letters were written to the different Mission Boards of the Northern and Southern Conventions, the Canadian and the English Boards. Prominent Baptists in these countries were asked to make out suggested lists of names of folks who were worthy of a place in this galaxy of heroes. Letters were received from all over the English-speaking world. Where it was possible missionaries who had served many years on a field were interviewed and their opinions recorded. All these letters and interviews were carefully compiled and a consensus of judgment has been reached. Different folks will have others perhaps as worthy of honor as

those who have been chosen. No group of Baptist heroes, however, are more worthy of emulation of their deeds, or were more faithful to their Lord and Master.

Every large field of Baptist activity is studied. The great missionary sectors of Baptist work are considered in their native state. Men and women have been chosen from the ranks of missionaries who represent real pioneer activity: those who have displayed heroism in their service; those who have gone into the unknown places of the earth; men who have been hunted and hounded; women who have undergone privation and want; pioneers who have opened virgin fields and barren wastes of humanity and prepared the ground so that these are today veritable gardens of the Lord.

The outreach of the denomination is world-wide. The extension of its missionary activity is continental and tribal. Into interior Africa, up the great Congo River for hundreds of miles, we go with Grenfell. Over to the largest nation on earth, and we see the people of China receiving the gospel. Across the Yellow Sea to Japan, and on the Inland Sea we go with the immortal Bickel. Down to caste-ridden India, and around the Baptist Bay of Biscay we study with Carey and Thomas, with Mr. and Mrs. Judson, and with John Clough. We visit the great continent of Europe and study early Baptist beginnings under Oncken. We cross the sea again to America, stopping to visit Jamaica and know Knibb. Then we look over our great continent of North America, and note the consecration of the sweet woman from Switzerland, Madame Feller. We mark carefully the daring of Peck and McCoy. We close our tour with the

Fireside Schools of the South and their consecrated founder, Johanna P. Moore.

We are to study the lives of men who changed the character of nations; of women who elevated whole races of people; of men who became the advisers of kings and who were called into private conferences by presidents and rulers; and of men and women whose impress on the civilization of the world looms higher and higher the farther away we get from their lives. They changed the course of history. They were seers and prophets whose one thought was to push on in his name.

The more familiar we become with the history of the lives of these men, the plainer is the hand of God in it all. It is very evident, "There is a destiny that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will." These heroes tried to seek other avenues of service besides the ministry and the missionary work. After being led to a decision for missions, and after answering the summons, they sought their own fields of service. Carey would go to the South Seas, but is sent to India. Clough wanted to work with the Chinese in Siam, but God sends him to South India. The purposes of God were being carried out. As life after life is studied, the leadership of God in the lives of his consecrated followers becomes more and more obvious; and the wisdom of the Eternal in his choice of men and of their fields of service is a constant cause of thanksgiving.

People Were Called of God

When God needed a prophet for his people he had a boy placed in the temple under the care of the old priest Eli. This boy was dedicated by his mother at birth to the

service of the Lord; and she gladly placed him in the care of the man of God. Samuel became one of Israel's greatest prophets because he had been reared in godly surroundings. Who can measure the influence of the family altar and Christian parents on these missionary heroes? Their homes were nurseries of piety and homes of righteousness. They were taught by Christian parents to reverence God's day, God's house, and God's book. First impressions are the most lasting. The value of this early training is of incalculable worth in the instilling of patient endurance, Christian fortitude, and faith "that knows no wavering." These parents believed and practised the adage of the Old Testament philosopher, "Bring up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart therefrom." Their children actualized the truth of this Bible passage in lives that remained faithful.

Abraham Lincoln put into one sentence, however, the most important contribution that men can make to world uplift. In that masterly Gettysburg address, he said: "Men will little note, nor long remember what we say here; but they can *never forget* what they did here." Men may little note nor long remember what these missionaries said. They may not even remember their birthplace, or their divine calling, but they can never forget the deeds of these immortals. It is not what Jesus said, but what Jesus did that saves men. John 3 : 16 may be the essence of the gospel, but it is only so because he hung on the cross. Paul may say, "I count not my life dear unto myself"; but that did not make him great. Rather was it because that verse today typifies his sacrificial life that he is one of God's chosen.

Men and women may be called of God to be missionaries. They may be reared "in the fear and the admonition of the Lord." They may be taught in the schools by master minds possessed by godly men. All of this may be true, and still they may not reach the height of heroism or make an impress on the heathen world. Read it again, "They took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus." In such close fellowship were Peter and John living with Christ, so closely were they following the teaching of him whom the Jews had crucified that even the unsaved realized these apostles were living the crucified life.

There is the culture of the Christian home that is beneficial. There is the culture of the Christian school that gives a poise to the life not otherwise attained. There is the culture of the Cross that is all important, and is within the reach of all. Men may be physically trained. Men may be mentally alert, and thoroughly equipped. Still such men may fail God. The lives of these Baptist heroes and heroines teach us that it is the Christians whom God appoints that win the victory for the kingdom of God. The shoemaker of England can become the great linguist and scholar of India. The man who never finished his schooling became the shepherd of the islands of the Inland Sea. It was all through obedience to the Crucified.

"Study to show thyself . . . a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." Read every book and take every course of study that will make men more proficient to serve.

Most necessary of all, most important—do his will more. It is not by the might of the intellect of men that the world is evangelized. It is not by the power of our

organizations or the multiplicities of our forces that the world is brought to Jesus. It is by Spirit-guided men and women, it is by Spirit-controlled men and women, it is by Spirit-impelled men and women, that the world hears the gospel message. Isaac McCoy went out to serve, not knowing what sorrow, anguish, and heartache awaited him. He was willing and glad to go because of his love for Jesus. It is the missionaries who seek the approval of God, his love, and his presence, and who make their Christian service verdant with the graces of Christian love, that bring the world to the Saviour. "Who follows in their train?"

II

ROGER WILLIAMS

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER II

1. Roger Williams born in London, England.
2. Arrived in America in 1631.
3. Banished from Massachusetts Colony, October 9, 1635.
4. Founded Providence, Rhode Island, in 1636.
5. Baptized in 1639; helped to organize the First Baptist Church in America.
6. Made two trips to England to secure charters.
7. Translated the Bible for the Indians.
8. Died in Providence in 1683.
9. The Baptists the most persecuted denomination in America.
10. The pioneer of religious freedom.

ROGER WILLIAMS

"If any man willeth to do his will, he shall know of the teaching, whether it is of God, or whether I speak from myself."—John 7 : 17.

No book of Baptist heroes would be complete without the life-history of Roger Williams. He was the first missionary to the Indians of the United States. His work among them antedates that of Eliot by twelve years. He was a pioneer and the founder of the Baptist Church of America. Though he lived and did his work one hundred and fifty years before the time established as one of the boundaries of this book, so important is his contribution that familiarity with his life is of necessity essential to the full understanding of the missionary heritage of Baptists.

Roger Williams' most essential and most valuable contribution to America is that of soul-liberty. All men and women of the United States regardless of creed owe a debt to him. In the face of opposition, in the condition of banishment from the Massachusetts colony, in the throes of a New England winter Williams remained true to his ideal. Because of his suffering all America may rejoice in religious freedom. The intense struggle for liberty in religion, begun almost three hundred years ago, is still on in the world. Political democracy, however, is bringing in the day of religious democracy. The dawning of the Baptist day is at hand. The adequacy of the soul before God is being recognized. Large is the heritage of Baptists, tremendous their responsibility.

Anguish, pain, and blood are the marks on this highway leading to religious liberty. Suffering, despair, and death was the lot of the men and women who dared to follow on this road. Ridiculed, persecuted, and punished were the leaders in this campaign. Yet Williams and his followers were faithful, trusting him whom they worshiped to guide them. Time has lifted the veil and helped us to place the right value on Roger Williams as the first American to actualize freedom for body, mind, and soul in a commonwealth.

Born in London, England

Roger Williams was born in London, England, in the first year of the seventeenth century. Those were days of religious ferment. As the young Roger played with his brothers and sister around his father's tailoring shop he must have heard some very heated arguments. Luther had startled the world with his Reformation almost one hundred years previous. Since that time there had been religious persecution and religious wars, and the whole world was astir with battles between the Roman Church, the Established Church, and the various sects of Dissenters. Blood was shed on all sides. Theological disputes were the common talk of the day.

Roger, growing up in this city and in these environs, became a quick-witted lad. He learned a new system of writing that had just been introduced into England, called "shorthand." This proved to be very valuable to him. It was the means of his winning the friendship and patronage of the Judge, Sir Edward Coke. This patronage brought him culture. The judge had him placed in the institution where the novelist Thackeray was educated,

the Charterhouse School. He continued his studies, going on to Pembroke College, and graduating from there in 1627 with the A. B. degree.

Williams loved argument and controversy. He was always seeking discussion, and was most delighted when he could share in a heated theological debate. This no doubt was one of the reasons why soon after his graduation he came into conflict with the Established Church and drew the suspicions of the archbishop. He would not be coerced by force, nor would he be quiet on the beliefs that he held dear to his soul.

Persecution increased, and Williams testified in after years, " I was persecuted in and out of my father's house." So severe were the pronouncements, and so intense and wide-spread the efforts of the Established Church against all Dissenters, and especially against Williams, that he left England for America. He wanted to go to the land to which the Pilgrims had fled only a few short years previous, where he could worship God " according to the dictates of his own conscience."

Arrived in America in 1631

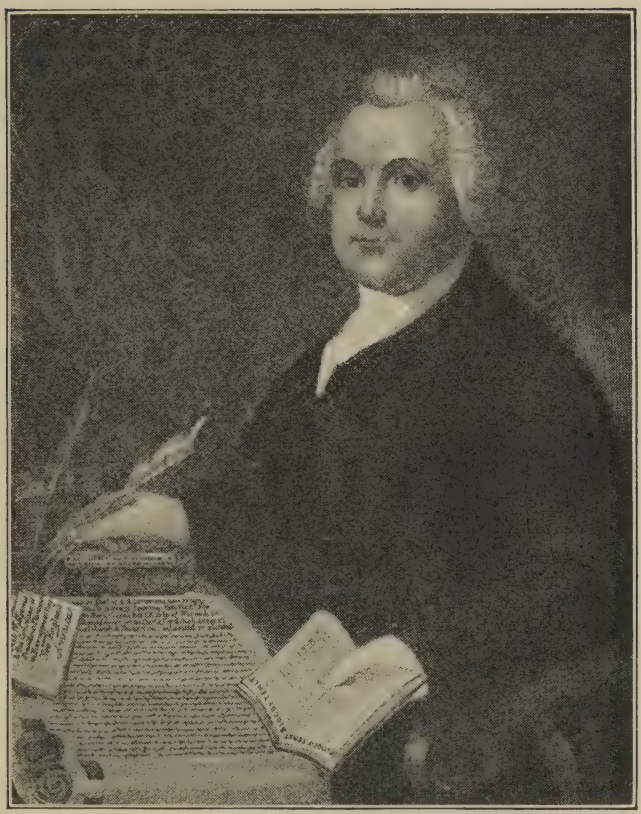
He married Mary Warned, and they sailed from Bristol on December 1, 1630, which he later said " was as bitter as death." He wanted to stay in England. He loved his folks and his native land. His was a character that rejoiced in the fellowship of his friends. He was so true in his thinking, he was so honest in his beliefs that, though it pained him in every fiber of his being, he would leave all, give up all, rather than surrender what to him was dearer than life itself, his religious convictions.

When he arrived in Boston a similar test of the honesty

of his convictions awaited him. This time not in the matter of attachments to parents and native land, but in the matter of an income whereby to keep his own home was the test made. Was he willing to teach in the Boston church? Would he accept that position, which not only meant an income to him but also something of prominence in his new colony? The Boston church was still, however, unseparated from the Established Church of England. Again did the iron of his soul appear as he declared that unless the church would sever its relation with the Established Church and repent publicly of clinging to what Williams believed was contrary to Bible teaching, he would refuse to teach for them. This somewhat shocked these early colonists who looked upon their church as absolutely correct. A life that had already undergone such ridicule was willing to endure even that of these new-made friends rather than compromise his religious beliefs.

Williams was next invited to become the assistant at the church at Salem. This position he accepted in the early part of 1631. The man who had so daringly refused to teach in Boston was not to be let alone by the church there. As soon as they learned of his work at Salem the General Court in Boston registered a protest with the Salem church. After six months of service Williams left the work at Salem and joined the church at Plymouth, where the brethren were Separatists.

Plymouth became his home for two years, where he assisted the pastor in his work. This was the community where he first came into contact with the Indians. His heart's desire was to help these aborigines. He immediately set out to learn their language and to cultivate



ROGER WILLIAMS
Pioneer of Religious Freedom

their friendship. He recognized in them souls whom Jesus died to save, and he early desired to win them for Christ. All this work for the Indians was like bread spread on the waters, "he found it again after many days." These men whom he was now seeking to win became his protectors when devastation and destruction reigned.

During his stay in Plymouth a baby girl was born, his first child. She was named after the mother and proved a comfort to her parents as his foes gathered strength because of his so-called "advanced views." When the storms without were raging he had a united and loving household, determined to be true to the convictions that had brought them so many hundreds of miles from their Motherland. The family moved back to Salem when Williams had an opportunity of becoming assistant teacher. Upon the death of Skelton, the teacher, Williams was elevated to be the teacher in August, 1634. This position he only held a short time, however, due to the unwillingness of the church to take an advance step by withdrawing from the association with other churches of the colony. He left the Salem church after a year of such service. He would not flinch. He would not retrench. He would stand his ground without any quivering. He was whole-heartedly committed to the policy of the complete divorcement of Church from State. Life was too short, and his ideals too precious to sacrifice them for the sake of neighborly friendship, or the opinions and judgments of the court at Boston.

A storm of such proportions took considerable time to gather. A storm of such seriousness must ultimately break. Backed by such ecclesiastical authority, it was

sure to have wrapped up in it some of the prejudice, the bigotry, and the religious hatred of that day. Yet, with it all, in these after years we say it was the misdirected zeal of the church leaders of the Massachusetts colony.

Williams was now summoned to appear before the General Court in Boston, which was to convene in October, 1635. All sorts of rumors were about as to his probable fate. The rule of men was again going to try to destroy a man "called of God." Some desired to kill him. Others suggested sending him back to England. Still others thought that the matter could be healed by his banishment. First, he must be heard. Perhaps he desired to recant. Perhaps he was willing to repent and humbly seek forgiveness of these men. The court, therefore, convened in the church at Cambridge.

Does Williams desire to be reinstated? Is he willing to face these men—knowing their opinions—and not at least plead for mercy? Will he still follow the gleam? Another soul-battle was on. Williams was equal to the emergency. He held to his positions. He maintained with all the integrity of his character his right to his convictions. No court of men, and no decision of men, no matter how severe, would cause him to change. The battle for religious freedom was on that day in the old historic meeting-house between the church fathers of the Massachusetts Bay Colony and this intrepid, fearless Englishman.

Banished from Massachusetts Colony

There was only one thing for the court to do, and that it did with alacrity. On October 9, 1635, it ordered his banishment. Part of the order was as follows:

Roger Williams hath broached and divulged new and dangerous opinions against the authority of the magistrates . . . it is ordered that Mr. Williams shall depart out of this jurisdiction within six weeks, not to return any more by order of the court.

His health was poor, and so a stay of sentence was granted until the following spring. During the winter his second daughter was born, and she was called "Freeborn." Every act of his life, even to the naming of his children, was now the carrying out of his firm beliefs in God. Even though the edict of the court hung over him it did not restrain him. He kept actively promulgating his doctrines and securing disciples to his views. Williams was like Peter of old and could say with him, "We must obey God rather than men." No other one verse so typifies his life and his purpose as this one.

The court that had issued the edict of banishment was not content that he should continue to teach these "dangerous opinions." At the first meeting of the new year in 1636 it was decided to send him back to England. Mankind has always been content to pass its unsolved problems on from one community or country to another. Due to his sickness he could not go. The ire of the court had been raised, however, and the leaders were determined not to permit this disturber of the ecclesiastical peace to remain with them. Thereupon Williams fled into the wilderness and fulfilled the order of banishment issued by the court three months previous.

Heretofore, his suffering had been in the fellowship of his wife and home. Now he leaves all behind. In after years in writing of his experience he says: "I was sorely tossed for fourteen weeks, in a bitter winter season, not knowing what bread or bed did mean. I bear to this

day in my body the effects of that winter's exposure." Williams spent part of the time with his Indian friend, Massasoit. The cold and the hardships were felt more by him this winter, for he had been in ill health for about six months. Still his ideals were clear. No matter what the anguish, he would fight on. His religious belief and his sincerity even in these days of banishment and pain have reaped for America the blessing of religious freedom.

After this season of suffering he was joined by his family and four friends at Seekonk Cove, toward the first of May. He was, however, still in the territory of the Bay Colony, and was warned that the authorities had learned of his whereabouts and intended to exercise the order of the court to the fullest extent. After two months' sojourn, he and this group crossed the river and landed outside the Bay Colony nine months after the order of his banishment. At the place of their landing there is today a monument to mark the spot. It is called "What Cheer Rock." This name has been given to it because the Indians on the shore greeted them with that salutation, "What cheer?"

Founded Providence, Rhode Island, 1636

This group were the true pilgrims, the true pioneers of freedom. Accepting the verdict of men, they left behind the colony that was dominated by religious intolerance to establish a new land where all men would be respected, and where "every man," said Rabbi A. Simon, "believer or disbeliever, Gentile, Jew, or Turk, would have untrammeled opportunity for the display and exercise of the faith within him." There was not only the absolutism of

Rome; but he was also fighting the bigotry of the Protestants who, while claiming liberty from the Roman yoke, were demanding that their beliefs become the accepted law of the land. No rule of church and no power of court could touch Williams and his people now. They stood on free land. They had journeyed down the river and had located their new settlement at the present site of Providence, Rhode Island. Williams gave the name of "Providence" to this new settlement believing that God had guided him all along.

He who would not force a man to accept his creed, would not force a man to give him his land. He who believed in the adequacy of the soul before God, had just as firm a belief in the right of possessions. If men could not be made Christians by creedal statements, or public banishments, neither could possession of land by public enactment, or by destruction of rightful owners, be right. Williams was unlike the men of his day and time in this matter. Not only was he ahead of his contemporaries one hundred years in religious convictions, but also in relation to men of a weaker race. He paid the Indian for the land, "thus gaining," says one writer, "the lasting respect of the Indian, and the undying animosity of the Puritan." Williams himself said: "I desired it might be for a shelter for persons distressed of conscience. I communicated my purchase unto my loving friends who desired to take shelter with me."

Thus in 1636 was started a community whose principles of government and laws of settlement were to become the foundation principles in the settling of the United States. The bitter anguish of persecution was over for the group in Providence. They had reached a

land where they made their own laws. They set up a new order of things on the principles of Him who said: "He that willeth to do my will" and "Whosoever will may come." There was to be no conformity for the sake of religion. Each person was to hold as inviolable the right of every person in his attitude toward God. Only as men responded to the wooings of love was religion to gain an ascendency in their souls. The paradise of religious liberty was founded in this country, but "not without the shedding of blood."

These Providence settlers soon built their own homes. Pilgrims in a strange land, they were bound together by a solemn compact, which is looked upon today as an epoch-making paper. Though drawn up and witnessed by so few men, today this compact has imperishable historical value and immeasurable worth. For it was firmly stated in the priceless paper that the compact held *only in civil things*. For the first time in history a paper was signed that left out religious control in a community. Roger Williams, the immortal founder of the colony, was the main personality back of this movement. To him, therefore, all America owes a debt of never-ending gratitude.

Soon after the settlement had been made and the colonists of Providence had erected their crude homes, a new peril arose. The various Indian tribes were forming a league to destroy the English. No doubt they had been sufficiently aggrieved and humiliated to warrant this new attack. No doubt the Englishmen had sowed seeds which were now reaping a harvest. Williams, however, in his sincere love for mankind sought to prevent the bloodshed. and succeeded. Other men might have said "Let them

kill the men who sought my life." That was not the teaching of Williams' Bible. "I say unto you, love your enemies." He, therefore, immediately set out to hold counsel with the Indians.

Picture the scene! Indians preparing for war. Braves and warriors holding secret intercourse. Indians passing back and forth among the Narragansett, the Mohegan, and Pequot tribes arousing them to action against the whites who had driven them off their land. Now there arrives in a canoe a white man—alone—a member of the race whom they have vowed to kill. No wonder Williams wrote afterward:

> Three days and nights I lodged and mixed with the bloody Pequot ambassadors, whose hands and arms reeked with the blood of my countrymen, murdered and massacred by them, and from whom I could not but look for their bloody knives at my throat also.

Williams was their friend. He had proved it in times past. He had treated them always on a footing of equality. He preached to them; but adhering to his strict policy, he left it to them to make their religious decision. He held their confidence. His counsel prevailed, and the massacre of the New England colony was prevented by him whom they had driven out and forbidden to return.

Baptized in 1639; Helped Organize First Baptist Church in America

Soon after the quieting of this Indian uprising Williams was immersed. He was baptized in March, 1639, by Ezekiel Holliman who was also an exile from Salem. Then Williams baptized Holliman and ten others—the first known case of believers' baptism in America. They

were now Baptists by profession as well as by inward belief. They organized the First Baptist Church of Providence, which was the First Baptist church in America. Williams in his natural position of leadership became the pastor of the new church, the first Baptist pastor of the first Baptist church of America, organized on March 16, 1639.

Nothing had so stirred the Massachusetts Bay Colony as this new profession of Williams and his companions. Nothing was so hated by the leaders of this colony as "Anabaptists." The very name carried with it disgust and shame. The members of that sect were then looked upon in the same manner as we look upon the anarchists of today. The Puritans believed in religious freedom, but these Anabaptists, by carrying it to the farthest extreme, were unsafe as members of the church. Still deeper, and more severe, was the feeling of the church against these Anabaptists because of their denial of infant baptism. They were attacking the very foundation of the Puritan church. Rev. Thomas Cobbet, who was minister of Lynn, wrote: "The principle of making infant baptisms a nullity, it doth make at once all our churches, and our religious civil state and polity, and all the members thereof to be unbaptized, and to be no Christians and so our churches to be no churches." It cut to the quick to have the doctrine of infant baptism repudiated by the rebaptizing of believers, and led to the immediate exclusion of all the repudiaters from the Puritan churches.

Baptists have been the most persecuted of all the great branches of the church. Catholic and Protestant seemed to enjoy heaping their venom upon the membership of this church. Luther had written in 1530 to Menius:

I am pleased that you intend to publish a book against the Anabaptists as soon as possible. Since they are not only blasphemous, but also seditious men, let the sword exercise its rights over them.

Other sects and branches of the church fled from persecutions, but they immediately persecuted those who did not agree with them. Roger Williams said:

The civil sword may make a nation of hypocrites and anti-Christians, but not one Christian. Forcing of conscience is a soul-rape. Persecution for conscience hath been the lancet which hath let the blood of nations. Man hath no power to make laws to bind conscience.

Honorable Charles E. Hughes, in his speech at the laying of the corner-stone of the National Baptist Memorial to Religious Liberty in Washington, D. C., on April 22, 1922, said:

The Anabaptists were not asking to be tolerated; they were fighting for a cardinal principle of their faith. Persecution intensified their struggle. Their demand for the absolute freedom of religion from civil control was an essential part of their conception of religious truth, and was pressed with the ardor of the deepest religious feeling. They went to the root of the matter—the relation of the individual soul to its Maker. The kingdom of God was not of this world and was not within the keeping of any prince. This contribution is the glory of the Baptist heritage, more distinctive than any other characteristic of belief or practise. To this militant leadership all sects and faith are debtors.

Made Two Trips to England to Secure Charters

The Providence colony was growing, and it became necessary for Williams to go to England to secure a charter. He could not take a ship from any place in

the Massachusetts colony; so he had to go to New York to board a vessel for England. Those were stormy days in England. Civil war was tearing the country. Cromwell was in power. Williams, however, had no trouble in securing a charter for the colony on March 17, 1644. The colony was known as " Providence Plantations " and included all the land that is now in the territory of the State of Rhode Island.

The return of Williams to Providence was like that of a victorious general. Six years before he had landed on this shore an outcast and an exile. Now he came to this town which he had founded and named, and was heartily greeted as counselor, leader, and guide. He had brought his people to the promised land of soul-liberty, and now he had secured for them their charter from England.

In this trip and similar trips to England we see something of the purpose of Williams. He did not believe in asking his followers to do any menial task, or to finance any undertaking. Without any reserve, and with no thought of any one but his fellow man, he made trips to England, and spent much time and effort in securing the necessary legal protection for the Providence Colony. He paid his own way on these trips, satisfied to know that he was building a community where soul-freedom was the basic and all-enduring foundation. His staunchest friend in these days was Dr. John Clarke, pastor at Newport. Williams and Clarke went to England together in 1651. It was during this visit that Williams came into intimate contact with John Milton and with Sir Henry Vane.

Williams did considerable writing. His first published work was " A Key into the Language of America," pub-

lished in 1643 in London. Other famous documents written by him are "The Bloody Tenent of Persecution for Cause of Conscience, Discussed," "Mr. Cotton's Letter Lately Printed, Examined and Answered." Mr. Cotton had attempted to reply to the paper on "The Bloody Tenent," so Williams replied with a paper, "The Bloody Tenent Yet More Bloody." Whenever the occasion demanded Williams had a ready and complete answer to thwart both his personal enemies and the folks that tried to overthrow his colony.

He ever kept before the colony, and before all men with whom he mingled—whether the Parliament of England, or the colonists—soul-freedom. He fought battles for the protection of the Jews and for freedom for the Quakers. In 1656 there had been an attempt to banish all Quakers from the Providence Colony. The Massachusetts Colony was banishing them and persecuting them in every conceivable way. Williams called attention to the foundation principle of the colony: "Freedom of conscience is the ground of our charter, and it shall be maintained." He protected the Quakers whom, like himself, the Massachusetts Colony would put to death. His colony became the haven of refuge to all manner of sects and denominations who were persecuted and driven out by the bigotry and intolerance of the Puritan Church.

During all his own persecution and the many vexing matters of community government, he did not forget to minister to the Indians in every conceivable way. To them he had gone as the earliest missionary carrying the gospel of redeeming love. He had always respected their opinions, and had given consideration to their judgments. He never permitted anything that might happen

to embitter him toward these aborigines. In fact, in all of his contacts with society he ever believed and trusted in men. No matter how wrong might be their opinion of him, Williams was always willing to give them a right to their convictions. For this he enjoyed the confidence and protection of these various Indian tribes.

Translated the Bible for the Indians

He established a trading-post, which was near to the present village of Wickford. This store was under his supervision and proved to be profitable not only to the Indians but also to himself. In the afterglow of life, when the cares of the colony were not so vexing as they were at first, Williams came out to this trading-place every month to preach. He came not as a middleman of business but as a promoter of Christian religion, rejoicing in the opportunity to give to these men the bread of life. He loved the Indians as he loved all men, always glad to break the bread of life to needy souls. The Indian Bible that he wrote is today in the John Hay Library at Providence, Rhode Island.

Williams, who was a century ahead of his times in kindly and loving treatment of the Indians, had several times sought to counsel with the forest people to stop, if possible, their periodic raids. They would strike terror among the colonists, take their booty, and depart again into the wilderness. Part of their venom was due to the way in which the white man had secured the land; part, to the generally accepted method of considering the Indians as worthy of no privileges. The liquor which the Indians obtained from the whites proved to be veritable fire-water. When the red men drank it they behaved as if crazed.

Williams had warned the Indians not to continue their destructive visitations. He had told them of the strength of the whites, trying to put fear and awe in their souls as he pictured the guns, the ammunition, and the men that would be marshaled against them. Though they might seem to be successful now, he told them that ultimately the whites would annihilate them if they continued to sack and burn their villages.

His Indian friend Massasoit died in 1660. Two sons survived him. Of these, Alexander died shortly afterward, leaving Philip as king of the Narragansetts. He was very bitter against all the English. He held a council of his braves, and they determined to drive the white men out of their territory, waging a war of extermination in reprisal for the white man's method of continually driving them off the land that was theirs. King Philip began his warfare in Plymouth in 1675. A terrific struggle ensued.

The red men, fired with memories of injuries and injustice, pursued their bloody trail, laying towns and villages low in blood and ashes. For the first time in its history the colony of Roger Williams felt the attacks of the Indians. Never before had the Indians disturbed these settlers of Rhode Island. So wrought up were they, so determined to exterminate the whites that irrespective of all things they continued their bloodshed in this colony. Everywhere colonists arose to put down the raid and to destroy the Indians. The war was on in earnest for over a year.

Finally, the storm came to Providence. Williams, now an old man, had seen its approach. He had hoped and prayed that it might be averted. He knew what the final

outcome would be. He realized how severe would be the retaliation of the whites when they really organized to punish the Indians for the burnings and murders. Here in Providence were his companions, pioneers in freedom. Here also were people who had sought the city of his founding as a place of refuge. They were really all his children who were seeking protection from him. Even his home had been converted into a fort to thwart any sudden attacks. The scene all around him was one of preparation, determination, and acute expectancy. Yonder on the heights were the Narragansetts. He knew them, loved them. They also were his children. To them also he owed a debt. To them also he had preached. What should, what could he do?

His decision was instant. There was only one course to pursue. The folks of Providence had no war with the Indians. They were not seeking their lives. They were willing to hold intercourse with them. It was the Indians who were the aggressors against his beloved colony. He needed not to talk with the colonists, but with the Indians. The colonists had only armed and come to him when warned of the approach of the Indians. They had not sought to persecute the Indians, and they had permitted him, yes, even seemed to rejoice that he was ministering to these red men. He must counsel with the Indians.

Unarmed as before, he started up the heights where the Indians had gathered. This fearless man, unafraid of the decision of the church court, was also unafraid of these warriors. Had he not gone to them like this before? Did not his counsel prevail? Would it prevail now? How anxious must have been the watchers in the

community below as they watched their leader mount the heights to counsel with their enemies. What would be his fate? What would the result be?

He was kindly received. The Indians listened in silence. He told them to cease their strife. He warned of the great strength of the whites in the colonies and in England. He pleaded with them as their friend to stop the bloodshed. Their reply was short and polite. His counsel had no effect on them now. They said: "Let them come, we are ready for them. But as for you, Brother Williams, you are a good man, you have been kind to us many years, not a hair of your head shall be touched."

He left them a defeated man. As the watchers saw him returning they surmised that his visit had been in vain. Bowed was his head, and sad his heart as he came down. In his mind's eye he saw the blood that must be shed, and the homes that would be destroyed because he could not make peace. These were both his children. They were going to fight each other—the white men who had followed him as their leader to found a new colony, the red men who had looked to him as their friend. He must witness the battle. He loved them both. His was soul-anguish as he came back to his home after his visit.

Providence was destroyed. Williams' home, according to the Indians' promise, was untouched. Like Rahab's home of old the red cord of human friendship had preserved his and him. The Indians wreaked terrible vengeance everywhere else. Fierce and swift, however, was the white man's revenge. Citizens of the whole colony organized. They captured and killed the leaders of the Indians, and slew many others. Warfare ceased. Immediately Providence started to rebuild. It had been about

thirty-five years since most of the first buildings were erected, so these new structures were built much larger and stronger. The people who had lived here had been in this new community long enough to feel its permanence, and they were now building with a view to establishing real homes.

Died in Providence in 1683

Williams was nearing the end of his days. The persecuted, exiled refugee was about to die. For over fifty years his life had been full of storm and tumult; he had given himself unstintingly to write large on the hearts of men his great challenge of soul-liberty. He had been daring, yet fair; firm, yet kind; unswerving, yet humble. His life drew to a close. His best friends and closest neighbors little realized the contribution that Williams had made to civilization, and especially to the United States. Others had established colonies. Others had pleaded for religious tolerance. Others have contributed to the making of the great United States. To Roger Williams alone does the credit belong of founding a colony which gave full, absolute, and untrammeled religious liberty. The Honorable O. S. Strauss said on January 13, 1919:

> If I were asked to select from all the great men who have left their impress upon this continent, whom to hold before the world to typify the American spirit of fairness, of freedom, of liberty in Church and State, I would without any hesitation select that great prophet who established the first political community on the basis of a free Church in a free State, the great and immortal Roger Williams. He was a Baptist, that church which is famous for never having stained its hands with the blood of persecutors.

The honorable C. E. Hughes said on April 22, 1922, when speaking at the laying of the corner-stone of the Roger Williams Memorial in Washington, D. C.:

> Even the truth cannot prosper without leadership, and liberty waited for the appearance of the prophet of the new thought. Able, well trained, aflame with zeal, came Roger Williams. An exile, banished by the theocratic religionists because of his treasonable demand for freedom of conscience, he was, as his enemy put it, "enlarged" out of Massachusetts... To him, who established the liberty of the soul in the New World; who, not with indifference to religious truth but with profound religious conviction, demanded the emancipation of the spirit of man from the fetters of civil rule; who pointed the coming nation to the pathway of a free people, to Roger Williams—preacher, prophet, and statesman—we erect this memorial of the lasting obligation of men and women of all creeds and races.

Throughout his entire life he had never stooped to compromise. He had never belittled his convictions by permitting them to be unspoken. He had never held back from any course of action out of fear of friends, or from bodily danger. He was a man who held to the honesty of his convictions, absolutely sincere in his beliefs. The doctrines that he held dear motivated his entire conduct. Hypocrisy and dissimulation had no part in him. Yet with it all he never sought to offend; but rather to promote the gospel of love and brotherliness.

He fought intolerance during all his life in America. In whatever guise it appeared he was its arch-enemy. During the third year of his stay in the Massachusetts Colony the ministers of the colony began meeting at various times to discuss matters of the church. Today, such meetings are held by all denominations. Williams, however, was fearful that such gatherings would tend to

take on authority. This might lead to a form of superintendency, and overlordship, which was directly contrary to his conceptions of church liberty. He, therefore, would have nothing to do with such gatherings.

Williams had many opportunities of securing riches. One writer says:

> William Penn, after having secured his colony by patent from the rulers of England and thus having exercised a control over its government, enriched himself and family. This Roger Williams might have done. But this was not his purpose, nor was it directly or remotely the cause for which he suffered banishment and misery.

Finally, even the small amount he had saved, he gladly sacrificed in paying for his trips to England in the interest of his beloved colony.

Roger Williams died in Providence, the city of his founding, in 1683. Of him it can well be said, "He died full of years." The whole community turned out to honor his memory. His friends bore the worn body to its resting-place on his own property. Here the coffin was buried, and here it stayed for about two hundred years. In 1860 the grave was opened, and the dust was put in an urn and "deposited," writes Mr. R. A. Guild, "in Mr. Randall's family tomb in the North Burial Ground." The place where he was originally buried is today covered by a heavy stone pillar.

He was gone; but how small was the ripple of his departure. Sadness to his friends; for he had been their guide to this city. Sorrow to the Indians; for he had been their friend and adviser. Joy to his enemies; for they had always looked upon him not only as a rank

heretic, but also as a disturber of the peace of the commonwealth.

Two hundred and fifty years have passed, and what is his record today? Men have always rejected the words of the seers, have stoned the prophets and slain the saviors. Afterward shrines have been raised to the memory of the heroes. What has time done to Roger Williams? Does he loom larger and larger as the years come and go, or is he sinking into greater and greater oblivion?

Three hundred years ago the most important names in the Massachusetts Colony were those of Cotton, the vigorous leader of the churches, and Winthrop, the political power of that day. Men have almost forgotten these men, but never will they forget Williams. Taller and taller does he loom as the years go by and his contribution to civilization comes in clearer and ever clearer perspective.

Today, everything with which Roger Williams had to do is carefully marked and most reverently preserved. The church of which he was pastor in Salem is still intact. It is located in the rear of Plummer Hall—a small building, twenty feet long, seventeen feet wide, and twelve feet high at the posts. In his book on "Roger Williams," A. B. Strickland says:

> Originally the church had a gallery over the door at the entrance and a minister's seat in the opposite corner. On the wall opposite to the entrance is a list of its succession of pastors and the years of their service. It could accommodate about one hundred people. Here in this ancient meeting-house Roger Williams preached those truths which led to his banishment.

The home in which he lived while in Salem is also kept. It is known as "The Roger Williams Home," or "The

Witch House." Williams mortgaged this house "'for supplies' to establish the colony at Providence."

Many other buildings, books, and articles are preserved that were touched by the living Williams. The present First Baptist Church of Providence, Rhode Island, is the true successor of the church founded and organized by Williams. It is a beautiful building, erected and dedicated in 1775. How different would it seem to the founder. During his entire life the church that he had founded had no house of worship. It was not until seventeen years after his death that the first church building was erected. In front of the present church is a bronze tablet stating that Roger Williams was the first pastor. It is also recorded in the church records that he was the first member of the church.

Baptists the Most Persecuted Denomination in America

Persecution of the Baptists did not cease with the death of Williams. Religious liberty and soul-freedom had not as yet been accepted by the other settlements and colonies in America. It was not until 1833 that Massachusetts finally passed an amendment to its constitution that was ratified by the people, that Church and State shall be forever separate. Thus one hundred and fifty years elapsed after the death of Williams before the struggle for religious freedom was settled in the United States.

The Pioneer of Religious Freedom

The principle of soul-liberty for which he stood must become a part of the law of the land before his battle was entirely won. In 1663 Williams wrote this fundamental tenet into the Charter of Rhode Island:

No person within the said colony, at any time hereafter, shall be in any wise molested, punished, disquieted, or called in question, for any differences of opinion, in matters of religion, who do not actually disturb the civil peace of our said colony; but that all and every person and persons may, freely and fully have and enjoy his own judgments and consciences, in matters of religious concernments; they behaving themselves peaceably and quietly and not using this liberty to licentiousness and profaneness, nor to the injury or outward disturbance of others.

It was not until 1788, at the time of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, that a provision was inserted to do away with religious tyranny. This Constitution provided in Article VI, "No religious Test shall ever be required as a Qualification to any Office or public Trust under the United States." This was not satisfactory to Baptists who had been fighting for religious freedom against religious intolerance for so many years. President George Washington said, "No one would be more zealous than myself to establish effectual barriers against the horrors of spiritual tyranny and every species of religious persecution." Soon the effect of this statement was evident. Article VI of the Constitution was superseded by the First Amendment to the Constitution. It made the provision for which Baptists had been struggling:

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

The long, hard struggle was won at last. The principle, which Roger Williams had written into the Charter of

Rhode Island, had become the law of the United States. Now can be truthfully sung,

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty.

All this freedom has its genesis in the Anabaptist early struggle. Even that Roman Catholic historian Cornelius wrote:

The only crime of which they [the Baptists] were accused as a body by their contemporaries, and which is substantiated by evidence, the crime for which they were inhumanly persecuted by Catholics and Protestants alike, and for which they went cheerfully and in large numbers to death by drowning or the stake, was the crime of advocating soul-liberty. They claimed the right to interpret the Scriptures for themselves. They demanded freedom of faith and worship for all men.

To Roger Williams belongs the honor and the glory of having the courage of carrying his convictions to a successful conclusion in the establishment of a State where religious intolerance was unknown, and where all men are free.

Baptists, give heed, for to this man is honor due. Dr. G. E. Horr in his book "The Baptist Heritage" says:

History is rendering a tardy justice to the memory of Williams. A man who could win and hold the friendship of Sir Edmund Coke, John Winthrop, Sir Harry Vane, and John Milton, and enjoyed "close discourse" with Oliver Cromwell, is his own best champion, and a new appreciation of Williams' personality and of his contribution to the cause of human liberty has come from the more careful study of his own works.

Today all sects and denominations give him reverence. The banished exile of Massachusetts Colony has become

the honored saint of America. The persecuted teacher of the Salem Church is the founder of one of the largest Protestant denominations in the United States. The wilderness wanderer of the winter of 1636 has become an epoch-maker of history. The denounced, ridiculed, and maligned man of " advanced views " is looked upon as the promoter of religious democracy in all civilized lands. Roger Williams said, " The armies of Truth, like the armies of the Apocalypse, must have no sword, helmet, breastplate, shield, or horse, but what is spiritual and of a heavenly nature."

III

WILLIAM CAREY

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER III

1. The founder of modern missions.
2. Birth of Carey in Paulers Pury, England, on August 17, 1761.
3. Three important dates in Carey's early life:
   (1) Became a cobbler in 1777.
   (2) Baptized in October, 1783.
   (3) Ordained in 1787.
4. Missionary beginnings in England:
   (1) Carey's sermon on May 31, 1792.
   (2) The Baptist Missionary Society organized in October 2, 1792.
   (3) Carey sailed from England on June 13, 1793.
5. Carey's wife an invalid soon after reaching India, remaining so until her death in 1807.
6. Serampore beginnings:
   (1) The Serampore Mission begun in 1800.
   (2) Krishnu Pal baptized December 28, 1800.
   (3) Carey professor at Fort William College in 1801.
7. Carey's work hampered and harassed by anti-missionary sentiment and the interference of Parliament.
8. A great translator, a marvelous linguist, and a learned scholar.
9. A naturalist and botanist.
10. The passing of Carey, June 9, 1834, in India.

WILLIAM CAREY

"Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thy habitations; spare not: lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes."—Isaiah 54 : 2.

The Founder of Modern Missions

William Carey was the founder of modern missions. He translated the Bible into more languages than any other man. He was one of the meekest men that ever lived. Jesus said, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." The church is inheriting the open door of all earth's people because of the meekness and sacrifice of Carey. He went out to India in his thirty-second year with practically all men agreeing with the statement of the old minister who said to him, "You are a miserable enthusiast."

Carey lived in a day of provincialism. His neighbors and his contemporaries knew little of the great world in which they lived, and cared less. He was a seer. He realized the truth of the Bible statement, "God hath made of one blood all nations to dwell on the face of the earth." He was a world citizen. He saw the world as "the field." Even in his youth his adventurous spirit had caused him to be called "Columbus" by his playmates. He enjoyed the study of maps, and his imagination carried him far and wide. His vision was world-wide; and his faith gradually took on proportions in keeping with his purpose.

He loved everything that the heavenly Father had created. He was a great naturalist. Probably no one

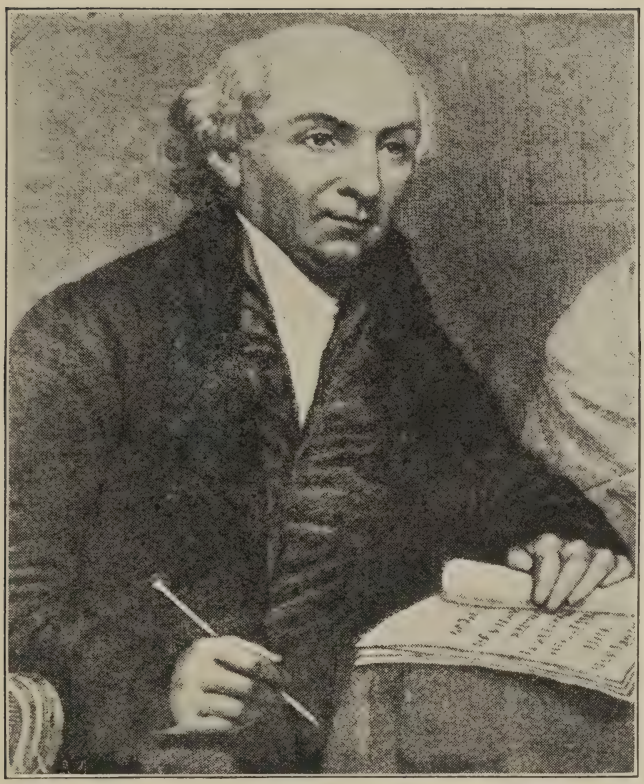
thing gave him so much joy as to see things grow and to hear the birds sing in his wonderful gardens in India. From earliest boyhood he had made collections of bugs, of flowers, and all sorts of growing things. This love of God's world was one of the forces that helped him through many an extremity, and proved a powerful antidote when storms without drove him to despair. Into his garden would Carey go, and there, hid from the view of man but surrounded by the beauties and miracles of God, he would regain composure of soul and the poise of life.

Birth of Carey

Carey was born on August 17, 1761, at Paulers Pury, Northamptonshire, England. His father, Edmund Carey, was poor; a weaver by trade; a kindly man and a lover of children. William was the oldest of five children. His grandmother made her home with them, and William was her special care until she died in his sixth year. He showed even thus early in his life his eager desire for knowledge. His mother would be awakened at night by hearing him reciting and adding accounts.

In 1767 his father was chosen master of the village school. Here William was taught arithmetic and the catechism. He attended the village church where his father was the parish clerk. William studied the Prayer Book and the Psalms in the church, and was confirmed. The training of his early life was of a devotional nature. His grandmother was very religious. He was taught constantly from the Scriptures. With it all, therefore, there naturally developed in him a hatred for Dissenters.

One of William's most important teachers of this time was his Uncle Peter. How his heart must have burned



WILLIAM CAREY

Missionary, Linguist, Translator, Botanist

and his imagination flamed as he listened to the stories of the New World from this uncle. Peter Carey soon formed a special liking for the thoughtful lad. He told of his battles before Quebec in Canada. By the hour he thrilled the lad with tales of adventure and daring. The wanderlust of his life no doubt transferred itself to William as the great world was spread out before the boy's mind. Uncle Peter was also his teacher at gardening. He was an expert gardener himself and delighted in training the boy. He gave young William his first lessons in botany and horticulture. He began keeping his father's garden, and was very proud of his accomplishments. He had a right to be, for it was the best garden in the community. How well this early training helped him is known by the fact that he created at his home in India a botanical park that had not its equal anywhere in the Eastern world at that time.

Carey, with all his learning, could never be called a bookworm. He loved nothing better as a boy than to find some new insect or bug, and to add it to his collection. His room looked like a natural history museum. Yet he never took any pleasure in killing birds or animals for the sake of scientific investigation. He helped to beautify the schoolyard. His greatest fancy ran to rare flowers, ferns, and all sorts of botanical specimens. He was the recognized authority, and even while yet so young, if questions were asked regarding any flower, or bird, they would say, "Take it to Bill Carey, he'll tell you all about it."

He loved his play. He would start off with his favorite sister Polly on these trips through the hedgerows and the meadows. Once on the way home his boy companions

shouted, "Come on, Carey, we've missed you." William dashed over to his friends and joined them in their game of marbles. Then says Jeanne M. Serrell, in her "Tales of Great Missionaries":

> They get tired of the old game; "Columbus, if you won't play marbles any more, then preach us a sermon." Up climbs Carey in the old elm, and using a comfortable branch as a pulpit, he holds forth with great oratorical skill, waving his arms, and using big words to the great admiration of all his little friends. But here comes a figure in black across the green. The rector! He looks up with a scolding look, and at sight of him all power of speech leaves the young preacher, down he tumbles from his perch, away the boys scatter, and William runs home.

He loved books of travel, of history, science, and voyages. He did not care for fiction, plays, nor for books on religion. Few were the books available; but he scoured the whole countryside in his thirst for knowledge. He early showed that trait which marked him in after life. Whatever he started to do he finished. When he played he played hard, and played to win. When he worked he put his soul into it. He literally followed the injunction of "putting his hand to the plow and continuing to plow to the end of the furrow."

Important Dates in Carey's Early Life

When William left school he took up the work of a laborer and began tilling the field. He continued at this work for two years, but an irritation of the hands and face so inflamed his skin that he could not sleep. His father had, therefore, to seek other employment for him. He apprenticed him to a shoemaker. William went to live at Piddington, a small village eight miles from home,

at the house of Mr. Clarke Nichols, his master. He began his work as a cobbler at the age of sixteen and continued for twelve years.

This new situation proved to be very trying. His employer, though thought of as a good church man, was a man with a hot tongue and used to getting drunk. Under God, however, this move proved to be the salvation of William Carey. His fellow apprentice became his Andrew. It was through him that he was brought face to face with the living Christ. They argued long and heatedly over theological questions, this Mr. C. Nichols and these two apprentices. Many a shoe was made in that shop while the mind of the maker was intent on showing another the error of his ways. It was two against one. Mr. C. Nichols and Carey were both members of the Established Church while John Warr, the other apprentice, was a Dissenter. Carey hated these men and all men who opposed the Anglican Church. He says, "I had pride sufficient for a thousand times my knowledge."

John Warr was a true seeker after souls. He realized that Carey could worst him in an argument; so he earnestly prayed for his conversion and gave him books to read on the subject. His method proved effectual. Carey began to attend some of the prayer-meetings held by the Dissenters. He sought, however, to quiet this new struggling by a stricter observance of the rituals of his church. He says, "I determined to leave off lying, swearing, and other sins to which I was addicted, and sometimes when alone I tried to pray."

The day of reckoning came at last. The knocking of the pierced Hand was heard and answered. The troubled spirit found its desired haven, the seeking soul the seek-

ing Saviour. Carey gave his soul to Christ when he was seventeen years and a half old. He became a Christian with the full dedication of all his powers to the service of Jesus.

The world will never forget Carey, but to most folks the name of John Warr is unknown. The hidden links of the love chain of God are generally unknown. The service that is rendered by many a man is unheralded. How little did Warr realize that day that he began to pray for his fellow workman that on the answer to that prayer hung the destiny of India. Men are few who have the genius of a Carey. Men are many who have the willingness and the consecration to lead others to Christ. The world has but few men of the Carey mold. He looms up as a masterpiece of God's own fashioning. The world has many men like Warr; only they have not used their talent to bring their fellow workmen to Christ.

These were days of the Revolutionary war. Reverses were coming to the English army. The forces under George Washington were gaining victory. The king proclaimed Sunday, February 10, 1779, a "day of national fasting and prayer." Carey went with Warr to the small meeting-house of the Congregationalists. He had never attended on Sunday before. He heard Thomas Chater preach from the text, "Let us go forth therefore unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach." The message went straight to Carey's heart. His was a scientific mind, so he now sought to arrange his beliefs in order. He was blessed in the experience of helping John Warr bring his master to Christ. Clarke Nichols died in September, 1779, happy in his new faith.

Carey was under the necessity of seeking a new master. He went into the service of Thomas Old of Hackleton. His eager mind was intent on seeking the true light "that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." He talked with mystics and read every book he could secure that he might come into the full light of God. He went to various Dissenters' churches on different Sundays seeking rest for his tired spirit. He wanted bedrock under his feet, so he began to hunt the message of the Scriptures. In his studies he was helped much by Thomas Scott, a young pastor near Olney. Many years later Carey wrote, "If there be anything of the work of God in my soul, I owe much of it to Mr. Scott's preaching." By 1783 the soul battle was on. His friend Rev. Thomas Skinner loaned him the book "Help to Zion's Travelers," by Robert Hall. Carey said of this book, "I do not remember ever to have read any book with such raptures." The book took the findings of his own Bible study and made them plain.

Carey was always open-minded toward the truth, and especially Bible truth. He went to hear John Horsey preach a pedobaptist sermon. When he got home he restudied his Bible on the question of baptism. What did the Word of God say? He had reached that stage of life where he put no more confidence in the theory of men but in the Scriptures. He cared little any more for the verdict even of his elders. Truth must find its text and its proof in God's book. This study brought conviction. At six o'clock, therefore, on the first Sunday morning of October, 1783, he was baptized in the river Mens by John Ryland. He was the only candidate, and he had walked five miles to be baptized. Ryland preached that

morning on the text, "Many that are first shall be last, and the last first."

What a scene for a painter today! England aglow in the early October morning. Nature singing her praise with eager joy to her Creator. A twenty-two-year-old man going down the country lane. He is somewhat small of stature. His step is buoyant and elastic. Something is impelling him onward that sends waves of happiness over his face. 'Tis but a journeyman cobbler; only the son of a poor parish clerk. So say, and think, all who see. Yet, here took place an obedience to divine command that has placed its imprint on history ever since. William Carey was now a member of the Baptist church, and the Pharisee of the eighteenth century had become the humble disciple of Jesus. The mind schooled in the theology of Calvin accepted the Baptist doctrine.

He married Dorothy Plackett on June 10, 1781. She was a sister-in-law of his employer, Thomas Old. Two years afterward Old died, leaving to Carey most of the care of his widow and four children. During that year Carey and his first child Ann had been stricken with fever. Great was the sorrow of the young couple as they buried their firstborn. The sickness left Carey bald at the age of twenty-two. He now had charge of the business and the task of supplying the needs of this increased family.

As early as 1779 he took part in the Hackleton Sunday Evening Conferences. He had a great interest in bringing to Christ the members of his family. He journeyed often to Paulers Pury and prayed in his father's house. A building was set aside in this village in which Carey was asked to preach. This he did very acceptably to his

boyhood friends and neighbors. He preached here once a month. His mother was asked, "What do you think he will be, a preacher?" "Yes," she replied, "and a great one, I think, if spared." Carey bears testimony himself to the fact that the folks at Hackleton enjoyed his discourses. "Being ignorant," he says, "they sometimes applauded to my great injury."

How was this young man able to preach having had so little schooling? Two reasons appear in his life history. First, his eager mind was always intent on reading. He assimilated the books that came to his hand. The other reason was his love for the Bible. Every morning he kept the morning watch. He read the same passage from the Word of God in the Hebrew, the Greek, and the Latin. The various shades of meaning given to him through this custom came into most active use as he translated the Bible.

The cobbler's workroom became the lighthouse from which this prophet looked out on a sinful world. The map of the world hung in his room, and his mind became filled with longing for the heathen. He read "Captain Cook's Voyages," and the deep need of the heathen was brought to his heart's door. He felt the lure of the South Seas, and the vision of the church at work for the neglected islanders filled his soul. He was catching the gleam which gradually possessed and captured his life, and to which he responded with his all when the time of his call came.

At present his task was to win those around him to his Saviour. To this he consecrated his talents and his prayers. He helped his sisters Ann and Mary find Christ. It was Mary, who became a paralytic at twenty-five and

was confined to her sick-room for the rest of her life—fifty years—that always held to God in prayer for her missionary brother. From her bedside went up a prayer that was faithful, constant, and trustful. Truthfully of her could it be said, "When he has tried me I shall come forth as gold."

In 1785 Carey moved to Moulton as the Baptist pastor, and teacher in the school. He received fifteen pounds a year for this service; one-third came from a London Fund. He had, therefore, to hire himself to Thomas Gotch, a cobbler of Kettering. His ministry was blessed with that priceless harvest of a pastor, souls. In August, 1787, his brethren met to ordain him to the ministry. In the group were men who became his lifelong companions; Ryland, Sutcliff, and Fuller. Shortly after this he had the joy of his wife's baptism. His heart overflowed with joy as he realized all that the Lord had done for him.

He was ever sorry that he had no opportunity of furthering his schooling. Nevertheless he kept his hand to the plow and not only studied the classics, but also Italian, French, and Dutch. His linguistic ability becomes more and more marvelous as the genius of this man stands out in bolder perspective.

Missionary Beginnings in England

Carey began attending the ministers' meeting of the Northampton Association. It was during one of these meetings that Ryland suggested that the younger men propose a topic for discussion. Carey was on his feet. The outer statement of inward conviction was to be made. Into this group was to drop a bombshell. "Whether the command given to the apostles to teach all nations was not

binding on all succeeding ministers to the end of the world, seeing that the accompanying promise was of equal extent." It had burst; but the contradiction was immediate. "Sit down, young man. When God wishes to convert the heathen he'll do it without consulting you or me." Ah, Ryland, you are the one who ought to have sat down that day, for Jesus has said, "Ye are the branches."

The struggle was on in earnest. He to whom no tree was too difficult to climb as a boy, was not discouraged by the silencing of his brethren. He sought recourse in the press. He would tell to the world his views. He would find kindred souls. God's kingdom must progress. No statement of men, nor council of church must detain the onward sweep of the mighty army of God. He, therefore, wrote his "Enquiry." It was a great statement, a paper that had a world appeal by a man of world vision, a paper that helped to change the course of the church. He had been still more stirred of late by the story of Eliot and Brainerd's work for the Indians. His heart was aflame with purpose. "No one had a right to the promise unless they obeyed the command." Dr. R. Glover has written:

> It was the Age of Apologetics, when the church "apologized" for its existence, tried to persuade men that religion might be reasonable. Then Carey arose. He had seen the glory of Jesus Christ, had felt the world-love in the heart of God. He moved men to believe that the way to prevent defeat was to win victory.

William Carey closed his pastorate at Moulton, and became pastor at Harvey Lane, Leicester. This he held until he went to India. With what sadness he used to

look across the way after his first year. He had buried his second child Lucy there. All during his ministry in England his audiences were large. Folks came to hear this man of God. His lips had been touched with God's own anointing. His life was set on making the message of the Bible plain to all men. It was the earnest study of the Book that brought light to him, and he knew it would bring blessing to all.

Carey was destined for other lands. He had been chosen of God for a particular task. His mind, his heart, and his soul were full of missionary zeal. He prayed publicly for the freedom of the black slaves, and for the Island of Tahiti. He was waiting, however, God's time. The zero hour struck, and Carey was ready. The time was ten o'clock, May 31, 1792. The place was the Baptist Chapel at Nottingham. The occasion was the annual meeting of the ministers. Carey was the preacher. The text was Isaiah 54 : 2, 3, " Lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes." Two divisions of this deathless sermon he gave, two divisions that made history: " Expect great things from God. Attempt great things for God." Stirred to the very fiber of their beings, aroused by the flaming missionary soul of the preacher, they were going to leave the meeting-house, moved but fearful. " Turning to Fuller, and gripping his arm, he cried, ' Is there nothing again going to be done, sir? ' " thus wrote S. P. Carey in his book on " William Carey." He continues:

> Fuller trembled an instant, and then his soul was stabbed awake. Often had he sympathized with Carey's propaganda. Now he became a convert and comrade. When Fuller threw his inspired strength into the cause with Carey, things changed, men yielded.

Fuller now called for the reopening of business and a motion was passed,

> that a plan be prepared against the next Ministers' Meeting at Kettering, for forming a Baptist Society for propagating the Gospel among the Heathens.

The start had now been made. A plan had been formed. Four months must elapse until the called meeting, but Carey's heart was full of happiness. The way was growing bright. The scene shifts now to a humble home in Kettering. The room is only twelve by ten. The men present were twelve pastors of small villages or town charges, and two laymen. They were fearful of this new project. Carey challenged them with the story of the daring and the faith of the Moravian Missions. The Baptist Missionary Society of England was born October 2, 1792. Andrew Fuller was chosen as the first secretary, and Reynold Hogg as treasurer. Money was given and pledges were made to carry on the work.

A new society with a new purpose; but whom shall they send and where shall they send them? John Thomas, a Christian physician, was just back from a five years' residence in India. He wanted an assistant to go back with him. The new society met, and Carey talked with a real returned missionary for the first time in his life, and listened entranced to his story. On January 10, 1793, Thomas and Carey were appointed missionaries at Kettering "to the East Indies for preaching the gospel to the heathen." Little did this small company realize that their work on that day would be studied, and that it would become the wonder of the church in after years.

Vexing were the problems to be solved before these

men could start out on the journey that Carey's father said was "the folly of one mad." Money must be raised for equipment, salary, and passage fare. The church must be aroused to its missionary opportunities and responsibilities. Mrs. Carey must be reconciled to the journey and go with her husband to India. William Carey started, therefore, on his tour of missionary inspiration. He was talking to a skeptical audience who looked upon him as a daring, but foolhardy enthusiast. Thomas also made addresses telling of his experiences in India. London Baptists said: "The Mission will come to nothing. People may contribute for once in a fit of zeal, but how is it to be continually supported?" Money began to come in, and the funds began to grow. The work was of God and was bound to prosper.

How sacred was that compact formed by Fuller, Sutcliff, Ryland, Pearce, and Carey, the immortal five. It was a solemn pledge that was kept by all. The covenant was this, "They should never cease till death to stand by him." In later life Fuller said of this agreement, "We had no one to guide; and whilst we were deliberating, Carey, as it were, said, 'Well, I will go down, if you will hold the rope.'" To these men Kettering was Antioch; and Thomas and Carey were Paul and Barnabas.

The time of departure finally came. They had tried to go in April, though without Mrs. Carey, but were detained. They had not secured their permits, without which their sailing was illegal. The hand of God was guiding them. For when the Danish vessel which was to bear them came to Dover, Carey went on board with all his family. Mrs. Carey had dreaded the journey because of her own physical condition and because of her

husband's physique. He who could not endure the sun of England, and who had suffered so with fever, could never live in the sun-baked plains of India, which were infested with tropical fever; so thought Mrs. Carey. Carey wrote on the day of sailing, June 13, 1793:

> This has been a day of gladness to my soul. I was returned, that I might take all my family with me, and enjoy all the blessings which I had surrendered to God.

How different was their voyage from that of missionaries or travelers of today! Five long weary months were spent on the Kron Princessa Maria. "The captain," however, said Carey, "was one of the most polite and accomplished gentlemen that ever bore the name of sea-captain." He treated the missionaries with respect; and he sought in every way to make the journey pleasant. They landed in Calcutta on November 11. Carey writes, "My spirit is stirred within." They came the true pioneers to India, the land of many religions; yet a land without a Sabbath, without a God, and without a Bible. Carey planned in his coming to stay. He had cast his faith on God. He believed God was leading. He wrote a few years later, "When I left England I never expected to return." So he began his work which he was to continue for forty years.

Thomas and Carey were to blaze a new trail. They were to set new precedents, to enter virgin fields, to go over untried paths. They were to attempt to overthrow the formidable barriers of tradition, caste, race, language, and sickness. On them rested the whole future of Christian missions. They were confident and enthusiastic. After a short time they settled in Bandel, and began to

itinerate. Everywhere they went they drew crowds after them. India, restless India, seeking after God, listened like the Athenians of old to these new prophets.

Carey's Wife an Invalid

These men sought constantly during the first few months a desirable place for a mission station. They began to feel the stress of their new endeavor. Money was exhausted, and no more was due for ten months; twelve per cent. was the rate of interest. Sickness had overtaken them. Mrs. Carey had dysentery, the children were sick. Felix, the oldest boy, was despaired of. Carey wrote: "I am very much dejected, full of perplexity at temporal things; my mind hurts much." No wonder that Mrs. Carey's mind gave way under this strain. Melancholy over the condition of things, which she had rather expected before leaving England, settled upon her. The price paid by these silent, unheralded companions, these missionary wives, will never be known until the day the rewards are given out by Him who has promised them. Thirteen years more she lived in this condition cared for by her husband with tender ministrations.

They settled for a while at Debhatta where they had been offered a bungalow. This they found occupied; but they were taken in by Mr. Charles Short, a bachelor Englishman who was working in these parts. Carey had gone to this place hoping to be able to support his family there by selling the timber off some land that had been given him, and growing his own food. He found the people very approachable and ready to listen. An opportunity fraught with much importance opened itself to him soon. Thomas urged him to come to Malda and join him

there. Thomas had secured the charge of the indigo work at Mahipaldighi, and for Carey that at Mudnabati. Carey instantly accepted. One of his family must be left behind. His wife's sister, Kitty Plackett, was loved by Mr. Short. It seemed a most natural thing. He had won the love of all by his liberal kindness and hospitality.

William Carey and his family journeyed three hundred miles on the river to their new home. They settled at Mudnabati on June 15, 1794. This proved to be their home for almost six years. He wrote the society:

> I now inform the Society that I can subsist without any further monetary assistance from them. At the same time it will be my glory and joy to stand in the same near relation to the Society, as if I needed supplies from them; and to maintain with them the same correspondence.

He was to receive two hundred rupees a month. He had a cottage, their first Indian home. A few acres were at his disposal which he early decided would make a wonderful garden. His task was to superintend these new works of the indigo planter and manufacturer at Mudnabati. He had ninety natives under his charge. Though he was employed by Mr. Udny to see that these men did their work, his first and immediate concern was for their souls.

Into this new home that seemed so different and promising a shadow was cast. His second boy, Peter, died of dysentery. What could they do? Where could they turn? The natives would not make a coffin for one outside their caste. The anguish of the father and the sorrow of the mother were increased by this experience. Hard enough to see their dear one die. How bitter the sorrow though, when not only was there none to share

the affliction, but also these natives added to their heartache by refusing the last rites for their dead. Finally, they decided to carry the body swathed to the grave, which they had persuaded four men to dig. At the last minute an outcaste carried the body of their boy. Another sacrifice on the altar of service to Jehovah! Another tie binding Carey to India.

Now another source of pain came to him. The folks at home, understanding but little of all that the missionaries had been called on to undergo, began to find fault. They were especially displeased with Thomas and Carey because they had become business men, and were not devoting all their time to the missionary cause. This touched Carey in a very tender spot. He had always believed that missionaries should be self-supporting. If Paul could support himself by tent-making, what prevented him from earning his own livelihood? If it had not been for this opportunity of superintending this indigo work these missionaries must have perished. Carey wrote: "Whether the spirit of the missionary is swallowed up in the pursuits of a merchant is not for me to say. Our labors will speak for us."

They were working for a Christian man. George Udny wanted them to do missionary work. Carey had plenty of opportunity, of which he gladly availed himself, of going to two hundred villages with the immortal gospel of Jesus. His first baptism was that of Samuel Powell, a cousin of Thomas, who was working there. They formed a church, these brave few, and observed the Lord's Supper. Soon another was added to their list, one Ignatius Fernandez. He was a Portuguese and was baptized in 1796 and proved to be a very helpful worker

in the mission. He erected a preaching house on his own property. In after years he became a missionary himself. The leaven was beginning to work. Still no Indian had been baptized, nor had any publicly accepted Christ.

Carey was busy also with Bible translation. He was studying Sanskrit, which, he wrote, " is the hardest language in the world." He had also taken up the study of Hindustani and Bengali. With all this work a new problem faced him. How could he secure the publishing of the Bible after its translation? How could he raise enough money for its distribution? He was an ardent lover of the Word of God. He believed in it. He believed that the sooner the people of India could be given the Bible in their various languages the quicker could India be brought to Christ.

" God's ways are not our ways." A press was bought by Mr. G. Udny and presented to the Mission. Carey and Fontain, a missionary who had been sent out to help him, immediately started to work on it. He had finished his first translation of the whole Bible in 1798, with the exception of the books from Joshua to Job. The way was clearing for the promulgation of the gospel in the Indian tongue.

In the spring of 1799 he saw an evil that fired his soul. He determined to fight it; and he began his struggle at once against it. He never ceased to exercise every possible influence in blotting it out of the national life. It was the suttee, that is, " widow-burning." The husband was dead, and on top of his funeral pyre was his widow. They were going to burn the dead man and the live woman together. The crowd stood around to watch. Anger and indignation moved this man of God. He threatened,

he pleaded, but it was all to no avail. Not even the widow seemed to like his interference, and the rite went on. The widow danced on the pile. She threw sweetmeats to the crowd, who ate them as a holy thing. Then she lay down with her arm around the head of the corpse. Bamboos were so fixed that she could not have stirred, for she was held as in a vise. When the fire was lighted and started to blaze the people began shouting. If she had groaned, or cried aloud, Carey could not have heard. It was all according to custom and precedent. It was the way of India. He had seen it, however, he to whom no obstacle was too large to overcome. Fighting custom and caste Carey waged his warfare year after year until in 1829 he won. The practise was declared by law to be both "illegal and criminal."

Serampore Beginnings

Another great change came to the mission in 1800, a change of more importance than any other that had been made up to that time. The missionaries moved to Serampore, which was under the Danish flag. Mr. G. Udny's business had not proved profitable, so he retired to England. The missionaries were wondering where they would locate, and what they would do under the new conditions. They had received news that four new missionary families, the Marshmans, Brundsons, Grants, and Wards had already come to Serampore. They had been refused a landing by the British authorities. Carey had, however, already located at Khidurpur, and he was faced with the new problem. He was a God-led man. He took it all to him who had brought him to India. The way was clear. The decision was of God. The new station under

the Danish flag became Carey's home, and there he lived until his death thirty-four years later.

The mission was now ready for a big advance. Reenforcements had arrived. Serampore was a fine town from which to start in their mission to reach all of India. It was only two hours distant from Calcutta; yet under the Danish flag where they had full protection. The district was mostly Hindu and Brahmin. They were on the Hooghly River at a strategic center. One writer says, "The Jews might as well forget Jerusalem as the Baptists Serampore."

The missionary group now consisted of ten adults and nine children. There was formed a tie here that was only severed by death. The natural leader was the short, intrepid cobbler. The secret of their success, however, was in sharing burdens and bearing responsibilities, and "in lowliness of mind each esteeming other better than himself." Carey would not permit any one to think that he was desiring preeminence. He was too humble a man for that. He established a true democracy. "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." S. P. Carey writes,

> The Settlement's salvation lay in the mutual forbiddance of trading and of labor for personal gain, in the pooling of all earnings, the apportionment of frugal pay to each family according to its needs, and the consecration of the whole surplus to the Mission's expansion.

They had bought a house which was used continually for seventy-five years as the main home of the Mission.

Seven long weary years had passed, and still not one convert greeted Carey from India's millions. Seven years of hardship! Seven years with the burial of one boy,

and the mental disease of his wife to endure! Seven years of preaching, teaching, translating, and living, and yet not one star of India's myriads for his crown.

One day word came to the Mission asking for the doctor-padre. Thomas, Marshman, and Carey answered the call. The man told them how he had slipped and put out his shoulder, and how having known of the work of the mission doctor he had sent for him. As the doctor set his shoulder the patient's little daughter was watching. How strange were these men! How odd for a doctor not to perform a rite before ministering to his patient. She would have to investigate. When they returned in the afternoon these white-faced men sang and talked. She had never seen her father have such company before. Then, as his arm still pained, her father went to the Mission on the following day, and the next, and the next. When he returned home he told strange things and read from strange pamphlets. Other white men came to the home, and mother and auntie became interested. They talked of a God whom they could not see, and yet they worshiped. She liked the story, however, for these men always told how much this God loved the Indian people, and she was sure that their Indian gods did not love them. Then, oh happy day, father said he was going to follow the white man's God.

Another day dawns, and this is a real natal day for India. The angels are watching from above. The crowds are gathered on the Hooghly River here below. The Lamb has caused a new name to be written in his Book of Life. It was December 28, 1800. Carey was standing in the river. On his right hand is Felix, his own son. The folks on the shore had just sung "Jesus, and Shall

It Ever Be." Felix was buried with Christ in baptism. Then came the Hindu carpenter, Krishna Pal, into the water. He had been mocked and threatened. The governor had had to protect him and his family from their murderers. They had shouted "Krishna and his family the devil's own." He was baptized, the first native of North India to be immersed. He at the age of thirty-five obeyed his Saviour, esteeming the praise of God more than men's. The governor, standing on the bank, burst into tears. All present, witnessing India's first baptism, were solemnized. It was an hour of holy joy. "He was seeing the travail of his soul, and was satisfied."

It was in the afternoon of the same day that they observed the Lord's Supper in Bengali for the first time. Their cup of joy was running over. Their labor had not been in vain. "Be not weary in well doing" had seemed a hard promise to believe. Now the rest rang in their souls, "in due season we shall reap if we faint not." If one could be won, then hundreds, thousands, and millions could be won.

"God had sounded forth his trumpet that shall never call retreat." Others soon came. Jaymani was the first Bengali woman openly to confess Jesus. Her sister followed. The missionaries were living on the mountain of joy which seemed almost complete when on March 5, 1801, there was laid on the communion table a bound copy of the Bengali New Testament. These men fully realized also that the same problems that vex any new church in a strange land would be theirs. They must not only win to Christ, but they must also "teach them to observe all things whatsoever he had commanded."

Lord Wellesley had just founded the Fort William Col-

lege in Calcutta and was seeking a professor of Bengali. The position was offered to William Carey in 1801, and after conference with his colleagues he accepted. He received at first five hundred rupees a month, which was put into the common treasury as before. He went up to Calcutta on the Hooghly on Tuesday and came back on Friday evening. The students were the very finest young men of three Presidencies, and some of the sons of the aristocracy of England. Carey was soon teaching Sanskrit, and Marathi also. He was again blazing a new trail. He had to edit his own grammars. He wrote six grammars: Bengali, Sanskrit, Marathi, Panjabi, Telugu, and Kanarese. He compiled three dictionaries. He wrote treatises in various languages. He preached in Calcutta also, having opened a house of worship there in 1803.

What an opportunity for this man of God. In daily contact with men who were destined to be leaders of India. The most priceless possession of men is Christian character, and his living could make an impact on these young men that nothing would erase. He came more and more to the realization that the mastery of Sanskrit and the translating of the Bible into it would be a tremendous step toward translating the Bible into India's many tongues. Sanskrit was the common root of all.

Carey and his colleagues were not content to stay in Serampore and Calcutta. They had a supreme desire to win all India for Christ. With statesmanlike methods they mapped out their campaign in seeking the strategic cities in the Empire as centers from which to radiate. The funds at Serampore were to be paid out in the establishing of these new bases; after which each base was to become self-supporting by the missionary in charge work-

ing at a trade. Felix, the eldest son of Carey, was one of the men sent out to do this pioneering work in Burma. They planned under the persuasion of a great soul-passion for dying India. They wrote to the English Baptists to send them "forty new missionaries to enter the vast lands." They thought that this demand was not too great for "the four hundred churches." They purposed not according to human means, but according to human needs and divine power.

Opposition

The man of fiery missionary purpose struck the cold steel of Great Britain's opposition. England had forbidden missionaries to land on her Indian territory, and now the English Government in India issued other edicts. They said, "The Government does not interfere with the prejudices of the people, and neither shall Mr. Carey and his colleagues so interfere." Carey, himself, was summoned in the governor's name, and instructed "the Mission is to preach no more to the native people, nor distribute pamphlets, nor send out native preachers." Thus did human government think it could thwart the purposes of God. The ire of the English Government in India, their determination to blot out the influence of these Christian missionaries, and the indifference of the Indian people to the gospel seemed almost insurmountable. Carey wrote home, "We are all of us prisoners at Serampore." Denmark's flag proved to be very protective in those days.

The storm of opposition was wide-spread, and continued over many years. England seemed to be determined to blot out the work of the Christian mission.

Carey wrote of this: "Since the days of heathen Rome, no Christian government has, so far as I know, prohibited attempts to spread Christianity amongst the heathen. We are all in mourning." In the English Parliament were heard wild attacks. One man said, "If India is worth preserving, we should try to regain its confidence by the recall of every missionary." Even preachers of England talked of the work at Serampore as "a nest of consecrated cobblers." How terrible the years of suffering were for Carey and his fellow-missionaries no one can ever know. Forbidden to preach by the country that had given them birth, attacked by men who were of their own race! How bright must have been the day when they heard of Fuller's unfailing struggle and the writing of Southey in the *Quarterly,* when he said:

> The wonder is not that they have done so little, but so much. These low-born and low-bred mechanics have translated the whole Bible into Bengali. In fourteen years these missionaries have done more toward spreading the knowledge of the Scriptures among the heathen than has been accomplished, or even attempted, by all the world's princes and potentates, and all its universities and establishments into the bargain.

The anti-mission struggle continued. When the first American missionaries arrived in 1812 they were forbidden a landing-place in any English possession. The adversaries were determined to rout even the Serampore missionaries but were unsuccessful. Carey wrote, "I mourn on my country's account, that preaching the gospel should be regarded in the same light as a felony." No new recruits came out during these weary years. At first, the missionaries had thought the storm would soon blow over. The Christian conscience of a nation, how-

ever, is not easily aroused. When it is, then evil men seek darkness. It was the mighty Wilberforce who finally made the speech that won the day in 1813. How different might have been the progress not only of William Carey's work, but also that of Adoniram Judson, if the English Government had aided instead of hindered, God alone knows.

During this time there had been many changes in the family circle. Mrs. Carey died on December 7, 1807. She had continually grown worse during the last five years. In all the time of her failing mind Carey had been a thoughtful, prayerful, and kindly husband. Her release came as a blessing to all who had watched her sufferings with prayers. Physical suffering and mental agony were over for her from whom the price of being a missionary's wife had demanded such a large toll.

The year of the settlement of the mission in Serampore marked the year of the coming of Lady Rumohr. She had suffered an injury to her back when a girl of fifteen and was seeking relief in Italy and now India, away from her Denmark home. Reared in the formalism of the Danish Lutheran Church, she was attracted by the sincerity of these English missionaries. A year after the baptism of Krishna Pal she was baptized, the first European lady to be immersed in India. Her interest in the mission continued to grow, and she became a large contributor to its funds.

In the summer of 1808 she and William Carey were married. She proved to be a wonderful helpmeet for him. Cultured in all the languages of Europe, she was helpful by her intimate knowledge of Italian, Danish, and French. She was fragile, and often would have to spend

months in bed. She was, however, endowed with a sunny disposition, and was always cheerful. She sought to help the Indian girls; but her especial task was that of her husband's counselor. Their years together were sweetened and hallowed by the sincerity of their love. For thirteen years, until her death, they dwelt together in the understanding and strength of each other's love. It's a picture worthy of a great master to paint the frail little Danish lady, with eyes full of tenderness, and the " English cobbler " in their missionary home.

An event of tremendous significance occurred March 11, 1812. A disaster of such proportions befell the Mission that all their faith was needed. The day's work was over, and the workmen in the press-rooms had gone home. Ward, the missionary printer, was in his office. Suddenly he came running out shouting for help. Rushing out from their homes the folks came, natives, missionaries, children, and workmen, all appalled at the disaster they were facing. The plant was in flames. Smoke was rolling out in great clouds. They carried water and poured it on the fire. It was soon discovered that the printing-plant was doomed; so all their efforts were bent on saving the Mission house and the other surrounding buildings. As they stood around in the flare of the flames that were leaping up two hundred feet, their heads bowed with sorrow and grief. Midnight, and there was no sleep, for the fire continued its destruction; and they were helpless. As the next morning dawned, however, they thanked God for his providential care that not one life was lost. No edict of men, no weapons of men, no earthquake, and no fire could restrain these men sent of God to preach the gospel to India.

"Man proposes, and God disposes." All seemed like defeat and disaster. Carey was the greatest sufferer, as many of his manuscripts of translation had been lost. Great Britain heard the news of the conflagration and responded more nobly than she had ever given before. In two months so much had been subscribed and paid that it was necessary for the Society to publish a notice that the need had been met. What words had failed to do, what constant appeals had never accomplished, had been brought to pass by this great fire. In fact, Andrew Fuller, the immortal home secretary, wrote to Carey, "This fire has given your undertaking a celebrity which nothing else could." This giving of over ten thousand pounds is still more phenomenal when it is remembered that Napoleon was challenging England; and England was warring against America at this time.

Home cares and the responsibility of the Mission were demanding heavy toll of Carey. First, and most severe for him and for the other two of the immortal three, was the death of Andrew Fuller. He who had been their anchor-rock, he who had held the rope so securely, was called to the better land. This was the beginning of a break between the Serampore leaders and the churches at home. Suspicion began to creep into the Home Administration. These men were making large private fortunes. Carey was receiving seven thousand five hundred dollars a year as a professor, but was adhering, with all the rest to the first agreement, and had only two hundred dollars for his own and his family's expenses. He wrote, "I am destitute of a rupee." Then came the news that his son Felix had become an ambassador of Burma's emperor to the British Government.

Carey wrote, " Felix is shriveled from a missionary to an ambassador."

Translator, Linguist, Scholar

William Carey was tireless. Early and late he kept unceasingly at his task of translation. No matter how busy were his days of teaching, no matter how many were the sermons and addresses he was called on to deliver, he always found time to do some work with his pundits. Just to name over the various tongues and dialects into which Carey translated all or part of the Bible is to be awed at the linguistic ability of this scholar.

Seven translations of the whole Bible, and twenty-one of the New Testament are his record. Add to that the Bengali Bible; he prepared five versions of the Old and eight of the New Testament of this Bengali Bible alone in his forty years of translation. Referring to these translations he said, " Having once thoroughly mastered Bengali, Hindi, Sanskrit, Marathi, Persian, Panjabi, and Dravidian Telugu, all else was simple." To Carey belongs the tribute and the praise of the blazer of this new trail, the man who dared to go ahead putting the Bible into the vernacular of India's millions. " He labored, and we have entered into his labors."

Even that is not the end of his intellectual achievements. His position as a professor in Fort William College was a constant urge to him to launch out in the task of editing grammars, and other books necessary for his classroom. He was never daunted by the fear of an untried path or of an opposed way. First seeking counsel of his heavenly Father, he went bravely ahead. The great production of his life in the line of dictionaries and grammars was " A

Universal Dictionary of the Oriental Languages, derived from the Sanskrit, of which that was the groundwork."

A Missionary Naturalist

How this ability? Whence this power? Was this a super-mind of a super-man? He even translated some of Shakespeare's works for some of his classes. How could it be done? The power of the living God in the consecrated soul of his faithful servant is surely the most certain answer. A man who was willing and ever ready to do his Master's will! This ability to stay in India, and never return to England; and never to go on furlough, how? His care, his interest, and his love for every botanical specimen of this earth. The hobby of his garden proved to be the safety-valve for William Carey.

Carey loved his Father's world. No plant was too small and no bird was too drab to succeed in calling forth his interest and his comment. His garden of five acres at Serampore became one of the wonders of the world. It was planted in accord with his own purpose, walled in to keep out the roving cattle of India, lined with trees rare to that land. He took special pains in teaching a group of natives the care of the garden. Here he came early in the day, and again at twilight. As he neared the end he frequented the garden more and more for hours of repose and solitude. He was ever writing to his friends asking for seeds and rare plant specimens. When his boys went out to different lands as missionaries he had them send him samples of all the plant life of that country. From far and near he made his collections and carefully cultivated and trained them, brooding over them as a mother broods over her young. As he grew older

he recognized the physical value of his garden, for he wrote, " My garden is a source of pleasure and of health to me." Later his son Jonathan wrote:

> No one was allowed to interfere in the arrangements of his favorite retreat; and it was here he enjoyed his most pleasant moments of secret meditation and devotion. It formed the best and rarest botanical collection of plants in the East. In order to prevent irregularity in his gardeners' attendance, he was particular in paying their wages with his own hands. When he was confined to the house, he would send for them to come into the room where he lay, and converse with them about plants.

One of the biggest issues before the missionaries at Serampore was that of the training of the Christian natives to become Christian workers. Carey had always believed that which all Foreign Boards now realize, " The weight of the great work must ultimately rest on native evangelists." To that end they proposed to build there a great Christian college. Marshman, Ward, and Carey, the three immortals, realized that the founding and establishing of this college must become their immediate concern. Their vision was that of seers. They built, not with just the idea of sending forth students of theology, but rather to make a college to train in the arts and the sciences. They desired above all else to lift the thinking of India out of its fatalism to the truth and to hopefulness. They, therefore, opened their college to all on the platform of equal opportunity, daring to challenge the unchristianized young men of India with an opportunity of higher education under Christian influences. So pleased was Denmark's king that he gave to each one of the three a gold medal. Money for the school came from England, America, and many high English officials in

India. Finally, some of the classes were started in 1819. It was not until 1827 that the college charter was obtained. Of this charter, S. P. Carey writes, "a charter as complete as that of Kiel and Copenhagen Universities, with like authority to grant degrees in all faculties, making it the first such college in India, and still India's only one with power to confer Divinity degrees." Coupled with all this educational advance was the starting of a weekly newspaper edited by Marshman.

All this by a man who was now sixty. And this new venture against the wishes of many by a man who was beginning to break. Carey never hesitated when he saw the light, however, and saw the need beckoning him on. He never stopped to count the cost, nor to test his own powers. He went boldly ahead in the strength of his Lord.

Honors were heaped upon Carey, yet he always remained humble. Brown University gave him a D. D. London Scientific Societies elected him a member. This didn't thwart the purposes of Carey, nor turn him from his chosen task. Sorrow broke over his soul. This seemed to mellow him, and make him more humble and trustful. His frail second wife died in 1821. She had been a constant source of comfort and cheer for his soul. She had been a source of never-fading trust in God. She had proved a good mother to his motherless boys. Their grief at her departure was very great. She was also a great blessing to the Mission family and the native women. The blessing of the purity of her life was an incentive and an encouragement. Following close on her death was that of his son Felix at the age of thirty-seven. He had come back into the mission fold

as a helper. The next year, in 1823, Ward died, the first one of the Serampore trio to go. This breaking of that group of three who twenty-three years previous had begun this work seemed irreparable. He was eight years younger than Carey, but he was gone.

Often was the garden retreat used in these days. As one by one he laid away the dear ones, the ties of the heavenly land grew stronger. He could say with Paul of old: "I am in a strait betwixt two, whether to depart and be with Christ, for it is far better; yet to abide in the flesh is more needful for your sakes." All was not sorrow. Grandchildren were on his knees. The prattle of their voices and the sweetness of their smiles lured him into frolic and many a romp with them.

With the lengthening of the shadows came the straining of the ties. The light of the evening hour of his life was darkened with the severest storms. The thunder began to roll and the lightning to crash in 1830. Flash after flash bespangled the heavens of the Mission. Bolt after bolt struck the Serampore compound. When the storm was spent, when the clouds lifted, and the light again appeared, there stood William Carey, undaunted and unafraid, for he trusted in Jehovah of Hosts.

Financial disaster was the source of the storm. A bankers' firm failed in Calcutta for three to five million sterling. The Serampore College and Mission lost all the funds it had in India. The professor's position in the college had to be sacrificed due to the closing of the Fort William College. In recognition of his long and faithful service they gave him half of his salary. The storm, however, continued with unabated fury. Firms thought to be as established as the Bank of England failed.

Marshman wrote January 6, 1833, "Carey has lost his last farthing." England was then responding. The call of distress and need was broadcast all over England, and the response was immediate and tremendous. The gifts that began flooding the Serampore Mission on every ship drove the missionaries to their knees in thanksgiving and prayer. "Before they call I will answer."

The Passing of Carey

The sun broke through the clouds. The quiet of an eternal rest was breaking over his soul. "The best was yet to be. The last of life for which the first was made." The peace that man cannot give or take away was settling over his spirit. He himself wrote, "I have scarcely a wish ungratified." The light that finally shone was the light that told of a better, happier day, "where the Lamb of God is the light thereof."

One day a visitor came into the room of the old man. Carey had met this Scotch Highlander before. He had come to see him three years ago, and a strong friendship had sprung up between these two men. Now Carey was in his bedroom when Alexander Duff entered. The old veteran, scarred with many campaigns, and the young soldier communed. Duff told Carey how he had changed the thinking of the Christian world. He talked a long time of the great debt that all the world owed to Carey. The old man raised his hand, as tears filled his eyes. Looking at Duff he said, "Pray." With a breaking heart Duff sank to his knees, and poured out his soul. Refreshed, after "casting all his care upon God" he arose and said "Good-bye." He walked toward the door and looked back. Carey was beckoning to him. He went

back to the bedside of the dying man. Carey looked up into his face and said: "Mr. Duff, you have been speaking about Doctor Carey, Doctor Carey; when I am gone, say nothing about Doctor Carey—speak about Doctor Carey's Saviour." Writes Dr. J. Culross in his William Carey, "Duff went away rebuked and awed, with a lesson in his heart that he never forgot."

Again, the pages of the past are open. Another picture of the closing months stands out. The Serampore College must be protected. Marshman, his son, and William Carey drew up "the unalterable Statutes of the College." The future policy was carefully guarded. He who so loved the Bible, he who had given his life to the work of putting the Bible into the hands of India's millions, was not content to permit the college to depart from its teachings. So they wrote:

> The College Councillors and professors must be true believers in Christ's divinity and atonement, and must vacate their office, if they so change their views as to be constrained to oppose these. Only this change must be proven from their writings or teachings, and its evidence be published to the Christian world.

Into the hands of the new trio of leaders was the college now placed. It was committed to them with this trust. Nobly did these younger men of God, John Mack, John Marshman, and John Leechman, carry on.

The night stole on in all quietness. "There was no moaning of the bar." The fight of faith had been bravely fought. The race of life had been well run. No urge of men, nor lure of wealth had been his gleam. No vision of slaves, nor thought of conquest had stirred his blood. Bravely this "living sacrifice" had gone under the divine leadership of the Holy Spirit.

He had passed the threescore years and ten. He had accomplished the work which he had set out to do. Heaven's gates opened on June 9, 1834, as the soul of William Carey went to the home prepared for him by his Saviour. When they carried his earthly tabernacle to its last resting-place, the road was lined with the poor Hindus, Mohammedans, and Christians, all testifying to their affection for him, and bound together by the cords of their common sorrow. Over his grave is a small stone inscribed according to his wishes before he died:

WILLIAM CAREY

BORN AUGUST 17, 1761

DIED JUNE 9, 1834

A wretched, poor, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall.

Is it any wonder that John Leechman wrote home:

Now, what shall we do? God has taken up our Elijah to heaven—he has taken our master from our head today. He had finished his course gloriously.

Meekest of men, to him do men turn to give tribute today. Humblest of the early pioneers, he is exalted above them all. Tempted by wealth and position as full professor in Fort William College at nine thousand dollars a year, he gave it all to the common mission treasury. During his life William Carey gave over forty thousand pounds to the Baptist missionary work in India. Friend nor foe, acquaintance nor stranger could turn him from his goal.

He was determined "to lengthen the cords and strengthen the stakes." In his book on Carey, George Smith writes, "Carey, the Father of the Second Reformation through Foreign Missions." He was a traveler and a linguist, a preacher and a statesman, a missionary and a professor, "a world citizen."

IV

ADONIRAM JUDSON

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER IV

1. America's first missionaries sail, on February 19, 1812.
2. The Judsons and Luther Rice become Baptists through study of the Bible.
3. Birth of Judson, August 9, 1788, at Malden, Massachusetts.
4. Training of Judson:
   (1) Reared in a Congregational parsonage.
   (2) Graduated from Providence College at age of nineteen.
   (3) Graduated from Andover Seminary.
5. Some important decisions by Judson:
   (1) Dedicated himself to God on December 2, 1808.
   (2) Joined the Congregational Church on May 28, 1809.
   (3) Became a member of the immortal group of the Haystack Prayer-meeting.
   (4) Commissioned as a missionary by the Congregationalists.
   (5) Married Ann Hasseltine on February 5, 1812.
6. Beginnings of the mission in Rangoon, Burma, on July 13, 1813.
7. The first convert, Moung Nau, baptized on June 27, 1819.
8. The mission at Ava begun in 1824.
9. Judson's sufferings:
   (1) In death prison at Ava eleven months.
   (2) In prison at Oungpenla for six months.
   (3) Wife died on October 24, 1826.
10. Many changes:
   (1) Mission moved to Maulmain in August, 1827.
   (2) Judson married Sarah H. Boardman on April 10, 1834.
   (3) Revised version of the Bible ready by October 24, 1840.
   (4) Judson arrived in America in 1845.
   (5) Judson married Fanny Chubbuck, June 2, 1846.
11. Judson's last years:
   (1) With his children.
   (2) Finished his Burmese dictionary.
   (3) Died on shipboard in April of 1850.
12. America's first foreign missionary.

ADONIRAM JUDSON

"For the love of Christ constraineth us."—2 Corinthians 5 : 14.

Wars and rumors of wars were in the air. The whole civilized world had felt the menace of the armies of France under Napoleon. The great general, however, was just experiencing the disaster of his Russian invasion. South America was beginning to realize the force of Simon Bolivar's struggle for liberty. The Thirteen Colonies were at war with Great Britain. The booming of cannon, the clashing of swords, and the killing of men held the interest of the people. How could they know that the small shipping vessel setting out from the rugged New England coast was an event of world importance?

America's First Missionaries Sail

It was the winter of 1812. The Caravan under Captain Heard was bound on its long voyage. No travelers had ever left the colonies on such a mission as these who were passengers on this brig. No idea of waging war was in their minds. No thought of killing men to conquer nations lured them on. They were following a heavenly gleam. They were seeking untutored folks and benighted lands. They were desirous of planting the Cross of Christ in lands where his Cross was unknown.

The time had come for the vessel to sail. No salute was fired as they left the harbor of Salem, Massachusetts, on February 19, 1812. No company of soldiers accompanied these warriors of Christ to their vessel. In fact,

very few of the colonists even knew that Mr. and Mrs. Judson and Mr. and Mrs. Newell were starting that day for India. Even among those where this was known, many thought of them as foolish and as throwing away their lives. How could they know that years later, when they returned, except those who had paid the supreme price, all America would be ringing with their names.

It was a long, weary journey with nothing to relieve the monotony. No radio concert. No games, no entertainment—just stretches of the vast Atlantic everywhere day after day. How small seemed their craft as it was caught in the billows of this mighty ocean. Still no land appeared; and these folks who had never had a sea voyage learned to "cast all their care upon him." After almost four months Cape Hope was sighted and brought cheer. Several weeks still remained of the voyage before they were welcomed in Calcutta on June 17, 1812, by William Carey. Carey took them to Serampore, and there they waited the arrival of the rest of their little band who had started from Philadelphia when they left Salem, but who did not arrive for several weeks. What a reunion in Serampore of the Judsons, the Newells, the Notts, Rice, and Hall, the first missionaries of America to India, who went out under the Congregational Board!

The Judsons Become Baptists

A division had come in this group. During the ocean voyage, the Judsons and Luther Rice had done some extra studying of the subject of baptism. They realized that they were going to come into contact with William Carey, the noted Baptist missionary, and felt that they must be prepared to answer his arguments. How little did they

know of Carey, for they had never met him. On their ship the Judsons spent hours in discussion, Bible study, and prayer. The crux of the question to them, at first, was "Ought the children also to be baptized upon the strength of their parents' faith?" The more they studied, the more sure they became that the Baptists were right and they were wrong. Faith must precede baptism. This was the plain teaching of the New Testament. Baptism must be by immersion. The Bible teaching under God's sky unchanged by bigoted men brought them to the full orthodoxy of the Baptist position.

What a struggle there must have been for Judson on that ship! Schooled in Congregationalism by his father and mother, reared in the Congregational church, and having been received into its membership three years ago; sent out by the Congregational Board, and accompanied by other Congregationalists, including his wife, to take the gospel to the heathen; he was practically unknown to the Baptists, and they had no Foreign Society. What would be the outcome of it all?

Was it really necessary to make of baptism such an important doctrine? Could he not believe these doctrines and still subjugate them to the all-important doctrine of obedience to Jesus as the soul's greatest act? Was not baptism obedience? Did he not command men "to baptize"? No one could have had more anxiety than did Judson during this period. Yet the supreme question that he must settle was to discover and do the will of God. He was not guided by the crowd, by his friends, but by God. He had taken up this crusade in obedience to Jesus, and he was determined to obey to the end. While he and his wife were waiting at Serampore for the rest

of their companions, they continued the study of the baptismal question. They read all the books that they could possibly secure on the subject. Decision was finally made, and Adoniram Judson and his wife were baptized by Rev. William Ward in Calcutta on September 6. They were joined very soon in this by Luther Rice, who afterward became the flaming evangel for the cause of Baptist missions in America.

This meant the necessity of organizing a mission separate from their brethren who had come out with them under the Congregational Board. It meant the severing of their connections with the American Board. It occasioned the writing of a letter to Doctor Baldwin, one of Boston's Baptist pastors, the memorable letter that contained the sentence which brought into being the Foreign Mission Society: "Should there be formed a Baptist Society for the support of a mission in these parts, I shall be ready to consider myself their missionary."

Birth of Judson

Who was this man whose challenge caused the movement among American Baptists that made them a great Christian force, who up to that time had been a scattered and disorganized folk? Adoniram Judson was born August 9, 1788, in the village of Malden, Massachusetts. His father was a New England Congregational pastor, and Adoniram was his firstborn. He was of the rock-hewn Yankee stock that builds firmness and constancy into character. He was a taciturn man, whom his children loved and yet held in awe.

The life-long companion and confidante of his life was his younger sister Abigail. It was to her that so many

letters were written. It was Abigail's interest and prayers that ever urged him on. "When he was a small lad, Adoniram and his companions used to play church," she records. "He always preached the sermon himself, and his favorite hymn was 'Go, Preach My Gospel, Saith the Lord.'"

Training of Judson

Adoniram loved books more than he did play. He was reading all the time. He read his father's theological treatises, and delighted in the reading of Revelation more than any other book in the Bible. His father rejoiced in this thirst for books and said, "You shall have books, Adoniram, just as many as you can read."

This book knowledge proved a great help to him in his college work. He entered Brown University—known then as Providence College—in 1804. He had studied Latin and Greek at the age of ten; but still he worked hard during his collegiate years. He graduated from the College in 1807 at the age of nineteen as the valedictorian of his class.

During these years away from home he became skeptical. Was there a God? If there was a God, did he really communicate with his people? French infidelity was sweeping the Colonies at this time; and some were being caught in its meshes. When he went home after graduating, he decided to make a tour of the Northern States. Before saying good-bye he told his Puritan father of his skepticism. When his parents bade him farewell that day they did so with aching hearts. His mother's face was bathed in tears of physical sorrow, but more deeply spiritual grief at the apparent waywardness of

her boy who had been reared in the atmosphere of New England piety.

Adoniram first visited the Hudson River Valley and saw with amazement and delight the second trip of the new invention "The Robert Fulton steamer." Thrilled with the new wonders, he journeyed to New York City and joined a band of roving players, for the sake of the adventure. Soon he started back to his uncle's in Connecticut to secure his horse and journey westward. The fever of the unexplored was taking possession of him. He stopped one night at a wayside inn. The landlord assured him that he had a room. "But," said he, "it is the only one I have left, and is next to one where a young man is very, very ill. He may die any minute. I am truly sorry, for it will probably disturb your rest, but I cannot help it." Judson assured the man that he would not mind it; and so he went to bed, but not to sleep. He heard groans from the next room, and the stealthy steps of the watchers, coming and going. A soul was passing into eternity. These thoughts ran through his mind. Was the man prepared to die? Yet, what was that to him, who was a freethinker? Still a praying mother and father had made their impress on him. The wind seemed to screech more piercingly that night. Silence came at last, but not sleep, only thoughts of God, home, and his own life of the last few months.

Next morning he asked the landlord about his neighbor. "He is dead," the landlord said. "He was a young man from Providence College—a bright fellow."

Then [writes Dr. E. Judson in his book "Adoniram Judson"] was Judson completely stunned. He attempted to pursue his journey. But one single thought possessed his mind, and the

words, Dead! lost! lost! were continually ringing in his ears. He knew the religion of the Bible to be true; he felt its truth; and he was in despair. In this state of mind, he resolved to abandon his scheme of traveling, and at once turned his horse's head toward Plymouth, his home.

Some Important Decisions by Judson

Mother's tears of sorrow were turned to tears of joy. Father's prayers were answered. Their child had come home. Adoniram soon entered Andover Theological Seminary. He was not yet a church-member, and manifestly far from becoming a preacher. On December 2, 1808, he dedicated himself to God; and on May 28, 1809, he united with the Third Congregational Church at Plymouth. At the age of twenty-one he thus joined the forces of God.

A life so positive and of such a strenuous nature must find an outlet in service. The decision reached in that early morning hour in the country inn must be kept. The uppermost thought of his mind now was " Is it pleasing to God? " He read a sermon entitled " The Star in the East," preached by Dr. C. Buchanan, who had been a chaplain to the British East India Company. The sermon proved to be the match that started the blaze that was waiting in his soul. It described " the process of the gospel in India." He did not as yet make openly his declaration of missionary purpose.

In the early part of 1810 there entered Andover five young men. Four of these men were from Williams College. They had formed a missionary society, and were accustomed to meet at night near the college grounds beneath a haystack. Judson was one of this group, who here dedicated themselves to foreign missions. They

were Samuel J. Mills, Jr., James Richards, Luther Rice, Gordon Hall, and Adoniram Judson. At this prayer-meeting spot today stands the Haystack Monument forever commemorating the birthplace of American Foreign Missions.

Judson was surrounded now with perplexities and difficult situations. He was offered the position of colleague to the pastor of the largest church in Boston. His father and mother both tried to dissuade him. There was no missionary society to send him and his fellows. Consecration and determination were at stake.

The young men wrote to the London Missionary Society offering their services. They talked the matter over with their professors. They submitted a letter to the General Association of the Congregational Churches of Massachusetts. The result was the appointment of a "Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions." This was the first foreign missionary society in America. It sent Judson to England to secure the support of the English churches. The Board thought that there was not enough missionary sentiment among the churches at home to make it possible for them to send out these young men. The English Board welcomed Judson, but sent back word that they thought it unwise to establish any sort of joint missionary responsibility. The result was the arousal of the Congregational Board and the commissioning of

Messrs. Adoniram Judson, Jr., Samuel Nott, Jr., Samuel Newell, and Gordon Hall to labor under the direction of this Board in Asia, either in the Burman Empire, or in the Surat, or in Prince of Wales Island, or elsewhere, as, in the view of the Prudential Committee, Providence shall open the most favorable door.

The way was open. The Board had voted. The leadership of the Holy Spirit was made plain. Judson was happy. The girl of his heart's desire, Ann Hasseltine, became his wife on February, 5, 1812. Just two weeks later the young married couple, missionary enthusiasts, sailed from their homeland for far-off India.

When they reached India they found that the East India Company was practically in control. This company had curtailed much of the missionary work of Carey and was determined to keep out all missionaries, especially any one from America. England and America were still fighting for freedom of the seas.

The missionaries were ordered by government authorities to report at Calcutta. They were told that they must return to America. By special request, however, they secured permission to sail to the Isle of France. This isle was made famous in American foreign missions as the burial-spot of Mrs. Harriet Newell, the first martyr. God was sowing seed for the rich harvest that was to come.

Beginnings of the Mission in Rangoon

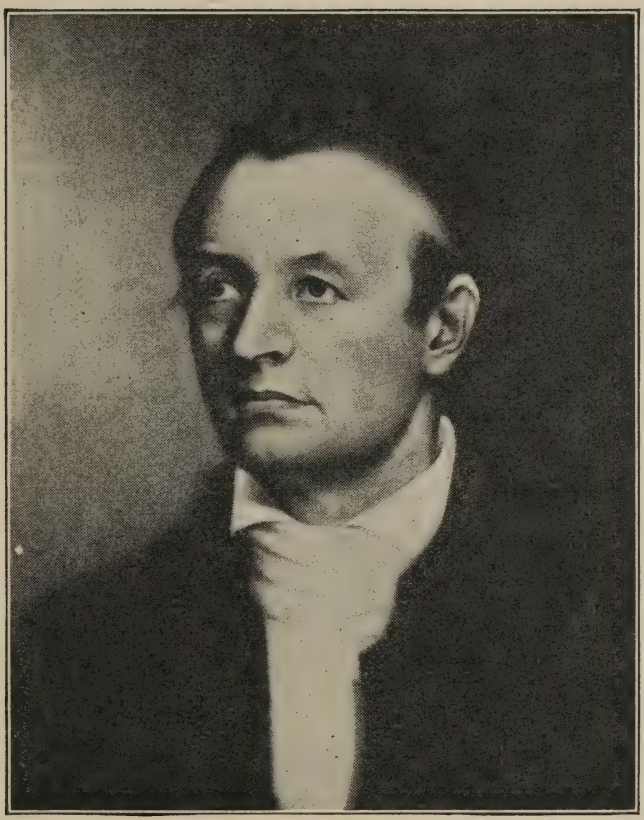
After remaining here for four months the Judsons sailed for India, and Luther Rice for America. Rice went back to arouse the Baptist churches to their glorious opportunity; Judson, to India to seek a place to found a mission. He with his wife landed in Madras, where they were entertained by an English missionary. The ever-active eye of the East India Company was on them, and so they had to move. There was only one vessel in the harbor, and that was bound for Rangoon. Here was a dilemma. They must take this vessel or return to Amer-

ica. Can we not rightly say, "The Holy Spirit forbade them to go to America"? Rangoon meant being in the dominion of the Burmese despot. On July 13, 1813, they landed in Rangoon, not by choice, but by divine direction and began the work of what is now the largest station of the Foreign Mission Society. Judson established himself in the home of Felix Carey, who soon afterward became an ambassador of the Burmese emperor.

They were strangers in a strange land. They had severed all connection with the Congregational Board. They knew not whether the Baptists were going to support them or not. There was no news from America. During these months the Judsons were sustained by the Mission at Serampore. Finally in September of 1815 word came that they had been appointed as missionaries of the American Baptist Convention. Over three years had passed since leaving their native land, but they were now established in their God-appointed place.

The language of the country must at once be mastered, and the Bible given to the people in their own vernacular. How? There was no Burmese grammar. Judson wrote one. With that same persistence he finished his first translation of the Gospel of Matthew into Burmese in 1816. He also edited several tracts to secure the attention of the natives who were steeped in Buddhism. He had come as God's messenger, and no obstacle was too large for his heavenly Father to overcome.

Two arrivals at this time cheered him. The first was that of Mr. and Mrs. George Hough from America. They were the first missionaries to be sent out from the United States by the new Baptist Society. They came to take charge of the printing-press. The second and more



ADONIRAM JUDSON

Apostle to Burma

important advent was the birth of their first child. Roger Williams Judson was born September 11, 1815. Joy was soon turned into deepest sorrow. The baby lived only a few days over seven months. They had buried their boy under Burma's sod. The call of God had brought them, and now the link of the little mound in the mission compound held them. The baby—was he not also an offering, martyr's seed that God's cause might prosper in this country of dark heathenism?

The First Convert from Buddhism

Thoughtfully and prayerfully they continued to work. In 1818 they were joined by two couples, the Colmans and the Wheelocks. Time was now at hand for an extension of the work. A zayat was built, a building dedicated in Burma to Christian work. On April 4, 1818, Judson delivered his first public sermon in this zayat. The building became a literal "house by the side of the road." Many were the inquirers who dropped in to discuss religion. Still none of them were converted. Over seven years had passed since leaving America, and not a single Burman had been baptized. In the inquirers' class were a few who were very serious. They were intensely searching for God. Finally on June 27, 1819, Moung Nau was baptized as the first convert of the American Baptists. The harvest had started. Six years of Christian work turned a confirmed worshiper of Buddha into a lover and follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. Now others joined, and in Rangoon was organized a Baptist church, and for the first time the missionaries of America and the converts of Burma fellowshiped in the Lord's Supper.

Trouble and strife were in the air. Persecution of the

mission became open. Judson decided to visit the Burmese emperor in Ava. He hoped to secure from him special protection by securing permission to teach and preach the Christian religion. Colman accompanied Judson on his trip up the Irrawaddy. They returned disheartened. They gained the audience with the emperor, but they did not secure his permission. Rather were they told that " any Burman who changed his religion to Christianity would incur the displeasure of the king." The missionaries decided to remove to Chittagong, which was under English rule. The converts, however, begged them to stay. Judson told them of his visit to their emperor and all that it meant; but they remained stedfast and persuaded him to change his plans. The other missionaries went to Chittagong; but Judson and his wife stayed in Rangoon, and thus were again alone. Some marvelous victories of faith came during the next few months. In five months seven were baptized, and the Holy Spirit was proving to them the power of the living God.

Mrs. Judson's health was now so impaired that it was necessary to seek a competent physician. They went first to Calcutta and then to Serampore. At this latter city they were much cheered and comforted by the association they enjoyed with the English Baptists. So much better was Mrs. Judson that she returned with her husband to Rangoon on January 5, 1821. Her condition soon became so serious that it was decided that she must return home for recovery. On August 21, 1821, Mrs. Judson embarked for America. It was a sad parting. Both realized that they might not meet again this side of the glory land. Both knew that if they did meet the parting would be for over two years. Yet they had placed

obedience to Jesus Christ above everything else; and no matter what sacrifice was required they offered it to him in order that Burma might be brought to Christ.

During the months of loneliness Judson was comforted by the arrival of Doctor and Mrs. Price. Five months after they came Mrs. Price gave her life for Burma and was laid beside little Roger. Knit together were the souls of Price and Judson. The fame of Price's medical ability had spread to Ava, and he was summoned by the emperor. Judson decided to accompany him, hoping that this might be the time when the Burmese despot would grant permission for the extension of the Christian religion.

The Mission at Ava Begun

The second visit proved more profitable than the first. A plot of land was given Judson on which to build a home. The land was his, and in the control of American Baptists, as long as a teacher resided in Ava. So pleased was Judson at this turn of affairs that he decided to leave the work in Rangoon in charge of the other missionaries, and move to Ava to establish a new station. He waited to make this change until Mrs. Judson returned from America, which she did the thirteenth day of December, 1823. By this time Judson had finished his first complete translation of the New Testament into Burmese.

This change of stations seemed to be for the best. Mrs. Judson organized a class for the Burmese girls. Mr. Judson held public worship every evening at the home of Doctor Price. During this time, however, war clouds were gathering. The First Burman War broke out in May, 1824, when Great Britain bombarded Rangoon.

The Burmans had arrested the missionaries in that city and threatened them with death. The capture of the city by the English saved their lives. This angered the Burmese despot, and in his rage he caused a large army to be marshaled to go and seek to destroy the enemy. He also ordered all white men imprisoned. To this emperor the Americans were no different than the English. How did he know but what these Americans in Ava had come particularly as spies for the government of Great Britain? On June 8, 1824, Judson and Price were seized with other foreigners and cast into the death prison.

Judson's Sufferings

Two years passed without a word from Judson to the Baptist churches of America. Two years of suffering, anguish, and despair to loved ones in America! Two years of prayer, faith, and trust in the protection of the heavenly Father! Two years of waiting, and watching by those who believed in the Great Commission of Jesus!

Pen can never describe, nor can artist paint, the horrors, or heartaches, of those years for the Judsons themselves. Mrs. Judson outlived the years by but a few months. Mr. Judson's entire life felt the effect of those months of awful suffering. Torn from his wife by the soldiers, taken to live in a building unfit for cattle, compelled to stay in that loathsome place for over eleven months—Judson was only sustained by the grace of God.

About one hundred men and women were kept in this prison. It was never washed, or swept, nor were the prisoners given opportunity for ablutions. Every afternoon at three came the most awful hour of the day. Even the most excruciating suffering of this prison was

dumb as that hour approached. No word was spoken. No song was sung. The unspeakable smell, the beating of the rays of the sun on the roof, the passing of the hot, putrid air through the cracks in the walls, and the fearful anxiety of awaiting doom were supreme. It was the death-hour. The gong clanged. The door opened. The leer of the vicious executioner was seen. He entered the prison. Whose turn was it now? There had been no word of warning of impending doom. Yet he would seize one or more of the prison inmates and lead them to their death, and no explanation or trial would be given. Two men were taken: another day of life for the rest.

Life, yes, but what an experience! Judson, the meticulous gentleman, the Christian missionary; and Price, the physician, compelled to remain in this enclosure of thirty by forty with all the other prisoners. Irons weighing three pounds to a pair were placed on their ankles. Sometimes Judson had to wear five pairs of these with his feet held up. Every day Mrs. Judson came to visit him, bearing some food. This was the bright time of the day. His faith never wavered. His fellow prisoners told of his wonderful trust in God.

Then came a time when his wife could not come. Alone in that strange and hostile city she gave birth to a baby girl, Mary Elizabeth Judson. With what joy the father welcomed his new daughter when his wife brought her to his prison home twenty days after her birth. He tells that his cup was "overflowing." This great soul believed in the wisdom of God, and looked upon his little daughter as a messenger of heaven sent to cheer and comfort her parents.

The vermin and the filth remained, and finally fever

smote this man of God. His health broke under the terrific strain of all these afflictions. His faithful wife, despairing of his life, made such an earnest and incessant appeal to the governor that he gave his official sanction for Judson to be moved. This order was immediately carried out, and Ann Judson was given permission to go in and out of this small hovel which was his new prison. New hope came to both of the Judsons through this kindness, only to be dashed to the ground in a more severe trial.

All the prisoners were suddenly removed to the country prison at Oungpenla. Judson with the others had been dragged before the court-house. He had been stripped of all clothing except his shirt and pantaloons, and had been tied to another prisoner. The day was blistering hot. The Oriental sun made the gravel and the sand feel like hot coals as the prisoners were driven with bare feet out of the city. A slave held the rope that tied the prisoners and urged them onward. The skin was soon burned off the feet, and Judson, weakened by fever, asked for a ride. This was scornfully denied; but the man who was yoked to him permitted him to lean on his shoulder. That soon proved too much for his companion. A Bengalese servant, however, took off his head-dress, tore it in two, and wrapped it around Judson's feet, and almost carried him the rest of the way. But for these kindnesses, Judson might have been beaten and left to die.

What a sight greeted the prisoners' eyes! A building all but fallen to pieces in which they were to be incarcerated. They immediately recalled the gossip of Ava that they were being led to this new prison, and here they were to be burned. The place and the people seemed to be all ready for the last act of the drama of life. Here

Ann Judson found her husband when she arrived a few hours later.

One of the most remarkable proofs of the divine providence and special blessing of God came at this time. Mrs. Judson had taken his unfinished manuscript of the Bible, wrapped it up, and given it to Judson to use as a pillow. When his possessions were taken from him, just before he was driven to Oungpenla, one of the guards threw this apparently worthless roll away. Moung Ing, a Burmese Christian, who had faithfully remained with Mrs. Judson, found this roll and kept it. The book discarded by the Burmese guard became part of Judson's Burmese Bible.

The prison, which they entered with so much fear, proved much better than the one at Ava. Much more freedom was given to the prisoners, they were even permitted to walk around in an enclosure during the day. When Mrs. Judson was taken sick, he was released to visit her once in a while. The jailers were very severe, however, until the death of the governor, who had ordered the transfer of the prisoners with the idea of sacrificing them. Then came the news of the success of the English arms and the approach of peace.

The six months of imprisonment at Oungpenla were over, and Judson was released to act as an interpreter for the Burmese government and to help settle the war. So valuable did he prove himself to be to the government, that it was desired and urged that he stay in government service; but he absolutely refused. Peace negotiations dragged on, the Burmese seeking to make as advantageous terms as possible. They were completely conquered by the English, however, and had to accept Great Britain's terms.

The Judsons reached Rangoon after an absence of two years and three months. They could not remain here because anarchy reigned, so they moved to the new town settled by the English, named Amherst. At the call of the government Judson went to Ava to serve as an interpreter. He was still hoping to secure an edict permitting the teaching of the Christian religion in Burma. As he waited news came to him that she who had saved his life during his months in prison had passed away. Ann Judson died October 24, 1826. Her life was a sacrifice to her love for Jesus. Little Maria now became his one comfort, but she died six months later. His grief seemed more than he could bear. All were taken and only he left behind. He felt that for him now there was just the preparation for the meeting of his loved ones.

Many Changes

Change continued to visit the mission. Judson moved to Maulmain in August of 1827 where the Boardmans were already located. His heart was broken, and his spirit was weighed down. He sought seclusion and quiet. He became a recluse and an ascetic. He fasted and prayed. What had he done that he must suffer so? He even relinquished part of his salary, and turned over to the Board the fees that he had received for his work with the government. His sadness was increased by the lethargy of the home churches. How could they be so slow in their obedience to God? Attempts to honor him met with refusals. He declined the degree of Doctor of Divinity given to him by Brown University. He dug a grave and sat beside it brooding and thinking of how his form would look after it had been there for some time.

Yet, Judson was very solicitous for his colleagues. He looked after their comfort, and gave them their greatest solace in time of sorrow. During these months and years he did an immense amount of translating. He nailed his all to the cross, and he was determined that no wish or desire of his life should ever issue in any deed unless it carried the message of the Cross.

He loved to leave the city at times and journey to the hills. He was always longing to take the blessed gospel to tribes farther and still farther from the mission compound. He became intensely interested in the wild Karens, who today have come into our Baptist work in such numbers. These tours were through wild country and through jungles inhabited by savage beasts. Judson's adventurous spirit seemed to rise out of its heart-sadness as he gained the mountain recesses and told these people of God. Boardman was the first missionary to these people, and Judson experienced great joy in helping him in his work.

After eight years of loneliness Judson married Mrs. Sarah H. Boardman, who had been a widow for three years. She was staying in the hill-country carrying on the work among the Karens which her husband had started. They were married April 10, 1834. About this time Judson completed his first draft of the Bible into Burmese. He had gone to the original Hebrew and Greek and had carefully sought to give each work its Burmese equivalent. No wonder that Doctor Wayland wrote, " It is the best translation in India." He had no sooner finished his first draft than he sought to revise it. This he did after spending seven years more, and having it ready for printing on October 24, 1840. Thus twenty-

four years of his life are wrapped in this revised Bible—the work of a master mind guided by the Holy Spirit.

Gladness and joy now began to flood into his life again. Abby Ann Judson was born on October 31, 1835, and Adoniram B. Judson in 1837. His health showed signs of the many hardships through which he had passed; and he was ordered to go to Calcutta. Irritation attacked his throat, and for almost a year he was unable to preach or teach. Great joy was in the heart of the native converts when they heard the voice of their loved leader preaching to them again. After his sea voyage he seemed stronger; but Mrs. Judson was attacked by a disease that later proved fatal. The whole family embarked for a voyage, but had a very tempestuous one. Three of the children were sick, and Mrs. Judson was unable to care for them. When they reached Serampore Henry, the baby, died. After a brief stay they embarked with a Scottish captain for Maulmain. He was going to that port by a circuitous route, and they thought the sea air would be beneficial. They did return much better in health and very grateful to the kind captain who had been so willing to take them, and who refused all pay for their passage. Mrs. Judson's recovery was only for a short while. Every few months she was forced to take a sea voyage seeking health. The doctors finally said that unless she took a long voyage out of the tropics she could not live. Judson had been urged, had been invited, had been ordered, to come to America by the Board many times. He had always refused. Now, feeling that he must seek his wife's health, they started for America. The three older children they took with them to grow up in their native land; but they left behind in Burma the

three younger, the youngest being but a little over three months old. They embarked on April 26, 1845, with much sorrow and tears. Mrs. Judson soon regained her strength to such an extent that it was thought that she could go on to America alone, and Judson prepared to go back to Burma. That night Mrs. Judson suffered a very severe relapse from which she never recovered. The disease which had so constantly pursued her for over six years proved fatal. They buried her on the island of St. Helena in September of 1845. She was only forty-two years old, but she had given twenty-one years to Burma.

Judson and his three children arrived in Boston on October 15, 1845. A whole generation had passed on since he had left. A new world was waiting to greet him. For over thirty years he had thought in Burmese. He had lived among idol-worshipers. He had given his life to Burma. As he neared the American shore he became fearful. Where would he stay in Boston? Would they understand his latest sorrow in the death of his wife?

America was ringing with his fame. Secular and religious papers had recorded his courage in the midst of danger, and his stedfast faith through all his prison suffering. Homes were opened to him everywhere. Boys and girls followed him on the street as they follow great men. Crowds overflowed the meeting-places where he was scheduled to talk. He was the man of the hour. His name was on every one's lips. And Judson? He liked it not. Naturally retiring, recently saddened—and soon after arriving hearing of the death of his little son Charlie, whom they had left in Burma—he would fain have found a quiet place. He wanted to rest awhile and then return

to his home in India. He urged the Board to permit him to return.

The second day after his arrival in America he was scheduled to talk in one of the Boston churches. People swarmed to the meeting hoping to hear the thrilling story of Judson's adventures and to see America's first foreign missionary. They looked upon a slim man, gaunt in appearance, whose face was lined with suffering. Doctor Sharp had given him an eloquent welcome. Judson rose. A tenseness gripped the audience as they looked at the famous missionary. He spoke barely above a whisper, and then only a few words. All that he said was repeated by Doctor Hague. So affected was Judson's throat that during all the rest of his life he was compelled to be cautious. Doctor Hague continued to talk, after he had given voice to Judson's remarks, and lauded the missionary. While he was speaking he was interrupted by a man coming down the aisle, mounting the platform and embracing Judson. Samuel Nott, Jr.—for it was he—could wait no longer. Judson and he alone were left of the young men who had covenanted together at the Haystack prayer-meeting. As they stood there on the platform of the Boston Church in close embrace, many an eye filled and a lump came in many a throat, as the audience saw Christian love exemplified and remembered that these two were the only living members of the band that started foreign missions.

The calls on Judson were numerous, and despite his reluctance to appear so much in public he made many addresses that stirred America. Yet many left his audience as disappointed as did those folks who attended that first meeting in Boston. He did not talk of himself. He did

not relate the stories of his sufferings! He preached Christ. He told the wonderful story of redeeming love. He knew many stories of genuine human interest; but he said, "It is the best story that I know."

As he went back and forth in the States his heart went out to India. One day in Philadelphia he went to the home of Doctor Gillette. While he was visiting in that home he met Miss Emily Chubbuck, a writer of some note. After becoming better acquainted with her he asked her to write the memoir of his late wife. The constant association that was thereby necessary caused the acquaintanceship to ripen into love. They were married on June 2, 1846, in Hamilton, New York. The missionary with his young wife was now more than ever eager to return to Burma and his native church. They were glad, therefore, to embark in July with five other missionaries for Maulmain. A long journey lay ahead, but sweet companionship was theirs, and the lure of the home and the little children awaiting them in the far-off land drew them on.

Judson's Last Years

Everything had prospered since he had left. Judson rejoiced when he found the Burmese Church at Maulmain in such good condition. Before him was the task of finishing a Burmese dictionary. Still more important was the nation of Burma. He wanted to establish a mission in Ava, the city of his sufferings. He desired to make known the gospel to his persecutors. He was eager to help make the stony heart of the emperor a heart of flesh. Resting but a short while, he and Mrs. Judson sailed for Rangoon. No thought of saving his

physical body ever entered his mind. He was "a living sacrifice."

In writing of her new home Mrs. Judson referred to it as "Bat Castle." She wrote, "Besides the bats, we are blessed with a full share of cockroaches, beetles, spiders, ants, rats, lizards, mosquitoes, and bedbugs." In the midst of all these inhabitants she tried to make their house in Rangoon a real home. While she was still working in the home, news came of a fire at the mission compound at Maulmain that had destroyed all their best clothing and valuable goods which they had brought back with them from America. When Judson came in that evening and learned of the loss, and saw the question of the why of it in his wife's eyes he said, "It is best for us that it should be so, blessed be God."

Judson constantly prayed for an open door. When he held services of worship he was forced to do it secretly. He wrote: "In all my troubles in this country, I never before looked on so discouraging a prospect. We are hunted down here like wild beasts; watched by the government and plotted against by the Catholic priests." His one hope was to secure favor of the emperor, so he again determined to visit the capital city. His face glowed with the prospect. He had received permission of the governor; and he and his wife prepared for the trip and were ready to start when news came that the Board could not afford to send him, so they went back to Maulmain after their sojourn of six months in Rangoon. He could understand heathen opposition. He could suffer persecution and feel he was doing God's will, but the thought of retreat because of the inability of the home base to rise to the emergency was more than he could understand.

It was a bitter and heart-rending disappointment. How modern seem these words of his:

> The Baptist churches now and then make a spasmodic effort to throw off a nightmare debt of some years' accumulation, and then sink back into repose. Then come paralyzing orders to retrench, and new enterprises are checked in their inception.

When two years later word finally came to Judson that he could go to Ava, for funds had been appropriated for that purpose, it was too late.

He had reached the sixtieth year of his life. He greeted each day with a cheer. Every morning he would rise early and take a run over the hills. When he returned he would sit down and play with the children. He eagerly watched their development and prayed that they might early give their lives to Jesus. He wrote often to the family in America telling of his intercession for them; never sparing himself, but always eager to lighten another's burden, and to carry another's load.

Shadows began to gather. He was traveling swiftly toward the sunrising of a better and nobler day. His throat trouble grew worse. One night in taking care of his children he took an additional cold that settled immediately on his lungs and produced a fever. They sent him out on two short voyages, but all to no avail. He was failing fast. They carried him on board the Aristide Marie on the third of April, 1850. He looked up and smiled, for he loved God's sea. His disciples were weeping. He whom they loved was sick. His wife with a face bathed in tears kissed him good-by as he left her with the little ones. The ocean had never failed to return him to his own. Day followed day, and week followed

week, and yet no word came to the waiting wife and children. Four weary months went by before the news came from Calcutta that America's first foreign missionary was dead.

Taken on board the vessel he lived but a few days. Hours of most intense agony were his in the lonely cabin. Yet, as they waited on him and tried to relieve the pain he would talk of "the love of Christ." At last peace. The anguish of physical pain, and the sorrows of the body forever left the form of the missionary. As the bark of his life reached its desired haven God's Spirit gave quiet. In his beloved ocean, surrounded with the waters that ever lap the shore of India, they buried him on April 12, 1850.

America's First Foreign Missionary

Judson called into being the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society. He translated the entire Bible into the Burmese tongue. Over seven thousand belonged to the Baptist churches in Burma when he died. Neither death of children nor loss of wife, neither persecution nor imprisonment stopped this man of God. The will of God was the paramount issue in his life. He followed the teaching as found in the Book of Job and for him was the promise fulfilled, "He knoweth the way that I take, and when he hath tried me I will come forth as gold."

V

ANN JUDSON

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER V

1. The meeting of Nancy Hasseltine and Adoniram Judson.
2. The birth and early years of Ann Hasseltine.
3. Ann's decisions:
   (1) Converted at a revival meeting.
   (2) Joined the Congregational Church at age of sixteen.
   (3) Dedicated her life as a missionary to India.
4. In the home in Rangoon:
   (1) Studying the Burmese language.
   (2) The boy Roger born on September 11, 1815; lived only a few months.
   (3) Seven months of loneliness while Judson was away in 1817.
   (4) Leaving for America in 1821.
5. Ann's only visit to the United States:
   (1) Sick at her parents' home.
   (2) Spent the winter under the care of Dr. E. Judson.
   (3) Left America on June 22, 1823.
6. The new home in Ava:
   (1) The home reached on January 23, 1824.
   (2) Ann kept her husband alive while he was in prison—by taking him food.
   (3) Ann pleads constantly for his release.
7. Ann followed Judson and stayed with him at Oungpenla prison.
8. Ann smitten with spotted fever in 1825.
9. The home in Amherst:
   (1) The home established on July 2, 1826.
   (2) Ann, attacked by tropical fever, died October 24, 1826.
10. Ann a willing sacrifice.

ANN JUDSON

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—Revelation 2 : 10.

Nancy Hasseltine was the gayest of the gay. Her face glowed with the joy of life. She radiated happiness everywhere she went. No party was complete without her. The sweetness of her face, and the happiness of her life made her the most sought girl of the countryside. Her lips seemed to tell of romance, and her eyes of undiscovered depths of bliss.

The Meeting of Ann Hasseltine and Adoniram Judson

She waited in the doorway of the kitchen as her father's guests came into the dining-room. Who was the young man with the brown eyes? She gazed into them, as those eyes returned the look, and lingered. Her face flushed! Her heart quickened its beat! The dawning of a love that was to carry her far from home and fireside began. The young man was Adoniram Judson.

Nancy watched him all during the meal. The love that was born of a look deepened as she served her father's guests that day. The lure of the unattained had led them on. The churches of Massachusetts on this June day in 1810 had voted to permit Judson and the three others to go to the other side of the world to carry the gospel message. As she looked she wondered at the bravery and courage of their proposal. Her heart burned as she remembered that it was this young man Judson who had made the proposition which was adopted.

Why did not Judson look at her? Why did he not talk, so that she could know his thoughts? What made him so silent? See the height of his forehead. Note the strength of his face. Was he not hungry? His dinner was almost untouched. Nancy marveled at all this, little realizing that she had captivated the heart of this brilliant man who was challenging the churches with world vision.

What a change had come over this fun-loving girl in the last few months. The winter of 1806 had been full of merrymaking. All of the young people of the village of Bradford had been engaged in parties, and Ann had been the most frivolous of them all. The traditions of severity and sternness of early New England were set aside for the fun and frolic of these days.

Ann was not the same. To the keen, loving eyes of her mother it was certain that something was troubling her. Motherlike she was more than ever anxious over the restless activity of her beautiful girl. She could not complain of Ann's grades, for she was a brilliant girl, and stood high in her studies. With a mother's intuition she knew that her girl was going through a crisis. Little did Mrs. Hasseltine know what it was.

Ann would not divulge her secret to her nearest and dearest friend. Instead she was ever urging on her companions in the gaiety of life that they might not know the trouble in her soul. Ann had been doing some very serious thinking. She was dissatisfied with herself and her life. She had dropped into the village church one evening recently during a revival service and her mind was searching for "the Balm of Gilead." No one must know of this. The popular and vivacious Ann Hasseltine becoming religious? Impossible!

In the quiet of her room she searched for God. Where was he, and how could she find him? She began reading the Bible. Ann had no Christian teaching to help her as she set out in her quest for God. As she read the New Testament and the Son of God, Jesus, was revealed in all of his love and purity, the whole life of Ann surrendered to the perfect Christ. At the age of sixteen she gave her all to Christ, and with some of her schoolmates she joined the Congregational Church at Bradford. Then, with her enthusiasm and zeal she brought her parents to Christ and into the membership of the church.

The Birth and Early Years of Ann Hasseltine

Ann Hasseltine was born in Bradford, Massachusetts, on December 22, 1789. She was always an attractive girl; but as she grew into womanhood and was touched by the wonder of the saving grace of Christ her days radiated the beauty and love of a fully consecrated life. When she began teaching school, after her graduation from the academy, she made it one of her purposes to try to win her scholars to an allegiance to her Lord. Then, when love for Judson began to grow in her life—after that memorable meeting in June of 1810—Ann became even more lovely.

Ann's Decisions

One of the greatest problems of her life was now waiting solution. No other American woman had set her an example. She was called on to blaze a new trail, and set a new standard of sacrifice. Judson asked her to be his wife and go with him on his world mission. Every one talked against her going. She must not throw her life

away on the heathen. Judson ought not to have asked her to make that sacrifice. Judson had been offered the postion of assistant to the pastor of the largest church in Boston; so why not settle down in this country?

Her decision came with the same firmness that marked her entire life. No thought of personal comfort or personal desire biased her decision. She had surrendered her all to Christ five years previously; and so when the issue was drawn she continued to follow in the trail of her Lord, content to do his will.

Could, and would the churches send them? Very little money had come into the treasury. War with Great Britain was threatening. All was very indefinite and very poorly organized for the task of world missions. The word came at last that the missionaries could go. The government had granted permission, the date of sailing was announced, and all was in readiness.

On February 5, 1812, Ann and Adoniram were married in her home village. The next day the first foreign missionaries of America—Adoniram Judson, Samuel Newell, Samuel Nott, Gordon Hall, and Luther Rice—were solemnly dedicated and consecrated in the old Salem Church to the missionary task. Many an eye was dim and many a heart quickened its beat as they looked at these heroic men—yes, and more heroic women—who were going on the long journey that they might obey the final command of Christ, "Go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

The sailing vessel on which they were embarked was going toward the sunrising. America was fading from view. Father, mother, brothers, and sisters were left behind. In the small cabin of the ship the Newells and

the Judsons were singing songs of rejoicing and praising God for his favor in permitting them to carry the message of his redeeming love to the unsaved world.

How eagerly they looked forward to reaching Serampore, and seeing William Carey. With what joy they were greeted by the English Baptist missionaries, especially when it was known that the Judsons had determined—as a result of Bible study on the journey—to become Baptists. Quietness and content were not to be their lot. They were forced from one location to another by the government until they reached the Isle of France. Here on this island the first tragedy took place when the youngest of them all, Harriet Newell, paid the supreme sacrifice and was buried, about a year after leaving America. In the sadness of this loss, however, the missionaries firmly agreed to follow the gleam to the end.

In the Home at Rangoon

Seventeen months after leaving the homeland the Judsons settled in their God-appointed station at Rangoon, Burma. They moved into the house that was owned by one of Carey's sons. Mrs. Felix Carey, who was a native of the city, received them and made them welcome. Strangers they were in a strange land. The house was outside the city gates, yet in the territory of one of the most despotic rulers of their day. The word of the emperor was law. Might made right. Protection for life and property came only through bribing of the officials. No one trusted the other. All of the vices of a nation steeped in idolatry and ignorance were manifested every day.

Mrs. Judson had been carried to this new home. Sick-

ness had afflicted her almost to her death. Yet no kind hand of woman, or wisdom of a physician ministered to her. Ann Judson, the leader of social frivolity a few years previous, the idolized daughter in the home, was now the only white woman in a heathen country that was teeming with vice. Long were the hours, tedious were the months, and weary the years that she served before the fruitage of victory was given.

Two months after their arrival in Rangoon they observed the Lord's Supper—the first observance of the holy ordinance in Burma. What a faith was there displayed! Thousands of miles from home; in a country destitute of the knowledge of Christ; with no others at the Lord's table but themselves! On September 19, 1813, Mr. and Mrs. Judson commemorated the death of our Lord "till he come."

Ann's one immediate task was a knowledge of the Burmese language. There was no grammar, no dictionary, no book, nothing in the way of literature to which she could turn. With her husband she spent from early morning until late at night studying Burmese under a native. Would she ever master it? More important, would she ever be able to talk it? So dauntless a woman as Mrs. Judson found no task too difficult for her to overcome.

Another duty that called Ann was that of calling on the wife of the viceroy of the province. She looked forward to this call with fear but also determination. When she reached his home she was entertained by his many wives until the appearance of his first wife, who immediately began asking Mrs. Judson many questions. Was she the favorite wife? Was she the one whom her

husband loved the best? How long were they going to stay in Rangoon? In the midst of this battery of questions the viceroy came into the room. He was a man of such vicious expression that Ann shrank from him in fear, though he treated her very kindly, and was very polite in his attitude toward her.

This visit, as well as other visits to those in high authority, was the means of much protection. Mrs. Judson humbled many a pompous ruler with the charm of her personality. This beautiful woman made a deep impression on these Oriental rulers, the deep sincerity of her life and the loftiness of her purpose proved her to be so different from the listless creatures who were the companions of those Eastern potentates. This influence of Ann came in good stead during the trying months of Judson's prison experience.

The hours were sweetened and the days were hallowed as the Judsons worked together. No news from America as yet as to what the Baptists would do! They were supported by the English Baptists at Serampore. Never did they doubt the leading of God, nor question him as to the wisdom of his leadership. Did they not have each other? Was not God good in keeping them in health and strength on this foreign soil? "In all their afflictions he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them."

Mrs. Judson's health began to decline. They both realized that she must see a competent physician, but there was none in Rangoon. The first separation of their missionary career took place. Ann took passage to Madras with a native Burmese woman as her companion. Again, the providence of God was evident in the smoothness of

the journey, and the liberality of the captain who would accept no payment for the trip. So rapidly did she gain that Judson's heart rejoiced when his beautiful wife returned restored in health and vigor, and glad of the opportunity of carrying on for the sake of the people whom she was learning to love.

Sunshine as well as shadows were their portion. Joys mingled in their sorrows. The crowning gift of God came to her home and heart in the birth of their first baby, Roger Williams Judson, September 11, 1815. The home was now complete—father, mother, and child. Hearts were filled to overflowing with gratitude to God at this expression of his bountiful goodness.

How Roger filled his mother's life! Every day some new gesture, every day some new sound! The wonder of his beautiful big eyes! The constant growth of his small body! He was a great comfort to his parents in this far-off land across the sea. As the winter wore on Roger developed a fever, and then one night his little soul went back to the God who gave it. "God gives, and God takes away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

The same day they followed his little body to the quiet burying-ground. The natives mourned with the parents over the death of the little baby. The little garden, which housed all that they had known of Roger's early tabernacle became a place of prayer and sorrow to the heart-broken mother. God was good, but why had he not permitted this one child of theirs to stay? Yet even as she prayed and thought she realized that they were now bound tighter than ever to this beautiful country. They had buried their own on foreign soil. They had been called on to sacrifice their little child that the Burmese church

might be established, and that God's kingdom might prosper in this heathen land.

Their neighbors sought to comfort them. The viceroy's wife visited Mrs. Judson with a large retinue of servants and attendants, and tried to show her sympathy. The greatest joy that came into their lives at this time was the knowledge that they had been adopted by the Baptists as their missionaries. Luther Rice with his impassioned missionary appeal had stirred the home churches, and now word came that other missionaries would be sent to Burma as soon as it was possible. The prayers, money, and fellowship of the Baptists of America were now theirs. After three years of separation from the Congregational Church they came into the realization that they had been formally adopted, and that the Baptist Triennial Convention would finance their activities.

Judson was beginning to show signs of his intense application. His eyes ached and pained so much that he could not study, and his general health was so depleted from the constant studying of the Burmese language that he needed the rest of an ocean voyage. It was, therefore, determined that he should go to Chittagong in India. The English Baptists had a mission there, but they had abandoned it. Judson hoped that he could secure a convert there, and bring him back to Rangoon to preach. The trip would probably take about three months, but it meant separation. This time Mrs. Judson would be left at home.

Every Sunday she would gather together a company of the Burmese women and talk to them of God. They often asked many questions. They desired to know the way of salvation, but they were timid. They must not do anything that would be against the wishes of their hus-

bands. They loved Ann. They liked to hear this white woman talk in their tongue. They enjoyed the story of Jesus, but they were not willing to break with their old lives. After these four long, weary years not one person had openly accepted Jesus.

Ann gave herself whole-heartedly to the study of the language in these days. The greatest solace for her loneliness was ceaseless activity. The native women often asked if she ever tired as she kept up her work. Yet, in the quietness of her own room the question ran through her mind, "Where is my husband?" It was time for him to return. Every morning she watched for his ship on the horizon. One day a new vessel was sighted, and she hastened to hear the news. Yes, they had come over from Chittagong in just twelve days, but no Judson was on board. He had not been in Chittagong! His vessel had never reached Chittagong!! What should she think, whither should she go? Where, oh, where was Judson? Was he living? Had his vessel been swept off its course, and was he somewhere on the boundless deep? With no mother to quiet her fears, no dear friend to whom she could pour out her heart, this courageous woman trusted and labored.

Now another month passed, and still no word from Judson. Nor were things quiet in Rangoon. Talk of war was in the air: war between Great Britain and Burma. Minor officials of the empire continued to make much trouble in order that they might secure many bribes. So fraught with danger became the city that it was determined they must leave—Mr. and Mrs. Hough, the other missionaries who had been sent out by the Baptists, and Mrs. Judson. Ann was determined to stay in the city.

Two things held her there. One was the fact that if Judson was living he would try to return to Rangoon to find her. The other was the little mound in the garden. Her companions, however, finally persuaded her to go with them, and she embarked after saying a tearful farewell to the many native women who loved her.

They left Rangoon with much foreboding. The vessel sailed to the mouth of the river and then anchored. Ann, who was sure that she should have stayed in Rangoon, disembarked and returned to her home. The vessel had proved to be unseaworthy. How happy Mrs. Judson was that she had made up her mind to go home, for two days afterward the ship on which Judson had sailed came into port. Where was Judson? No one knew. The vessel on which he had taken passage had been tossed in the Bay of Bengal for several weeks and then had made port at Masulipatam. Judson had told the captain that he was going to Madras hoping to ship from there to Rangoon. That was several weeks ago. Where was he now? "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Mrs. Judson was showing the signs of the long torture of waiting. Some day a vessel would bring the news; but what news? An English vessel was at the mouth of the river, and, oh joyous message, "Judson is aboard!" The three months had lengthened into seven, but when the reunion took place it was almost more than Mrs. Judson could stand. As they knelt together again at the family altar they united most fervently in the prayer that had been theirs during the long years of their lives in Burma. "God grant that we may live and die among the Burmans, though we should never do anything else than smooth the way for others."

Together the Judsons again faced their chosen task. They decided to erect a house for preaching, a "zayat." Several of the natives were becoming very much interested in religion, and they were earnestly hoping that these would soon confess Christ. For six years they had lived in this heathen land, and tried in every way possible to teach the Burmese of Christ. In their home life, in their love for each other, in their unselfish service for these natives during the periodic epidemics—due to ignorance and lack of sanitation—they had lived Jesus. The seed had been watered by the tears of agony, and had been bathed in the sacrifice of their firstborn son. "God gave the increase" of converted souls in June of 1819.

Persecution immediately became more acute. The government cared very little for these foreigners with their new religion. If they were foolish enough to come over and preach, that was their business; but when they persuaded the people to leave the religion of their fathers, Buddhism, for this new religion, that was too much. Judson and his new missionary colleague, Colman, set off for Ava, leaving their wives in Rangoon.

Constantly did Ann and Mrs. Colman pray that this mission might be successful. When, at the end of two months, the men returned and announced the complete failure of securing religious toleration, gloom seemed to settle over the whole mission. What should they do? Better to move to territory under the English flag than to permit the ruthless destruction of all their work by the violent opposition of the government and the continual petty annoyances of the people.

Mrs. Judson's heart was heavy these days. Surely God had directed them, had blessed them; and if it was his

will that the mission should be moved, he would reveal it to them. How plain became his leadership. Seven heathen were born again by the Spirit of God within five months. They were baptized and joined the church in the face of severe persecution. "He maketh the wrath of men to please him." God was holding his ambassadors in Burma by permitting them to see some of the fruitage of their labors.

Ann's Only Visit to the United States

The time had come now for the severest trial of her life. Mrs. Judson must leave her husband and be gone for two years. The precarious condition of her health made it imperative that she should go to America. She would see her parents again after ten years of separation. She could tell the folks at home about the Burmese mission, but she must leave him with whom she had traveled so far, for whom she had made a home, and to whom she had given her love. They journeyed together to Calcutta, where Judson saw her safely embarked on an English vessel, occupying a cabin with three children. So delighted was the father of the children to have Mrs. Judson in the cabin that he paid her fare to Liverpool.

Behind her was her home in Rangoon, around her the waters of the mighty ocean, above her the heavens of God. The Word of God, her inseparable companion, was on the table at her side. Ahead of her was home, mother, friends, and America. As her eyes closed her mind wandered to the land of the tropics and to the little home, to the desk of her scholar husband, and to the little grave in the garden. Yes, she would pay a visit to her folks in America, but that would be only a visit,

and then soon she would go back home, her real home in far-off Burma.

Mrs. Judson was most graciously welcomed in London. She was entertained by Mr. Joseph Butterworth, a member of Parliament. He was a Christian gentleman, to whom she afterward wrote a series of letters describing the founding of the Burmese mission. Many were the requests that she go to Scotland and tell her story. She gladly consented. Everywhere she went the people were struck with her beauty, and impressed with the sincerity of her faith and the wonder of her courage.

America was calling, so she embarked and arrived there on September 25, 1822, ten years and a half since the time of her departure. Mother's arms encircled her. Father's eyes filled with joy as he watched his youngest daughter. Sisters welcomed her as one who had returned from the dead. The old Hasseltine home became the Mecca of the village and the whole countryside. America's first woman missionary had returned to tell her story.

Ann had come home to rest. During a part of the journey she had been compelled to keep to her cabin because of her weakness. Ceaseless activity was her lot. Morning, noon, and night folks came to see her and talk with her. She enthused them all over Burma. It was too much. The sorrow of separation from her husband, mingled with the joy of reunion with the home folks so disturbed her nervous system that she could not sleep. Added to this breaking down of her nerves, was the rigor of a New England winter. Many a year she had spent in the tropics, and her blood had become thin. She had no resistance to cold, and she felt it intensely. She was in a

ANN HASSELTINE JUDSON

A Willing Sacrifice

worse condition now than when she had left India, and something must be done at once.

Home folks must be left, and health must be sought. She left in November for Baltimore, Maryland. In that city lived Dr. Elnathan Judson, a brother of her husband. Due to his acquaintance and standing in the community she had the best of care by the most eminent surgeons of the city. The winter months wore by slowly in this strange city, as away from husband and parents she made her fight for health. Her body was frail, and the disease was deep-seated, but her spirit was buoyant.

What made her face brighter this morning? What was it that made her eyes glow, even her steps were more sprightly? What but the joy of spiritual harvest? She had sown the gospel seed in Burma. She had prayed, labored, and suffered that God might grant a bounteous harvest; but it seemed to be delayed in its coming. God was trying her patience. Good news had come from her beloved. Three Burmese women for whom she had labored, on whom she had called, to whom she told many times in the chapel the story of Divine love—three women, her sisters in Christ, had been converted and baptized. The little native church was growing. There is no joy on earth and no solace that is comparable to that of being the instrument used by the Holy Spirit to lead souls to Jesus.

Spring came in the glory of her resurrection attire. Mrs. Judson continued to improve so much that she often visited Washington. She attended the meetings of the Baptist General Convention in 1823 in that city. The charm of her personality, and her complete subjugation to the will of God impressed all who met her these days.

Yet with it all there was an elusive something which even those nearest to her did not fully understand. One hundred years afterward it was said that that something was God's divine preparation for her final service.

As summer came on Ann felt able to go again to Bradford. But only for a short visit. She was going home. Mother, father, sisters, and friends all tried to persuade her to stay another year in the homeland until her health was fully restored, but she was under the direction of a higher love and a mightier power. On June 22, 1823, she left America with Mr. and Mrs. Wade, bound for Burma, her home.

The New Home in Ava

Two long weary years had passed since she had left her husband. The voyage seemed longer than before, though she enjoyed the companionship of the Wades, who were going to help in the Burmese mission. By the time they reached Rangoon the period of separation had lengthened into twenty-six months. Oh the joy of seeing Judson's face and hearing from his lips the good tidings! He had completed the translation of the New Testament into Burmese. He had been given a lot in Ava, the capital city of the empire. The future seemed rosy with promise as they arrived on January 23, 1824.

The period of preparation was over. The Judsons now entered the time of their suffering. They came with great hopes to this city of Ava. Had not the king bid them come? Had he not urged Judson to make this city his home? They knew not, however, the capriciousness of this Oriental despot, at whose words men were killed without trial, favorites were banished without warning.

They began work at once. Judson preached in Doctor Price's home across the river. Ann Judson started a girls' school with three pupils in attendance. Their new house was erected in the incredibly short time of two weeks, and the Judsons moved into the best home that they had ever had in Burma. They were now ready for their best work. They knew the language and could speak it fluently. They had the Scriptures ready to read in the native tongue. Persecution, disaster, ignominy, agony, and anguish were waiting to attack these servants of God.

On May 23 news was brought to them of the capture of Rangoon by the army of Great Britain. War was no more a dark cloud on the horizon, but a stern reality. What would be the outcome? Judson had a few friends at court, but the king had lately displaced them, and now Judson was unable to gain audience. Mrs. Judson had begun to win her way, but she was still a total stranger to most of the government officials. The missionaries, however, sought by every means in their power to let all know that they were not English, but Americans. They were forced to realize their danger because they were summoned to give a strict accounting of all their activities and interests. The king, however, gave orders that they should not be arrested.

One June day Mrs. Judson was preparing dinner. As she looked out of the window she could see the workmen busy on her new home. It was to be of brick that it might keep out the tropical heat. The river flowed on just a short distance away. Everything seemed to be peaceful. Her husband was in the next room busy at his task of translating the Old Testament. Her heart

was filled with joy at the secret that was hers. Suddenly the door was rudely entered by a Burmese official, who was followed by a group of baser men. "Where is the teacher?" he shouted. Judson stepped forward, and his sentence was read. Then without further ceremony he was roughly bound. Ann Judson began to protest and tried to persuade them not to draw the cords so tight, only to have them leer at her. His captors now led Judson away to the court-house as Ann watched them from her own doorway.

What would they do? O God, have mercy! They were taking him to *Let-ma-yoon,* the death prison. Would she ever see him again? Must the mission of God to the people of Burma suffer such a disgraceful defeat? With breaking heart she drew to her two of the Burmese girls of her school and bolted the door, only to be ordered by the guard stationed there to open it at penalty of dire punishment.

The long night crept slowly into morning. Another day, but for what? Her husband might be dead by now, and she was a prisoner herself. No persuasion that she used was sufficient to move these guards. Her every move was watched. She could not escape. Hour by hour she planned, but all to no avail. Night came again, and still nothing had been done for her beloved.

There was a way out. There must be a way out. Ann had never before surrendered, even though confronted with mountains of difficulty. She had it. She would send a note to the governor of the city and promise him a present. She would make no mention of her request. Immediately permission was granted for Ann to visit the governor. She wasted no time in pretence, once she had

gained audience with him. She told him of her plight and of her desire to secure the liberation of her husband and Doctor Price, missionaries of America. The governor was kind but firm. He told her that it was not in his power to release the prisoners, but that he would make them more comfortable. She then asked and received a permit to visit her husband in the prison.

No one reared in a quiet New England village could ever imagine the type of prison used by the Oriental despot. No civilized man had ever endured this awful place. As Ann Judson left the governor's home on the way to the prison she thought of all that she had heard of the prison. She was, however, entirely unprepared for the terribleness of the place. At sight of her comely and immaculate husband in chains and dirty she almost fainted. Her heart sent out its agonizing prayer, "O God in heaven, help me!" No sooner had she overcome her horror of the place and had a few words with her husband than she was ordered out.

She left the prison saddened but encouraged, for they permitted the missionaries to be placed in an outer enclosure. This new hope was soon blasted by another fear. The Burmans gave no food to their prisoners. These were only kept alive by their friends. How could Mrs. Judson keep her husband alive if all her money and property were taken away? The order had been issued by the king to confiscate all property owned by the missionary teachers. Her recourse was to hide her valuables, and that none too soon, for the officers came with a large retinue of servants to search her home. They treated her with the utmost courtesy and consideration. Never before or afterward was she so well treated. She pleaded

with them several times. She responded to their questions with evasive answers, and when they had departed she still had much silver, and several valuables that came into use during the next few months.

Judson would have died in prison had it not been for his heroic wife. She kept him alive with food that she bought or begged. She daily interceded with Ava's governor in his behalf, which resulted in several kindnesses. She sought every official of the nation, and of the city, with whom she thought that she had any influence, and by presents, by letters, by visitations, by entreaties, she made herself so well known, and her husband's cause of such importance that they dared not kill him.

Her cause found its strongest advocate in the governor's wife. This kind woman grew to love Mrs. Judson, and in many ways proved her kindly interest and sympathy. One day Ann came to the governor's home very much disturbed. They had taken all the privileges away from the missionaries. They had placed them again in the death prison? Why? Was that to be the end? But, no, for listen to the governor as he talked to her: "Three times have I been ordered by the queen's brother to kill all the white prisoners, but I haven't done it. And now I repeat, though I execute all others, I will never execute your husband."

Her visits to the prison ceased for awhile. This time not through orders of the jailer; not because of persecution; not through fear. Ann walked the streets of Ava in daylight or darkness—whenever it was necessary. She was shielded from harm by "the angel of his presence." Mary Elizabeth Judson was born in January of 1825. When but twenty days old, Mrs. Judson took her to the

prison that her father might hold her in his arms. Judson wrote many stanzas of this experience. One of them is:

> Sleep, darling infant, sleep;
> Blest that thou canst not know
> The pangs that rend thy parents' hearts,
> The keenness of their woe.

The heroism of Mrs. Judson on these days rose to wondrous heights. With no thought of self, with no consideration of the price she paid, she served every minute of every day that the suffering of her husband might be assuaged, and that relief might come. She was paying the supreme sacrifice for the God she loved above every one else.

What was meant by the strange summons of the governor? She was somewhat worried as she hastened from the prison to the governor's home. He greeted her casually and was about to embark upon a discussion of American customs and institutions when he was interrupted by the entrance of a messenger. "The white prisoners have all been taken away," he shouted. Mrs. Judson dashed out into the street eyes blinded with tears. She asked every one she met if they had seen the prisoners. She ran up and down the streets like a distracted person. Finally, she learned that they had been seen to go toward the village of Annarapoora.

Ann Follows Adoniram to Oungpenla

Against the judgment of all her friends Mrs. Judson set out to find them. She took her Bengalese servant, her two Burmese girls, and her darling baby. After a journey of physical torture, and mental agony as to the fate of

her husband she found him and his fellow prisoners in an old shack of a prison. The jailer permitted her to use one of the rooms in his home for her abiding-place. It was dirty. It was a granary. But God be praised, it was near her husband, and he was alive.

Better was this prison than the other. Yet the foreboding of disaster was ever in the air. They had been sent here to die. "They will burn us" rang in the minds of the prisoners as they recalled what had been told them of their fate when they reached Oungpenla. The king had known that the execution of the white prisoners in Ava would not meet with approval, and therefore he had them removed to this place where they could very easily be executed without creating much comment.

Added to this danger was that of smallpox. It had broken out, and the first person to be taken sick was one of her Burmese girls. Mrs. Judson immediately became the nurse, the doctor for all the other children, and for her husband.

At whatever sacrifice his life must be saved. Ann also found it difficult to secure enough food, so she decided to make a trip to Ava for medicine and food. She went to their home in Ava and was taken sick. She had barely enough strength to return. When she reached the little room she called home, she fell down on a mat and there she stayed for nine weeks.

Mrs. Judson's physical strength was failing under the tremendous task at which it had been set. Worn out with work and worry, with lack of proper food, with an insidious tropical disease; worn out with the care of her baby girl, Mrs. Judson succumbed and was unable to do anything for a while.

What will Mr. Judson do? Most of all, what will become of the little darling? Ann lay on the floor helpless as the cries of her daughter became louder. She sought solace in God. He alone could help. Judson was given special permission to go out of prison and to beg food for himself and child. They could not—those Burmans—refuse this earnest, sad, white-faced man who pleaded for food for his pale child. Ann on her mat of suffering lifted her heart in praise to God for his mercies.

The army of Great Britain was winning all the battles. Burma must now seek terms of peace. With the release of her husband came the word of command for him to go into service for the government. Ann and the baby Mary were left in the home in Ava, while Judson was taken off as an interpreter. His wishes or desires were not consulted, but between jailers he was marched and was given his orders.

The long months of imprisonment were over. The armies of Great Britain would soon march in triumph over the land. Religious persecution would end. So thought Mrs. Judson as she sat in her home in Ava. She felt sure that they were almost over the roughest part of the journey, and that ahead of them lay a smooth way. Soon they would be able to go ahead and preach Christ in this country of Burma unmolested.

Ann Smitten with Spotted Fever

One day a Burmese woman came to the door and offered to nurse her little baby. Ann gladly accepted the offer. The same day Mrs. Judson came down with spotted fever. It attacked the weakened body of its victim with much force. So rapid was its course that Mrs. Judson

lost her reason, and folks around thought she was dead. At this most critical juncture Doctor Price arrived at her home. She had saved his life more than once while he was in the death prison. Now that he had been released, it was his joy to save Mrs. Judson's life. He took full charge of the case, and prescribed remedies that he was sure would bring relief and health.

As she was slowly regaining her health word was brought to her that Judson was in Ava, but was going to be sent back to Oungpenla. She immediately sent Moung Ing with a note to her friend the governor. The governor at once sent word to the higher officials that he would go security for Judson if they would release him. He had kept him from being killed during the months of imprisonment; and he now showed his friendship in procuring Judson's freedom.

Mrs. Judson lay across the bed in a very weakened condition. The fever had run its course and had sapped every ounce of energy. She was so thin she was almost ethereal. The clothing she wore was dirty. The house was untidy. Her poor sickly, puny baby lay in the lap of her Burmese nurse in the room outside. Everything around her spoke of neglect and physical agony. But who was that who kept looking into her eyes? "Adoniram!"

Mr. and Mrs. Judson with their baby embarked for Rangoon. They were stopped for two weeks and royally entertained by Sir Archibald Campbell, the Commander-in-Chief of the English armies in India, and his staff. These men had heard of the heroism of these soldiers of the Cross, and they sought in every way to show them their regard. A great banquet was given with the staff

officers of the English army and the Burmese commissioners in attendance. Mrs. Judson went to this feast on the arm of Sir Campbell as the real guest of honor.

The Home in Amherst

The Judsons were anxious to return to Rangoon and to discover the fate of their little church. For over two years they had been gone, and neither the churches in America nor the one in Rangoon had known their fate. They rejoiced, therefore, to be able to return to Rangoon in the spring of 1826. They found the mission house still standing, but the church-members had scattered in terror at the beginning of the war. Four gathered to welcome them. When it was decided to move the mission to Amherst, under the British flag, these four men accompanied them. Here at Amherst the Judsons began a new mission on July 2, 1826.

They had no sooner become established in a government house than Judson was sought after to go to Ava with an embassy of the English Government to arrange a commercial treaty. He had no desire to return to the scene of his suffering or to leave Ann, but when Mr. Crawford, the head of the embassy, told him they would seek to have a clause regarding religious liberty inserted, he consented to go. They knelt in their home together and kissed their good-by, little realizing it was the final one of earth.

Mrs. Judson with Moung Ing set to work and had two schoolhouses built and a home into which she moved early in September. She gathered a group of ten children together and gave them to the care of Moung Ing to teach. She hoped to gather girls in her school. Meanwhile,

every Sunday she taught the native Christians the unsearchable riches of Christ.

The latter part of September Ann Judson was attacked with a tropical fever. An English physician was summoned, and he remained ever-watchful, and ever-thoughtful in trying to relieve the suffering. All the care possible was given; but Ann Judson, only thirty-seven years old, died in Amherst, October 24, 1826.

There was no husband present to comfort her last days. There was no American missionary to speak words of cheer. There were no parents, friends, or loved ones from America to give solace in her dying hours! Alone in Burma, surrounded by the native Christians, and those who loved her, Ann Judson died a willing sacrifice that God's kingdom might come and his will might be done in the land that she had learned to call home.

Ann a Willing Sacrifice

Ann Hasseltine Judson was a genuine heroine. There was no known reserve to her sacrifice. There was no known limit to her willingness in service. Regardless of wishes of friends and acquaintances, she went to unknown lands to carry the gospel of Jesus. Never did she draw back from her chosen course. Never did she swerve from her path. To the end she followed the gleam,

> O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till the night is gone;
> And with the morn those angel faces smile,
> Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

VI

WILLIAM KNIBB

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER VI

1. Birth and early years of Knibb.
2. Baptized by Doctor Ryland in 1822 at Bristol.
3. Weds Mary Watkins and leaves England for Jamaica.
4. Beginnings in Jamaica:
   (1) Arrival on February 16, 1825.
   (2) Work as a teacher at Kingston.
   (3) Development of hatred for slavery.
   (4) Pastor at Falmouth in 1830.
5. The struggle against slavery.
   (1) Knibb's antagonists were the Catholics and the Planters.
   (2) Knibb imprisoned in January of 1832.
   (3) Goes to England in 1832 and presents the matter before (a) the Baptist Board, (b) the Baptist Convention, (c) Parliament.
   (4) Secures passage of the bill to abolish slavery.
6. Increasing work:
   (1) Building of chapels.
   (2) Establishing of schools.
   (3) Founding of outstations.
7. The day of freedom.
8. Three other trips to England in 1840, 1842, and 1845.
9. Ever forward:
   (1) The mission to Africa.
   (2) Self-support for the churches.
   (3) An educated native ministry—Calabar College.
10. The passing of Massa Knibb, November 15, 1845.
11. The emancipator of Jamaica's slaves.

WILLIAM KNIBB

"When they deliver you up, be not anxious how or what ye shall speak; for it shall be given you in that hour what ye shall speak. For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father that speaketh in you."—Matthew 10 : 19, 20.

William Knibb had often thought of going as a missionary. As he worked with his brother in the print-shop they both felt the urge to go to the foreign field. Year after year William helped in the printing of Andrew Fuller's annual report to the Baptist Missionary Society. He was constantly thinking of how glad he would be to go to India and help Carey. These reports of Secretary Fuller were filled with the growth of the Serampore Mission. Perhaps, he thought, if the necessary number of missionaries was obtained, he could go to India as a printer.

He was under the tutelage of Doctor Ryland, of the Broadmead Baptist Church of Bristol, England. This old saint of God had baptized William Carey in 1783. Now, thirty-nine years later, he immersed William Knibb. The sphere of Ryland's influence became world-wide. Jamaica and India were his outposts.

Knibb, however, continued to work as a printer. He felt the urge of God on his soul. He wrote to his brother, Thomas, "If it be the will of God that I should go, I feel an earnest desire to teach the children of the poor Negroes." He was waiting God's time. The hand of his life's destiny reached the hour, and he was ready. When the news was brought to him that Thomas had

died after three months as a missionary in Jamaica, he said, "If the Society will accept me, I'll go and take his place." The decision was made. The offer was accepted, and William Knibb sailed from England with the last words of his mother ringing in his soul, "Remember, my son, I would rather have you perish in the sea, than to hear that you have disgraced the cause you go to serve."

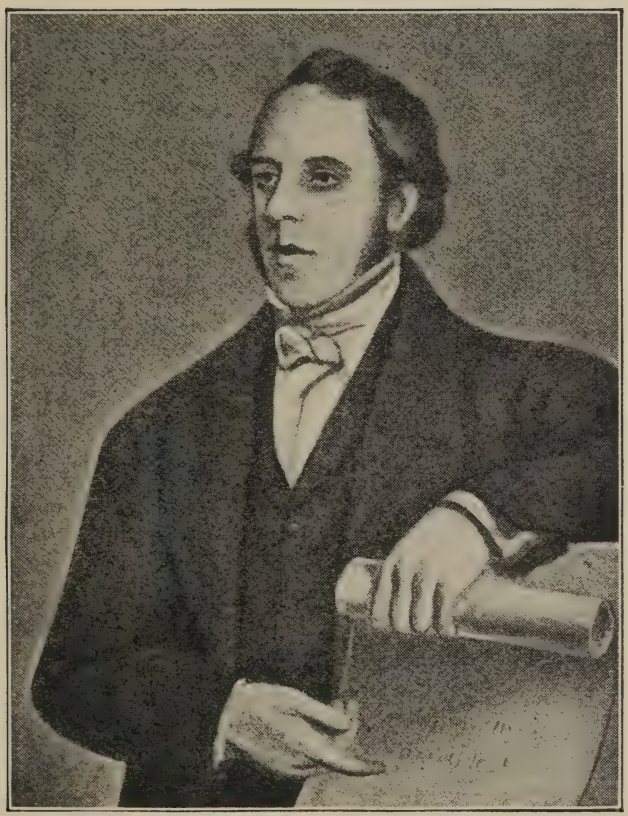
Birth and Early Years of Knibb

William Knibb was born on September 7, 1803, at Kettering in Northamptonshire. He early developed traits of character that were afterward shown in his heroic life. He was a lively boy and full of pranks. If any of his companions or friends seemed to be unjustly injured he eagerly took their part. He never hesitated. He did not take the time to see the strength of the enemy, but he fought with all the power of his body. He wouldn't permit force to take advantage of weakness. This willingness to take the part of the abused was what finally drew him into the battle of his life, the freeing of the slaves.

His home was one of piety. With his brothers and sisters he was early taught to read his Bible and pray. His mother was a woman of religious convictions, which she thoughtfully and prayerfully imparted to her children. The intense devotion that William later showed in life was the result of the careful home training that he received.

Baptized by Doctor Ryland

Both William and Thomas were apprentices in the printing-shop of Mr. J. G. Fuller, the son of Andrew



WILLIAM KNIBB

Emancipator of Jamaica's Slaves

Fuller. When he moved to Bristol in 1816 they went with him. William immediately began teaching a Sunday-school class in the Baptist church. He was eager for Christian service, and yet he had not joined the church. When he realized this situation he hastened to have a talk with Doctor Ryland. The result of this conversation and of his own thought and study in private was that he joined the Baptist church when he was about nineteen years old.

His earnest, consecrated life constantly sought channels of service. Thomas Knibb had gone to Jamaica, and William felt that every opportunity for teaching the Bible ought to be eagerly seized. He was glad to go every Sunday to teach in a Sunday school two miles away. He sought out the neglected people of his own city with a passion to bring them to Jesus. He was desirous of going to the foreign field. This eager hunger to do more in wider, neglected places was recognized.

His pastor, Doctor Ryland, and Mr. Dyer, the secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, had written to each other about the possibility of sending him as a missionary. Mr. Dyer thought that the Society ought to send him to India, but Doctor Ryland wrote: "He is a good printer. I rather question his capacity for learning a language. More suitable for the West Indies." This opinion had a great deal of weight with the committee, when they were considering the appointment of a successor to Thomas Knibb. The destiny of the black men of Jamaica was weighed in the balance as they considered this problem. When they appointed William Knibb in August, 1824, to go to Jamaica, the plan of God for the freeing of the slaves was furthered.

Knibb Weds Mary Watkins and Leaves England for Jamaica

Knibb began preparations for his departure. He had loved Mary Watkins for many months. She was a consecrated member of the Broadmead Baptist Church. They had talked long and earnestly of the future, and the missionary fields of the Baptists. Their lives had been sobered by the sudden death of Thomas Knibb, and yet there was no hesitation in their decision to go wherever God might lead. They were, therefore, married on October first. With complete surrender to God's will, and with the sweet fellowship of each other's love, they left England's shores in November, 1824.

Would they return? Would their lives also be sacrificed to the cause of missions? Must they also pay the supreme price that Thomas had paid to bring the gospel to Jamaica? These thoughts raced through their minds as their small ship—the same one that had borne Thomas to Jamaica—journeyed on.

They were on their way to the land of loveliness, a land of sugar-cane and of warmth, a land of palm trees and of tropical foods, a land washed by the ever-restless waves of the Atlantic, a land abundantly blessed of God with tropical verdure—and yet a land suffering from human vice and greed.

The Jamaica of this time was under the control of the Planters. These were white men who owned the land, and had their work done by slaves. These black men had been brought into Jamaica from Africa when Spain controlled the island; and when England captured the island from Spain she permitted this importation of black men

to continue. The planters were very rich, and very powerful, and they opposed in every possible way the teaching of religion to these slaves. Once the black men began to accept Christ, their living conditions would have to improve, many readjustments would have to be made, and the enormous profits of the planters would be reduced. They were, therefore, hostile to religion.

Beginnings in Jamaica

To this land the Knibbs came. They arrived in Kingston on February 16, 1825. After his first contact with slavery, even before he had come to know it in its worst form, he wrote to his mother:

> The curse of slavery has, like a pestilence, withered almost every moral bloom. It is a child of hell. I feel a burning hatred against it. The morals of the slaves are sunk below the brute. It is in the immorality of slavery that the chief evil consists.

The Baptists had been working in the island for eleven years. Mr. John Rowe, one of Doctor Ryland's students, had been the first missionary. Others had come since, and the island proved to be a fruitful field. William Knibb plunged at once into the task which his brother had left. He was the teacher at the East Queen Street Church. So successful was he that in less than a year a new building had to be erected to accommodate two hundred and fifty children.

He was a tireless worker. Day, and night, and Sunday he was always busy. It was too much in the tropical climate, and he soon had to move on account of a breakdown in health. He first went to Port Royal near to the sea; but that was not enough change of climate, so

he went to Ridgeland. Here he took charge of two stations for a while. He finally settled in Falmouth in 1830, and this city proved to be the best for his physical needs.

During these first years he was constantly being overcome by the climate. He took several voyages. In the summer of 1828 he visited with the Burchells at Montego Bay. He discovered that Rev. Burchell was covering a field of seventy miles in his ministry. Knibb had been preaching almost every Sunday, so now he wrote to the Society to ask their permission to give his whole time to the ministry. This was refused, so he went back to his teaching at Savanna-la-Mar. His health failed again the next year. When the Baptist church at Falmouth called him to be the pastor in February, 1830, he gladly accepted. Mr. J. Rowe had started the enterprise, but since he had left the church had been without a pastor. He settled in a month at Falmouth, and called the city "the garden of missionary labors."

The Struggle Against Slavery

Meanwhile the planters were becoming very much troubled at the growth of missionary work among the Negroes. It was especially noticeable on Saturday nights and on Sunday. There was much less carousing and fewer outbreaks among the slaves. Burchell had received a letter from one of the island magistrates in which was written:

> You missionaries have intruded yourselves on this island unsolicited and unwelcomed. We have passed a law that you may not raise an income here for carrying on your purposes and to prevent your further increases among us.

On December 22, 1826, the Consolidated Slave Law was passed. One of its provisions was,

> That slaves found guilty of preaching and teaching as Anabaptists or otherwise, without a permission from their owner and the Quarter Sessions for the parish, shall be punished by whipping or imprisonment in the workhouse with hard labor.

The English Baptists, however, were watching the acts of the Jamaica Assembly very carefully. When they learned of this new Act, they sent a committee to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, urging that the Act be disallowed. The English Government listened to the Baptist Committee and decided against the Act. It could not become a law without the government's sanction. The planters were enraged when they learned of this adverse decision. Though it was illegal, and contrary to all English law, the planters threatened the Negroes. They harassed and annoyed the missionaries in every possible way, and they fought the progress of the gospel among their slaves.

It was all to no avail. The words of the old teacher Gamaliel are ever true: "If this work be of men, it will be overthrown; but if it is of God, ye will not be able to overthrow it." The planters by their fierce methods were hastening the day of freedom for the blacks. The very thing that the planters were seeking to avoid, the abolishing of slavery, they were bringing on by their own methods of persecution.

Into this struggle Knibb interjected the whole fervor of his being. He had written to his brother, "Slavery is so corrupt, so repugnant to every feeling of right and justice, that it must be viewed by God with manifest

abhorrence." He was not directly fighting it, however. With courage and conviction, and with determination born of his whole-hearted consecration, he preached the gospel. No law of men and no fear of punishment could keep this Baptist missionary from doing his God-appointed task.

Things were rapidly approaching a crisis. The Negroes, naturally excitable, were growing out of the control both of the planters and the missionaries. Meetings were being held. Negroes were being converted. The gospel was having its free course in their lives. They were being imprisoned. Slaves were being flogged. The planters were determined to put an end to evangelical religion in the island. The Negroes remained true. One slave said, when his master told him he would be punished, "Dat no good, massa; whip no flogge de word out."

Talk of freedom was in the air. Folks were saying that the king of England was going to grant freedom to the slaves on January 1, 1832. Excitement was everywhere. The planters, it was said, would prevent this freedom. The missionaries were accused of spreading the news, and this still more incited the planters against them. The missionaries denied all these charges and told the slaves that they would not obtain freedom on the day named.

One slave, however, had heard his master say, "Freedom is coming from England, but I will shoot every black rascal that tries to get it." This served as an irritant to the slaves. They began to organize. Samuel Sharp, a slave, yet a man of some intelligence, started to gather groups of slaves and to form a secret association with the understanding that they would not return to work after

the holidays unless they received wages. The governor of the island, Lord Belmore, had issued a proclamation, urging all civil authorities, including the magistrates, to help in the arrest and the conviction of the people who were burning the chapels and destroying the mission properties. The magistrates, however, were planters themselves and were not willing to enforce this order. Even at the cost of being charged with treason they added to the governor's order, "Whoever gives information respecting the above shall entitle himself to be tarred and feathered."

Nothing the missionaries could do had any effect on the slaves. They were sure that the king would grant them freedom and that their owners would try to keep them from securing it. The only way that they could obtain this freedom, therefore, was to fight for it. Knibb argued and pleaded with them. Says R. A. Knight, in his book on "William Knibb":

> On Sunday December 25, 1831, he addressed the members of the church, contradicting the report that "Free Paper" had arrived, and strenuously exhorted them to return quietly to their work after Christmas. Nothing that the missionary did or said at the time could disabuse the slaves' minds.

In fact, the very people for whom the missionaries were giving their lives accused them of being friendly with the planters by wanting them to remain as slaves.

The war party among the Negroes had gained the ascendency. They made public a statement that Knibb had been bribed by the planters, and to show their hatred of him and the opinions that he had expressed they set fire to the new chapel at St. James. No white man,

whether owner or missionary, was going to keep them from the freedom promised to them.

This attitude of the Negroes made conditions very serious for the missionaries. The planters hated them and were trying to drive them out of the island. They sought in every possible way to implicate the missionaries, and especially Knibb, who was the natural leader of this group. They desired to prove that the uprising of the slaves was due to the urging of the missionaries. On the other hand, the slaves themselves had become bitter toward these Baptist preachers, believing that they were in the employ of the planters.

Knibb and his fellow workers were being summoned daily to the court-house to state reasons why they should not be arrested. The magistrates were persistent in their determination to drive these troublesome preachers from the island. There came a day, finally, when the ministers were appointed to do guard duty. This was contrary to all their purposes, and yet they obeyed. On January 3, 1832, Knibb, Nicholls, Whitehorne, and Abbott were arrested. No charge was preferred against them, but they were treated as convicted criminals. Knibb in writing of the arrest said, "My captor paraded before me in all the pomp of petty power, with a drawn sword."

No permission was given to see their wives, but the prisoners were hustled into an open boat. For seven hours they were out in the broiling tropic sun on the way to Montego Bay. It was a terrible experience, but only a beginning of a period of excruciating suffering. As soon as they had landed they were brought to the court-house, being marched between guards, and all sorts of abuse being heaped upon them. Knibb wrote, "Twice

was the bayonet pointed at my breast." They were told by an officer of the guard that he had received orders to place them in custody. That was the extent of their enlightenment. Knibb feeling weak, due to his recent sickness, and to the long exposure to the rays of the sun, asked permission to lie down. "No, you rascal," he was answered, "if you attempt to move an inch, I'll thrust a bayonet through you."

Relief arrived about eleven o'clock that night. Mr. Roby knew Whitehorne, and hearing of his plight he came to the court-house. The sorry condition of the other missionaries affected him. He pleaded their case, therefore, more from a love of justice than any other cause. Meanwhile their wives had come to Montego Bay by land, and they were permitted to talk for a short time with their husbands. Thanksgiving was rendered to God that he had thus far protected their lives.

Seven long weeks dragged wearily on before Knibb was freed. All sorts of charges of sedition and treasonable action against the government were brought against him, but they had no foundation. He suffered much torment of soul during this period. He wrote, "I mourn over my sins and long to be more active in the service of God." It pained him to think of the sorrow and heartaches of the blacks who were Christians, and that he was unable to help them.

Persecution had begun in earnest against the Baptist and Methodist missionaries, and against all the slaves who allied themselves with these faiths. Chapels were burned and mission property was ruthlessly destroyed. Planters and members of the Church of England combined to drive evangelical religion from the island. Mrs. John J. Smith,

in her life of "William Knibb," says: "In the list of depredators were eleven magistrates and fourteen army and naval officers." It was a determined struggle between the plutocracy of the planters and the poverty of the slaves; between the ecclesiastical system of England and the missionary evangel of these servants of God.

Something had to be done. Even after the release of Knibb affairs grew worse. He was hounded as a criminal. He dared not go home, but went to the house of Elizabeth Dunn, a colored member of the church. He was compelled to stay within doors. Night after night a rabble mob, incited by the planters, demanded that he show himself that they might tar and feather him. The mob finally attacked the house, and in the darkness of the midnight hour Knibb was forced to make his escape.

Again an edict was issued for his arrest by the attorney-general. Gardener and he surrendered themselves to the state. The whites were enraged to think that these men had escaped. They sought every conceivable way to trap Knibb into an admission of some kind. When the case against Gardener broke down for the lack of evidence, Knibb was dismissed without trial. This did not quiet his persecutors. Twenty of them had taken an oath that they would put him to death. Knibb, accepting the advice of his friend, went to another part of the island, hoping that the anger of the mob would cool.

A crisis of tremendous import had been reached. If the missionaries were going to stay in the island, then slavery would have to be abolished. The religion of Christ and human slavery had been found to be incompatible. The clash of the planters' greed and the missionaries' heroic service was producing a situation that

could not continue. Some one must go as the ambassador of the missionaries and present their cause before the English rulers and the Baptist Society.

The missionaries chose the most hated man on the island as their spokesman. Knibb had suffered the most. Knibb had been the most persecuted. Knibb had a great gift of speech. He must go to plead for God's work in Jamaica. Without any hesitation, therefore, Knibb and his family sailed for England on April 26, 1832. During their seven years in Jamaica Mr. and Mrs. Knibb had enjoyed each other's fellowship. They had rejoiced together. They had sorrowed together. William and Mary brightened their home in the first years. Mary, named after her mother, died and was buried on Jamaica's soil near her uncle Thomas. Their own flesh and blood was under the soil of this tropical island—child and man, two lives given that Christianity might not perish in Jamaica.

They were returning to England on a great mission. As they sailed toward the home shore Knibb said: "I will have slavery down. I will never rest day or night till I see it destroyed root and branch." Knibb, however, was troubled. How would he be received by the Foreign Board? How did the English Baptists regard slavery? How could he carry on, alone and unaided, the struggle for freedom?

Those were momentous days! England was to be thrilled by the voice of this man. Men were to be stirred to the very depths of their being as the horrors of human slavery were disclosed. The lowly Baptist missionary was to rise out of his obscurity to become an adviser of Great Britain's foreign secretary.

Knibb first appeared before a committee of the Board. As they discussed the work in Jamaica it was apparent that the committee did not want to inject itself into the debate on slavery. There was a feeling on the part of the various Boards that if they sought to gain freedom for the Negroes, the outcome would only be the expulsion of their work from the island. Knibb said to the committee:

> I and my family are entirely dependent on the Baptist Missionary Society. But if it be necessary I will take them by the hand and walk barefoot through the kingdom; I will make known to the Christians of England what their brethren in Jamaica are suffering.

On the twenty-first of June occurred the annual meeting of the Baptist Missionary Society. A larger crowd than usual had gathered to hear the reports from the foreign fields. It had been told out of the committee that Knibb wanted the Society to plead for freedom of the slaves. It had also been reported that he had been cautioned concerning the whole matter. The people were very curious as to what this intrepid man would do. When Knibb stood up a tenseness seized the vast audience. In burning eloquence he pictured the terrible atrocities practised on the Negroes by the planters. He told of the opposition to real Christianity, of the burning of the chapels, and of the determined purpose to drive the missionaries from the island. He felt that the only recourse, the only hope, was the abolishment of slavery. He was going beyond the time given for his speech, and also beyond the boundary suggested by the committee. The secretary, Mr. Dyer, pulled his coat. This warning was

the match that ignited the blaze in Knibb's heart. He shouted, in words that have since given him the name "The man who could not be silent":

> Whatever may be the consequences I will speak. At the risk of my connection with the Society and all I love dear, I will avow this, and if the friends of the missions will not hear me, I will turn and tell it to my God, nor will I desist till this the greatest of curses—slavery—is removed and "Glory to God in the highest" is inscribed on the British flag.

The Christian preacher had made his pronouncement. The institution of slavery must be entirely destroyed. The Christian forces of the empire were aroused by the outspoken appeal of Knibb. Even Dyer was now thoroughly converted to this policy, for he said: "Either Christianity or slavery must fall. We are laying the axe to the root of the tree, and we will not cease to do so till its fall be accomplished." Everywhere Knibb was in demand as a speaker. As he went up and down the empire Christian sentiment grew stronger and the demands on Parliament more insistent for the freedom of the Negroes.

Public sentiment was running high for emancipation. Laws, however, must be enacted and enforced against the strong opposition of the planters and their sympathizers. A day of prayer was set by the Christian forces. On April 20, 1833, the workers gathered to petition Jehovah for his blessing on their enterprise. Things were rapidly developing. Knibb was called before committees of the House of Commons and the House of Lords to testify under oath. In writing of this one writer says, "His story was always the same, though the cross-examination lasted for six days."

Knibb went everywhere these days, arousing the conscience of the nation. His journeys took him throughout Ireland, Scotland, and England. He so fired the people with the stories of the indignities and wrongs heaped on the Negroes that it seemed to Parliament that all of England was asking for freedom of the Negroes. He had started the campaign, and he stayed in England until it was brought to a successful issue. On August 28, 1833, the magna charta of Negro liberty for Jamaica passed the House of Lords, the House of Commons, gained royal consent and became the law of the land. No wonder that when Knibb returned to Jamaica the Negroes greeted him with rejoicing, saying: "Him come! Him come, for true! King Knibb! Him fight de battle—him win de crown. God bless you, massa, for all de good you do for us."

Some adjustments had to be made. Twenty million pounds was given to the planters by the government; a little over twelve thousand pounds the government granted to the Baptists for the chapels destroyed and the mission property damaged in the island. The Act for the Abolition of Slavery was not to go into effect until August 1, 1834.

It was with happy heart that Knibb and his family returned to Jamaica. They had been gone for two years and a half. When they left the island was still in the steel grip of slavery. When they returned freedom was trying out her new wings. The struggle to carry into effect the provisions of the new law now engrossed all of Knibb's time. The planters attempted to thwart him at every turn. They looked upon him as their arch-enemy and as the man who was determined to despoil

them of their goods. This time, however, Knibb had the backing of the law of England.

Increasing Work

His first immediate missionary task was the rebuilding of the chapels. He had brought back with him about twenty-five thousand pounds for this purpose. Part of the allowance was from the government, and part the gift from the English Baptists. He had erected in Falmouth, where he was still pastor, a chapel to seat two thousand people. The work here had been immensely blessed of the Lord. There were over one thousand members, and he was baptizing every Sunday. It was in Falmouth where the Negroes had celebrated the day of their emancipation. They had quietly gathered by the hundreds—though Knibb was still in England—and on August first had given thanks to God for his mercies. It was a great delight, therefore, to dedicate the new chapel here in April of 1837.

His second concern was the establishing of spheres of missionary influence to be directly under the charge of the Falmouth church. He began work in Refuge and Waldensia at once. He was eager that each one of these places should develop into an independent work. He believed that a church should always have a definite field of missionary endeavor.

Knibb's third task was the starting and the maintaining of schools for the poor illiterate Negroes. He believed very strongly in the educational function of the church. It displeased him very much that the churches at home did not send more funds so that schools could be established in every field where the chapels and the outstations

were located. He was a true seer, and a true believer in a native ministry. He fully realized that the evangelization of the Negroes of the island must be wrought by the Negroes themselves. To that end he early began, and always maintained a belief in, Christian education of the highest type.

The planters, the believers in ritualistic religion, and the civil magistrates were still opposing Knibb, and fighting the enforcement of the Act of Abolition. The Jamaica Assembly had passed a new apprentice law. This law worked untold hardship on the Negroes. In writing of it Knibb said:

> This cursed apprentice system is working terrible harm. I think nearly forty young men and women pass my door every morning in chains. Not one school is yet established, but abominable cells are being erected all over the island. Magistrates are having these poor Negroes beaten unmercifully.

The Day of Freedom

The day of ultimate freedom was fast approaching. Joseph Struge and Thomas Harvey were sent out from England to see that the Act of Emancipation was being carried out. Knibb persuaded all of his members to give up their apprentice slaves. The men England had sent out returned, and due to their report the term of apprenticeship was shortened to end August first.

On July 31, 1838, the Negroes gathered in the various houses of worship to await the striking of the hour of their deliverance. Knibb's heart was both heavy and glad. A few months previous his firstborn son, William, had died. The lad was but twelve years old, and his father had looked forward to his growth and development

with joy. Now, he was dead, another sacrifice that the Negroes, whom he had grown to love so much, might be free.

Service began at eleven o'clock that night. As the minutes passed the vast company became quieter. A spiritual presence seemed to abide in the chapel. Devotion, consecration, and thanksgiving were offered to God. Finally, Knibb arose, and said, as he pointed to the clock, "The hour is at hand, the monster is dying." Then the clock began to strike the hour of twelve midnight. He said, "The monster is dead, the Negro is free." The well-springs of joy were loosed. As one man they rose and shouted their gladness. They were free! free!! free!!! They sang,

> Restored the Negro's long-lost rights,
> How softened is his lot,
> Now sacred heart-born dear delights
> Shall bless his humble cot.

Tears of joy coursed down their faces. Knibb looking on said, "Oh had I my boy, my slave-hating boy, my lovely boy here." He went hurriedly out of the chapel and over to his home, which was near-by. When he came back he held up in his arms his new baby boy, and the crowd cheered and cheered.

Early in the morning of the first of August they gathered around a grave that had just been dug. In a coffin were the emblems of slavery. They had placed a chain, handcuffs, iron collars, and a whip in this coffin—the hated emblems of their slavery. Lowering the coffin into the ground, and filling up the hole they placed above it the flag of Great Britain. Then they sang,

Now slavery, we lay thy vile form in the dust,
And buried forever there let it remain,
And rotted, and covered with infamy's rust,
Be every man-whip, and fetter, and chain.

Freedom brought not only glorious opportunities, but also immense responsibilities. Reconstruction among these thousands of ignorant, superstitious, and emotional people was a tremendous task. The wage problem was the biggest of all. The planters desired to hire the Negroes at a salary too small for them to live on, and the Negroes were holding out, and not working, demanding too high wages. Readjustment had to be made, but how? Fair wages on the part of the planters would have settled all difficulties, and would have established friendly relations. These men had been so in the habit of reaping such exorbitant profits that they were unwilling to pay a decent salary. Knibb, therefore, called public meetings to discuss this matter and suggested that the Negroes work for one shilling a day with house and grounds provided. The planters were not willing to surrender to these terms without a struggle. They sought by coercion and threats to make the Negro work for less. Their constant friend stood right beside them and labored for their betterment. Perceiving the intention of these former slave-holders was to eject the Negroes from their homes, Knibb and his fellow missionaries bought tracts of land for settlement. These tracts were divided and resold to the Negroes. These proved to be of inestimable value to the black men. Today on the island many traces of these lots can be found in the owned homesteads of the colored people.

The job that Knibb had assumed was of stupendous

size. He was the most hated man on the island, and the most loved. One day as he was returning from an outstation he was met by a band of armed men who told him that they had come out to protect him from his enemies who were threatening his life. Of this he wrote, "A sum of money had been raised by two magistrates to assassinate me." He went bravely on with his task. He said,

> I have the superintendency of sixteen thousand persons, eight teachers, seventy people conducting prayer-meetings in as many different places, thirty deacons, and twenty Sunday-school teachers.

Three Other Trips to England

In February, 1840, Knibb, his family, and two colored men went to England. Partly because of the decline of his health, partly due to the call he had received to attend the anti-slavery convention in London, but mostly because of the projected mission to Africa, did he decide to make the trip. He accomplished all these tasks during his short sojourn in the homeland. He cleared up all the criticism that had been made of him and his methods of activity, and he returned to the island in January of 1841.

The West Coast of Africa was to be explored, as a result of Knibb's urging. Doctor Prince and Rev. J. Clarke were to go in the name of the English Baptists and bring back a report. Fifteen missionaries were commissioned by the Society, and they returned with Knibb to help work among the twenty-four thousand Baptist church-members. He had also an opportunity to give slavery another blow by showing some of the implements of torture used on the slaves. In London, when speaking of slavery, he said,

How I desire that a blow may be aimed against American slavery, and that it may fall, all bloody as it is, before the Cross of the Redeemer.

On March 23, 1842, he started on his third trip to England. He and his work were being severely criticised, and it seemed very essential to those on the field that Knibb should go and have an understanding with the Board. Other denominations were attacking the Baptist work because of their success. They claimed that the Baptist missionaries were too lax in their reception of members; and they were not careful enough in the appointment of leaders. The planters had spread evil reports concerning Knibb himself. Everything possible was done by his enemies, and those who were jealous of his success, to keep him from attaining his purpose.

God continued to protect Knibb from his persecutors. At the meeting of the Committee, where he defended his course of action, he and his brethren were thoroughly vindicated. They passed this resolution:

That this meeting unite in thanksgiving to the Father of Mercies for having permitted our beloved brother, William Knibb, to revisit his native shores. That we express our unreserved confidence in him and in the band of missionary brethren.

A great jubilee meeting was held that year at Kettering, the birthplace of Baptist foreign missions. Knibb was the hero of the hour at this meeting. He was the man to whom they looked. They unanimously passed resolutions commending him and his brethren. They also gave him a silver medal in honor of the occasion. He went back to Jamaica accompanied by some more helpers, much heartened that the problems of administration had been so well solved.

Mr. and Mrs. Knibb left their two daughters in England. They wanted them to have the advantage of Christian civilization and culture. They had buried five of their children in Jamaica, and yet when they wrote to these two girls, it was always with the hope that God would send them as missionaries to this tropical island. The price required of them was not too large; for they gladly dedicated their all to God.

They decided in August of 1842 to have a big meeting on the island. This meeting was to be sort of an echo meeting of the jubilee meetings; and so Knibb was placed in charge. A great gathering of over twelve thousand people was held for three days, with much blessing and spiritual uplift to all the churches. Deep thankfulness was in everybody's heart for the goodness of God and for the large number of baptisms. No sooner had the Knibbs returned to their home than the family was again smitten, and their fifth and only surviving son—the boy he had held in his arms on that memorable night—died. The shadows were long, and the days were heavy; especially so when his wife embarked on an ocean voyage for her health, leaving him all alone.

Problems both large and small vexed this servant of God. Yet with the firm conviction of duty he sought to solve them according to God's standard of righteousness. His statesmanlike mind looked upon these duties clearly, and eagerly sought their solution. One was the invitation to go to America, and speak under the auspices of the Anti-Slavery Society. He wrote of this opportunity, "Should I go to America, and strike a blow at that monster slavery, I shall rejoice."

Another perplexing difficulty was the financial relation-

ship of the separate Baptist churches in Jamaica to the Missionary Society. On this subject Knibb wrote: "They will soon support their pastors; if mine will not, I will not remain with them." He did not believe in pauperizing the Jamaican Baptists but in developing independence. He therefore suggested and urged in 1842 that the Society be relieved of all financial obligations and that it should continue only in the position of a directing force. He carried this motion, though many thought it was premature.

Ever Forward

A mission to Africa was one of the objectives nearest to his heart. He felt that the relinquishing of the demands in Jamaica would give the Society money for the promotion of missionary work in Africa. It was with much rejoicing, therefore, that the Baptist Negroes of the island saw the ship bound for Africa come into the harbor. On July 19, 1843, the vessel left Falmouth for Africa's West Coast with two missionaries from England and several of Knibb's converted Negroes going as teachers to the land of their fathers.

The product that Knibb pushed with all of his power these days was that of an educated native ministry. In 1842 the committee of the Board had agreed to the purchase of some land at Calabar and to the fitting up of the premises "for a theological institution of native men for the Jamaican and African ministry." In Doctor Knight's book on "William Knibb," he says:

> Calabar is the first institution of its kind in the world where native men are trained to be ministers of the gospel. The venture has proved a wonderful success.

Two droughts and a fall in the price of sugar brought on a very severe crisis in 1844. Folks were unable to pay their bills. Large amounts of money had been borrowed to erect chapels and school buildings. Payments were being pressed by the bankers. Knibb himself had stood security, and now he wrote,

> I never was so disheartened by oppression in my whole missionary life. I must close my schools—and this will break my heart, for they are the life of the mission.

His spirit, which was usually buoyant, became sad. Finally, commissioned by his fellow missionaries, he sailed for England in March of 1845.

He was heartily welcomed by his brethren, who immediately voted six thousand pounds for relief. He then toured the kingdom, in the interest of his mission, and by the fire of his eloquence and his personal likeableness he helped the Board raise the money it had given. When he was leaving he said, " The kindness that I have received has been far beyond my merits."

He returned to Falmouth on August 1, 1845, and threw himself into the work with a great deal of his old vigor. His children were now all with him. He had the hearty backing and financial support of the English Baptists. God had richly blessed him in his work, he having baptized over three thousand at Falmouth. Much of the financial pressure had been removed. Everything seemed ready for a big advance. Then came the end.

The Passing of Massa Knibb

His friends all noticed that he was not well. He kept having sick spells, and yet with unexcelled courage he

continued on. On Sunday night, November ninth, he preached on "The Glorious Gospel of the Blessed God." After the sermon, though he was perspiring profusely, he walked home through the rain without an umbrella. That night he had a chill. He worked a little the two following days, but he complained of pain in his back. Wednesday typhoid fever set in, and it was soon followed by yellow fever in its most malignant form. The man sent from God was ready to die. He turned to a friend and said: "I am not afraid to die. 'The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin,' both of omission and commission, and that blood is my only trust." On Saturday morning, November 15, 1845, he looked into the eyes of his faithful heroic wife. Taking hold of her hand he said, "Mary, it is all right." He was gone. From lip to lip, from village to village went the tidings, "Massa Knibb dead."

A week after he had been taken sick his funeral was held. The Baptist chapel and all the adjoining property was filled with folks who came to do him reverence. Some had been his enemies. Some had fought him bitterly. Many were his friends. All respected his courage and the whole-heartedness of his service. They came eight thousand strong to do him honor.

Rev. Mr. Burchell preached the funeral sermon, and then they carried the body of Knibb to its resting-place. In reporting this last rite to the dead the *Falmouth Post* which, with the other papers of the island, had opposed the liberation of the slaves, records:

> He was a man of extraordinary character, and was certainly the "first" of his sect in Jamaica. As a husband and a father, he was all that could be desired—as a friend, he was warm-hearted, generous, and sincere; to the poor he was ever a cheerful giver—and

in his general dealings, he was truly the character described by the poet, "An honest man—the noblest work of God."

The Emancipator of Jamaica's Slaves

William Knibb was only forty-two years old when he died. He had spent half of those years in Jamaica. He gave without any known reserve. He labored unceasingly to bring freedom to the slaves. He matched wits with the most brilliant English minds of his day; and by the sheer force of his unconquerable spirit he became the emancipator of Jamaica's slaves. He made God's way his way, God's purpose his purpose, God's plan his plan. He surrendered his all into the keeping of Jesus Christ, and whenever the call came for service he was ready to go. No wonder, therefore, that at the end he said, "I am ready."

VII

MADAME FELLER

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER VII

1. Birth of Henrietta Odin, April 22, 1800, at Motagny, Switzerland.
2. Marriage of Henrietta to M. Feller on February 6, 1822, in Lausanne.
3. Church relationships:
   (1) Reared in the Established Church of Switzerland.
   (2) Joined the Independent Church after her conversion.
   (3) Baptized in 1829.
4. Madame Feller sails for New York on August 17, 1835.
5. Beginnings in Canada:
   (1) The winter of 1835 in Montreal.
   (2) Work established in Grande Ligne in September of 1836.
   (3) Help from Switzerland, and from the Canadian Baptist Missionary Society.
6. The Grande Ligne Mission established:
   (1) Opposition by the Catholics led by the priests.
   (2) Trips into the United States for money.
   (3) First mission home built in 1840.
   (4) Made into a Baptist Mission.
7. Outstations established that became self-supporting.
8. Broken in health, Madame Feller in Florida, 1854.
9. A visit to Switzerland in 1859.
10. Financial stress during the Civil War in America.
11. Death of Madame Feller, March 29, 1868.
12. A minister for Jesus to every human need.

MADAME FELLER

"As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."—1 Corinthians 15 : 49.

Birth of Henrietta Odin

Henrietta Odin was born April 22, 1800, in the village of Motagny, which is on the border of Lake Leman in beautiful Switzerland. The handiwork of God is seen in the majesty of the mountains. The lakes of this land mirror the glory of God. The snowcaps tell of the Eternal. The wonder of the dying day, as the sun sent its brilliant rays coloring the land with all the diversity of the rainbow, was her portion.

She rejoiced in the immensity of God as shown in her native land. She felt the influence of the grandeur of the mountains as they stood stedfast amidst the myriad changes all around. She permitted the sturdiness of the hills to be built into the fabric of her character. She breathed the lessons that God taught her in the natural world, and put them into practise.

The home was a happy one. The family found joy in each other. Her father had been a soldier in the French army—this was during the time that France and Switzerland were bound together by an alliance. He was an educated man and loved his home. Her mother was a quiet unassuming woman. Henrietta was the fourth of six children; so her mother had her hands full.

When Henrietta was but three years old the family

moved to Lausanne where her father had been appointed by the government director of the Cantonal Hospital. Soon he was made head of the penitentiary. This city, therefore, became Henrietta's home by the time she was able to take cognizance of her surroundings and to understand something of life. How fortunate for her that Lausanne was her home! The city was the educational center of all Switzerland, and it contained the very best schools of the land.

Her parents were members of the Protestant Church of Switzerland, and were serious in their religion. Her mother took charge of her religious training and carefully reared her in the way of the church. It was most natural, therefore, that at the age of fifteen she became a member of the church. She found no peace of soul. She prayed constantly during this year, but her prayers seemed to be in vain. Her pastor told her that she need not worry, for eternal life and all its blessings were attained by good living.

When still in her early teens Henrietta loved to go to the hospital. She took a great deal of delight in changing bandages, and in soothing pain. The patients in the hospital used to watch for her coming. Her smiling countenance and cheering manner were always enjoyed by every one. Indeed, so useful did she become that the doctors permitted her to help them in their serious operations. Throughout all the rest of her life a hospital had a fascination for her. She was always glad when opportunity offered, and she could be of assistance to those in pain and sickness.

Henrietta was blossoming into womanhood. Her parents decided that it was time for her to put aside the

more serious things and to enter into the social life of Lausanne. She was a girl of affectionate nature, and soon because of her wit and natural loveliness she was much sought after. In an effort to drown the unhappiness of her spirit and the disquietude of her mind, she threw herself with uncommon enthusiasm into the gay social events. How could these young folks know that the smiling face hid a soul that was sorrowing?

Marriage of Henrietta to M. Feller

During this round of gaiety she became acquainted with the man who soon became her husband. She married this widower, M. Louis Feller, on February 6, 1822. He was a man twenty-one years her senior, and he had three children. Mr. Feller was of the aristocracy of the Swiss Republic. He could boast of this fact because the sway and power of Napoleon was broken and Europe was returning to normal.

Feller was a colonel in the artillery, and a man who often acted as magistrate in the city. Henrietta now gave herself to her new home, and the care of Feller's three children. She early proved her love to them; and they responded with the full vivacity of youth. The children grew to love her as their mother, and to seek her counsel and advice.

Henrietta's first and only baby was born in November, 1822. Tenderly and lovingly she watched over her baby girl. She consecrated her to God and prayed constantly that God would keep her. Only for a short time did the baby live. In 1825 the little one died. It seemed for a while to Henrietta that it would have been better if she herself had died. Could there be any sorrow like unto

her sorrow? Did God know? Was he merciful? The parents were drawn very close to him during these days.

Church Relationships

The Fellers were still unconverted. They had established family worship in their home, but they had no knowledge of the saving blood of Jesus. They were following the religion of form and ceremony. Robert Haldane came to Lausanne with a message of the true religion, the religion of Jesus. The Fellers, however, believed that these Evangelicals were wrong, and that peace was obtained only through their own virtue. Henrietta, writing to a friend of these days, says, " I do not seem to have the peace these do." She was troubled in spirit. She was seeking for God, and knew not that God was seeking for her. She was conscious that something was wrong, but did not entirely realize that it was herself. God's Holy Spirit was bringing her close to the Cross; and yet she did not think that her pardon was purchased there. The continual cry of her heart these days was, " My sins, my sins."

It was most natural that these Evangelicals should meet with opposition. They were preaching a doctrine that was contrary to the church of Switzerland. On March 25, 1824, the government passed a law prohibiting these meetings, and issued an edict that any one who was caught promoting or attending such meetings should be fined and put into prison. This only caused the Evangelical followers to multiply faster. They held their meetings in barns and out-of-the-way places. Blood was shed. Houses were broken into, and men were imprisoned. This opposition continued for ten years: and then, the

government, seeming to realize the fruitlessness of its efforts, ceased its persecution.

Feller was appointed superintendent of police. The spies of the government would report to him, and then he was supposed to raid the meetings of these Dissenters. Instead he would tell his wife, who would report the whole matter to Rev. Mark Fivaz, the pastor of the Evangelicals. Henrietta and her husband were in sympathy with these gospel preachers. They realized that something was wrong with the old church; and so they did all in their power to favor these people, much to the disgust of the people of the orthodox church of Switzerland.

Henrietta had always loved to minister to folks in need. She, therefore, took pleasure in seeking out these persecuted Christians and lightening their burden. One day she herself was taken sick, and her husband sent for a doctor. After the doctor's examination he sought out the husband and said: "She has too much to do with religion. Have her leave the Bible alone for a while." Then, in the quiet of her own room, thinking and praying to a God whom she knew not, lifting her soul with all the deep longing of a spiritual hunger to God, she found him "who is the fairest of ten thousand and altogether lovely." Henrietta became a Christian.

Immediately she set out to tell others the story. Disregarding all government orders she publicly confessed Christ. The peace that possessed her soul, after the years of unrest and storm, was so wonderful that she must tell others of Jesus. Oh, that all men knew and enjoyed the loving fellowship of her Lord! Most earnestly of all she desired that her family should be converted. Her folks were brought to Christ. As they watched and noted the

change in her life they sought and found the all-sufficient Saviour.

In the midst of this spiritual joy came physical distress. M. Feller was attacked with typhus fever. Doctors were summoned; but all in vain. The disease ran its course though his wife watched over him constantly. One day he lost the power of hearing. As the sickness continued he became blind, and finally dumb. At last release came for him, but sorrow to Henrietta's heart.

The new friends were very kind during these dark days. But "the heart knoweth its own bitterness." In the secret of her home she had many times of depression as she thought of the loss of her child and her husband. Her life bark was frail, and the storm was severe as she tried to weather all these disasters.

Still more painful, however, were the bitter expressions of her former friends: "You are reaping as you have sown." "Your sins have brought these calamities upon you." "If you had been true to your God and true to your church, these sufferings would not have come."

These folks were not content with verbal abuse. In every way possible they tried to make it difficult for Henrietta Feller. Contempt and hatred were heaped upon her. She was going through an experience in 1826 that was to prepare her for the more severe persecution of the years to follow. Switzerland was her training-school, but Canada the land of her service activities.

Henrietta was still a member of the National Church. Though all her sympathies were with the new church, she had not joined. She loved the members of this Independent Church. Her heart went out to them because of their need, their poverty. Her life had been built and her

practise had been to carry out the teaching of the verse, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Mme. Feller joined the Independent Church soon after her husband's death. This meant an increase of petty annoyances. In every possible way her life was harassed. The church was broken into by the police several times, and the meetings were broken up. Behind all these open attacks stood the old orthodox members of the National Church, who looked upon the growth of this new church with horror. She had left the church of her fathers and joined the forces of "these heretics."

With the loving care of a mother Henrietta had watched over her husband's children. Since the death of Feller she had increased her ministry to these three. They were fast growing into manhood and womanhood. The boy was nineteen, and the girls were seventeen and fifteen. Seeing an opportunity she sold the home and invested the money for these children. The boy went to Germany to study, and the girls to a Moravian institution at Montmirail. It was a sad parting, but she thought it all for the best.

Soon after she had joined the church Madame Feller became the advisor. She reached this position by an absolute obedience to the teaching of Jesus. "The greatest among you shall be your minister." It was her care of the sick, her helpfulness to the poor, her sympathy to the sorrowing, and her real faith in Christ that endeared her to all. Every one loved her. She was the ministering angel of the city. "She went about doing good."

In her twenty-eighth year she was attacked by typhoid fever of a very virulent type. She was stricken suddenly

and soon lay so low that folks despaired of her life. A pall of gloom settled over the little church and her friends as her physician announced that she would probably die. "Is there no help?" they cried. "Yes," said the doctor, "there is God." They gathered in the little church. Their faces were sad, and their hearts sorrowing. The pastor said, "Let us pray." How they prayed that day, for she whom they loved was sick! They continued on their knees praying. About noon her physician entered the church and said, "Give thanks, give thanks, she is saved."

The next summer Henrietta went to the valley of Jura to spend a few months in recuperation. She had never lived among the Roman Catholics, but they were all around her here. She was very much moved at the superstition, the ignorance, and the moral degradation of the people; and she decided that she would try to help the Catholics to see the light. God was giving her a contact with that religion which she was going to be called on to contend against in Canada.

During this season she was very much influenced by two things: One was the life of Henry Martyn, the great missionary. She laid her life on the altar of service and promised her Lord that she would be a missionary if he desired. The other influence was the great outdoors of God's handiwork. She had been so busy in relieving suffering and ministering to the needy that nature had not quieted her soul. In this beautiful country, with an open Bible, and an uplifted heart, God spoke to her soul as he had spoken to the soul of Moses of old. Here was surcease from sorrow! Here was manna for a hungry soul! She ate at the table of the Lord's bounty, and drank of the water of life.

God taught her many lessons during this time of seclusion. As she read the New Testament in her room, as her eyes searched the heavens, as the Holy Spirit spoke to her soul, she became convinced that the only form of baptism recognized by the Word of God was baptism by immersion. With no book but the Bible, and with no teacher but God's Spirit she came into the full light of the Baptist's belief.

When she returned to Lausanne she told her pastor and the church the result of her studies. To her surprise and joy the church had been studying the question of baptism and had come to the same conclusion. Now to the astonishment of her friends Madame Feller and her physician were baptized.

With the revival of Bible study and private prayers came a renewed interest in the unsaved everywhere. Missionary interest began to spread and grow. M. Fivaz went as a missionary to Havre, France. When Fivaz left M. Olivier became pastor; and he, his wife, his brother Francis, and Mme. Feller kept the church at a high degree of missionary zeal and consecration. They established a Sunday school to promote a study of the Bible. They urged foreign missions. A genuine revival began to spread all over the city. Persecution ceased entirely. Tract and Bible societies were organized. A mission institute was founded. Church-members were seeking the will of God for their lives.

Madame Feller Sails for New York

In June, 1834, M. Olivier offered his services to the Lausanne Missionary Society to go wherever he was sent. This Society decided to send M. Olivier, his wife, and

two students to that part of Canada where the Indian population lived. With much rejoicing they set forth on their missionary evangel. They reached Montreal on October 29. They decided to stay in the city long enough to learn the English language. This was contrary to the instruction of the Society which had commissioned them to go to the Indians. The Oliviers were, therefore, cut off from missionary support, while the students went on into the west to work among the Indians. The Oliviers now sought different means of income, securing most of their money from their boarders. They were also baptized by the Rev. Mr. Gilmour during this time. Madame Olivier kept writing to Madame Feller, urging her to come to Canada. She wanted to go. She only waited for a definite understanding as to the will of God.

The Independent Churches of Switzerland now organized and formed their own missionary society. At their first meeting a letter was read from Olivier urging them to send a young man to help. Louis Roussy was selected as the man to be sent to Canada. Madame Feller resolved to go. She had received another urgent request from Madame Olivier. Her family at once began to object most strenuously. Her father was especially distressed, and did all in his power to change her decision. He was very angry with her for even thinking of such a trip. She was throwing her life away uselessly. Nevertheless, she and L. Roussy sailed on August 17, 1835, for New York.

Her heart was light and her spirit buoyant on the trip. At the age of thirty-five she was setting forth on a missionary voyage. This had been the desire of her life since the summer that she had passed at Jura. God

had finally opened the way; and with that same singleness of purpose that characterized her whole life she left all to follow her Lord's leading.

Beginnings in Canada

They reached New York on October twenty-third after a stormy voyage, and then they went up by steamer to Albany. Soon she came to the home of the Oliviers, where she was greeted with open arms by Madame Olivier. She wrote to her father, as soon as she reached Canada. She was anxious for him to come into the full light of the truth. She wrote:

> Do not accuse any one of having drawn me into this course. I have obeyed no leading but that of the Holy Spirit. I have calculated the consequences. Do not accuse me of fanaticism when it is just my reasonable service that I am rendering to God. Be yourself reconciled to God.

Mme. Feller spent her first winter in Montreal. The city reminded her of the countryside where she had first come in contact with the Catholics. She found the people of this city still more superstitious. She went from house to house talking generally to women and children about the priests who ordered the people to burn the Bibles she gave them. So much afraid were the people of their religious leaders that they either burned the Bibles that Madame Feller had given them or they read them secretly. She was astonished at the lack of real religion and at the crude beliefs of the people.

In the spring of 1836 the Oliviers went back to Switzerland. Olivier's health had been so poor since he had been in Canada that with much sorrow—under the doc-

tor's orders—he was compelled to leave the work which he had so gladly begun. They urged Madame Feller to return with them. They were worried to leave her in Canada; but she stayed. What could a lone woman do in a country under the control of priests? In the whole Province of Quebec there were very few Protestants. The Catholics held both ecclesiastical and political control. Persecution had annihilated or subdued the Protestants, so that they did not count.

Madame Feller bade farewell to her friends and remained in Canada. She had left Switzerland at the command of God. Not the lure of friendship, nor the quest of adventure had brought her to this country. Obedience to the will of God had been her joy. Until he directed her steps homeward she was resolved that she would live in Canada.

On May 27, 1836, she moved to St. John. She hoped to establish a school there, and Roussy a preaching station; but all in vain. The Catholics, dominated by the hatred of the priests, drove them out. They moved to Grande Ligne in September of that year. Roussy had already done some preaching at this place in the home of one of the converts. Madame Feller made her home in the upper part of this house, and here conducted a school for about twenty children.

The Grande Ligne Mission Established

The Grande Ligne Mission was started in this way; Roussy preaching unless he was interrupted by the ceaseless activities of the priests; Madame Feller holding her school in this attic, unless the priests hindered the coming of the children by scaring their parents. Bible classes

MADAME HENRIETTA FELLER
Founder of Grande Ligne Mission

were held at night for the adults. These classes sometimes lasted until midnight, so eager were the people to hear of Jesus. Converts were won, and there were added to them such as were saved.

With the same tireless zeal that characterized her work in Lausanne, Madame Feller labored in Grande Ligne. No one was too poor, but that she answered their cry. No one had been too violent in opposition, but that in time of need she ministered unto them. They came to her, folks of all classes and conditions of society seeking advice, and desiring comfort and cheer. Home after home that repelled Roussy the preacher opened to Madame Feller, the comforter and friend of all.

When summer came the garret rooms became too warm and the missionaries moved into a barn. They realized that if the work was going to be continued, a house must be erected to take care of all the work of the mission. They were also impressed with the fact that the work was growing. Roussy now had eight preaching stations, and more help must be had. They wrote to Switzerland concerning their needs. Some financial aid came at this time from the Canadian Baptist Missionary Society.

Roussy and Madame Feller set out in the summer of 1837 to raise money for a combined schoolhouse and home. They visited Montreal, where they had several friends. They went into some of the villages of Northern New York and secured money from the French Canadians there. With the funds secured they built a small schoolhouse. The Leveque family moved into it, and gave up their home entirely for mission purposes. Madame Feller lived down-stairs and conducted her classes there; while Roussy and his brother, who had

been sent over recently from Switzerland, lived in the garret rooms.

All was not peaceful. The priests were not content to permit their church-members to join forces with the Protestant religion. The Catholics began a series of night raids and marauding expeditions that had for their ultimate purpose the driving of these missionaries from Canada. They destroyed their gardens. They killed their live stock. They came with masked faces night after night and threatened death to the converts unless these renounced the new religion. Persecution became so violent that the missionaries, taking fifty Canadians with them, moved to Champlain, New York. They took with them only their personal effects; but they were received very kindly by the folks of the village.

It was a time of testing, of dire poverty. During their two months' stay in Champlain they received eight hundred and thirty dollars from Switzerland for relief. The missionaries determined to go back to Canada. They found their homes still standing, but everything else had been plundered, and they were facing a winter. Some of the converts thought that their neighbors ought to be brought to justice and compelled by law to make proper restitution for the damage done. Madame Feller, however, with her usual keen insight, called a meeting of the two factions. She suggested that there be no legal action, but that all work together for the restoring of the things that had been destroyed. As a result of this piece of Christian diplomacy bitterness was buried, cooperation sprang up, and more and more homes were open to her visits.

One of the most difficult problems that Madame Feller

faced during this time was financial support. The people were poor, and the constant persecution of the Catholics had brought most of them to extreme poverty. It was an expense to keep up the school and to feed the children who were staying at the mission house. Some of her friends suggested that she ask some mission board to take over the work. Both the Canadian Baptist Missionary Society and the Foreign Evangelical Society of New York had helped her in the work. Though she was sick this year, and had to undergo a slight operation, she believed that this was her God-given task. Others might help. The Boards might give money; but to her death she carried the burden of securing enough financial support.

She began now a series of journeys that kept her constantly going. In the United States she received her heartiest financial help. When she visited Philadelphia in 1840 and told her story, she was given over a thousand dollars. So pleased was she with this expression of love and appreciation of what she was trying to do, that immediately she ordered a new mission house built. This building, a very substantial structure, was dedicated on August 9, 1840. Finally, the Mission had a real home. Part of it was fixed for a chapel; part of it for the living-rooms of the missionaries. Fifteen people made this their home.

One of the most cheering events of the mission work was the conversion of different men who became of great help in the work. Rev. Leon Normandeau, a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, was converted by the reading of the New Testament, and the listening to the sermons in the little chapel. He was a man of much culture.

He had served in the Catholic Seminary in Quebec, teaching Latin, geography, literature, and mathematics. He was appointed as a teacher of the older pupils of the school. His humble Christian life proved to be a great blessing.

Another man of much prominence was Doctor Cote. He had been reared in the Catholic Church; but at the time that he met L. Roussy he was an infidel. He was genuinely converted. As soon as he was brought to Christ he called together all his friends and neighbors and told them of his love for Jesus. He made his home in the village of Chazy and with his wife opened a church. When the opportunity presented itself he moved to St. Pie, and helped to organize the work. He was there ordained in 1844.

How difficult it was to work among these priest-ridden people. They had no Bible. Madame Feller found only a catechism. They had beautiful church buildings, very ornate; but the people knew nothing of a spiritual religion. They had no schools, for the priests did their thinking. The whole standard of their living was low, for they had no moral basis. Yet, when they did come into the light and accept the Bible, the converts were faithful and stedfast. This was very encouraging to the workers. The ridicule of friends and the persecution of others had no effects on those who joined the Mission. They were firm and happy in the new faith.

Madame Feller was now making annual visits to the United States. Rev. Mr. Kirk accompanied her on these trips. He talked at the mass-meetings; and she spoke through an interpreter at the ladies' meetings. They visited the larger cities usually taking in New York, Philadel-

phia, Boston, and Baltimore. They were always gladly received. They took back a good many hundred dollars for their work each year. Everything was encouraging. The Mission, by 1845, had sixty members, a property valuation of over ten thousand dollars, three teachers in the school, and many outstations.

Finance continued to be an ever-present problem. Finally, it was decided to place the Mission under one of the Mission Boards. It was most natural, therefore, that the Canadian Baptist Board should be the one that should undertake the charge. All of the converts had been immersed; and the sprinkling of infants was unknown. Nevertheless, this produced a severe crisis in the Mission. Some of the most liberal supporters of the Mission ceased to give; and the Foreign Evangelical Society opposed her work. Not any change of belief, or of activity produced this crisis, but the turning of the work to the Baptists., Madame Feller did not make this change in vain. Baptists, both of the United States and Canada, rose to the emergency. Money, barrels of clothing, and food were received at the Mission from many Baptist churches. They rallied in a very helpful way to the support of the Mission.

The Catholics never ceased from harassing Outbreaks against the Protestants were periodic. The priests organized groups from time to time to enter homes, collect Bibles, and lead in the burning of the books in a public place. As a fire kindled by Bibles was burning one day a Catholic said, "Thus we do with all these works of the devil." Such the Catholics called the Protestant Bible. A Baptist answered, "You may burn, and burn all that you please, but you cannot burn my soul."

Some of the leaders of the opposition were brought into the light by the Christian manner in which their persecution was received. Two prominent priests were converted. One, Rev. C. Chiniquy, had entered into an open debate with Rev. S. Roussy. This was the beginning of his intensive study of the Bible. After his baptism he preached in Illinois. The other, Rev. Tetreau, was born again by the Spirit of God, and he began helping Mr. Lafleur at St. Pie. This was pleasing to Henrietta Feller as she tried to lead the Mission in all the multiplying activities of its work.

Outstations Established

The outreach of the Mission was ever becoming larger. M. Roussy would go to a city or village and hold a preaching service. Prayer would be offered at Grande Ligne on his behalf that God would make the way plain if he desired them to establish work there. Next Madame Feller would go, or under her direction one of the teachers, to start a school. Roussy went to St. Marie in 1852, and his work was blessed of God. One of the converts gave ground for the chapel and schoolhouse. Immediately a brick church was built, and intensive work started. As scholars went forward in these schools through the primary grades they were sent on to the Mission Institute at Grande Ligne. Here the scholar was asked to do a certain amount of work each day, as they kept him and trained him. What joy came to Madame Feller's heart when a boy who had come to the Mission School so thoroughly grasped the gospel idea that he went on to Geneva, Switzerland, to finish his studies that he might be a minister of the gospel.

Broken in Health, Madame Feller in Florida

Wherever Madame Feller went people learned to love her. Her earnest, sincere manner, and her intense consecration to her work proved to be the open sesame to many a home and church. This lone woman, whom the Oliviers had been afraid to leave behind, had started a work that only the Lamb's Book of Life will properly evaluate. She was beginning to show the effects of her active life. Her health gave way in the fall of 1854, and she was laid aside for a few weeks in the city. It was most severe punishment for her to be idle. The report was brought to her while in Philadelphia of the disastrous fire that had visited the Mission at St. Pie and destroyed all the buildings. This did not add to her peace of mind, for she looked upon each station as her special care. It therefore became imperative that she should go South. Weakness of body and a hacking cough were destroying all her resistance. She spent the winter of 1854 in St. Augustine, Florida.

The ocean, she had learned to love in her first voyage to America. As she watched it every day in all its majesty, as the billows rolled in and broke on the beach, her mind went back to that summer in the valley of Jura. The years had fled by at a very rapid pace since then. God had been good! Her eyes swept the expanse of water as she attempted to diagnose her soul. She wanted her life pure and clean. She desired above everything else to be a vessel " fit for the Master's use." She prayed constantly that all sin might be removed from her life, and that Jesus in all of his beauty and loveliness might shine through her deeds.

She poured out her soul to God about her work. For almost twenty years she had championed the cause. She visited in her imagination every station of the Mission. She told God of each worker and each convert. Only through him could or would the blessing come. Though severed by several hundred miles from the work that she loved, she visited each church and each teacher in fancy and commended them to the mercy of God.

When Madame Feller returned to Grande Ligne, after an absence of seven months, she immediately instituted some changes in the Mission. She had the Mission incorporated under the name of " The Evangelical Society of La Grande Ligne." Any one could become a member of the society by the paying of one dollar annually. If one wished, thirty dollars would secure a life membership. She also opened in the fall the Feller Institute where pupils had trained teachers, and were taught definite utilitarian tasks.

During her absence the funds of the Mission had been severely drained, and no one had gone out to solicit more funds. The American Baptist Home Mission Society, which had agreed to give a certain amount each year, was behind on its quota. Other regular givers had not sent in their contributions. They were all waiting for the leadership of Madame Feller. No matter how many helpers the Mission had, no matter how well trained the teachers, or how willing were the workers, all looked to Madame Feller as the counselor and adviser. She always seemed to know to whom to go for relief when money was needed. She was a wonderful financier as well as a good administrator. All rejoiced to have her back again at her old place in the Mission.

One Sunday there came to the Mission a French Catholic. He desired to learn if all the terrible things that the priests had told him about the Mission were true. He spent the whole day, and then started back to his home fifty miles away with a Bible. He was curious about this book. The priests had told him not to read it, but Madame Feller had assured him that it would do his soul good. After he had read part of the New Testament he believed that he had found the true religion. He therefore urged his family to read it; but they only ridiculed him. Finally, to please him they read the book, were convicted, and were saved. He was so happy over this pearl of greatest price that he had found that he started to tell others the story. Immediately persecution began. In the "Memoirs of Madame Feller" it is the most severe of all those described—this persecution in the village of St. Remi. He was maltreated, abused, scoffed at, and threatened. Through it all he continued stedfast and immovable in his faith. They cut down his fruit trees. Led by the Catholic priest, they abused him in every way. So excruciating was the suffering heaped upon him that he perished as a martyr of the Protestant religion.

This sort of annoyance and disturbance broke out in more or less severity at every place where Madame Feller started a new work. The Catholics would always try to burn the Bibles, and would tell that these missionaries were servants of the devil. After a mission had been really started persecution ceased; for the Catholics learned that instead of thwarting the cause of Protestantism they were really abetting it by their persecution. While Madame Feller and her helpers felt the suffering of every

beginning, they learned that in this way God was bringing in his kingdom among the French people.

Her health was not fully restored when she left Florida. Though she was not yet sixty years of age she was beginning to show and feel the activity of her life. Her journeys into the United States ceased. She did very little traveling. She made the Mission her home, and here folks came from far and near to see her. Her hacking cough and her weakened condition often kept her confined inside the house. Despite this fact, she continued as administrator of all the affairs of the Mission.

A Visit to Switzerland

The opportunity came to her in 1859 for a long ocean voyage. Mr. and Mrs. Lafleur were going to journey to Switzerland for their health, and they asked her to journey with them. She gladly accepted their invitation, hoping that the trip would restore her energy. They reached Lausanne safely, and it delighted her soul to renew acquaintances that had been broken by her twenty-four years' sojourn in Canada.

Instead of regaining her health she was taken deathly sick in Lausanne. Her friends, the Oliviers, urged her to remain in Switzerland. Though she felt very miserable she bid them good-by, saying, "My heart is in Canada." To Canada she started by way of New York. Mr. Lafleur, however, stopped in England to lecture on the Mission work, as he had done in Switzerland. He came back to the Mission, greatly rejoicing at the amount of money that had been given to him for the work.

It was indeed very fortunate that this money had been collected just at this time, for all gifts from the United

States ceased during the four years of the Civil War. Madame Feller had reached Grande Ligne in December of 1861. She realized that it was going to be very difficult to keep up the work without money from the United States. With her usual stedfastness of purpose she immediately ordered that all work should be carried on as usual.

Madame Feller's health was in a very precarious condition at this time. The sickness that attacked her in Switzerland had left her very much weakened. In 1865 she had a paralytic stroke which affected her whole body. She lived a few more years, but she was ever afterward enfeebled. Her mind, however, was as clear as a bell to the very end.

She thought that she ought to commit the management of the Mission to a younger person. She was becoming so weak that for days at a time she was confined to her room. The teachers and preachers would not listen to a change. They looked upon her, not so much as a commander-in-chief whose order was to be obeyed, but as the mother of them all, some one who took a constant and never-tiring interest in them, one who was never too weary to listen to the most trivial detail of their lives. Never, as long as she lived, would they permit any one to take her place.

Financial Stress During the Civil War

The funds of the Mission were in a very depleted state. With all of the income shut off from the States things were constantly becoming worse. In 1867 the question of opening the schools at Grande Ligne was debated. There was needed, not only the money for the teachers' salaries,

but also for the support of the pupils. Who would raise the money? Madame Feller was confined to her room. Where would the person go to seek the money? The Civil War had caused chaos everywhere.

Death of Madame Feller

Madame Feller was spared the anxiety of these days. She had led the Mission through many such crises. She had always found a way out of the difficulty. Now, she was listening to a higher call. The dread pneumonia attacked her weakened frame. She had no resistance left. In four days she was gone, March 29, 1868. She had been summoned to a higher service. She went to a land where there are no worries over financial difficulties, and where no anxiety of persecution ever annoy.

A Minister for Jesus to Human Need

There never had been held a funeral so large as the one that was given this saint of God on the first day of April. She had been a friend of all. She had served all whom she found in need without respect to church or creed. They came from far and near, these friends of hers; Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile gathered on that funeral day to do honor to this woman who had sacrificed her all that they might know God. Death had broken down all barriers, and blotted out all lines of separation. They looked at the coffin that held this friend of man, and they were bound together in a common grief. Madame Feller had woven her life into the heart of Quebec. They gathered around her grave to thank God for her life, to sorrow over her loss, and to take courage that God who had sent her to minister to them, would watch over them.

They erected a white marble octagon-shaped monument, eleven feet high, in her memory. The inscriptions on it tell the story:

To the Memory of

HENRIETTA FELLER

Born in Switzerland

Foundress of the Grande Ligne Mission in Canada

A Tribute of Gratitude and Love

Presented by French Canadians
to the Memory of Their Dear Benefactress
Whose Christian Devotedness Procured for Them
the Knowledge of the Gospel of Jesus Christ

Greater than a monument of wood or stone is that of flesh and blood. More imposing than the marble shaft is the record she left then and the permanency of her work which has grown, and which is being blessed of God today. There were nearly four hundred who had left the bigotry of Catholicism for the open sunlight of the gospel of Jesus, and who had joined the church before she died. There were ten regular preaching stations, five outstations, and seven ordained ministers. That does not take into account the many who had been brought to Christ, and then had migrated to the United States, and who thus became human torch-bearers for Jesus. Who shall compile the record of her visits to the sick, her relief of the poor, and her constant service to all who were in need? Her light was " a burning and a shining light."

It still burns in the Grande Ligne Mission of today. The Feller Institute stands with open door ready to carry on the work that Madame Feller so courageously started. The need of Quebec is still the same. The minds of the many are still ignorant. The spirits of most of the people are still untaught.

The Quebec of today has a population of over two and one-fourth millions of people. Over two millions of these people still speak the French language and call themselves Roman Catholics. Here stands Madame Feller's greatest monument, namely, the Grande Ligne Mission that is carrying on the work that she so nobly started. For the saving of these French Canadians from the superstition of many a belief of Romanism and a reliance on the forgiving power of the priest, she gave her life. The challenge is still unanswered. A great field of over two million people is calling for the light.

Madame Feller had no hatred for the Catholics. She loved all people. By her own soul's experience, as well as by the Bible which she constantly read, she had learned that "there is no other name under heaven whereby ye can be saved." With a trust in her Christ that knew no flinching she laid her life completely on the altar of service, content to know that all was safe with him.

Still this New France in old Quebec calls as it called Madame Feller in 1835. The need is great. The promise is power. The assurance is divine companionship. The torch she has lighted is still blazing. Service and sacrifice are still demanded. The reward is the "well done" of the world's only Saviour.

VIII

ISAAC McCOY

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER VIII

1. The birth of Isaac McCoy, June 13, 1874, in Fayette County, Pennsylvania.
2. McCoy's early life:
   (1) Taught the trade of wheelwright by his father.
   (2) Converted at sixteen.
3. McCoy's beginnings in Christian work:
   (1) Moved to Vincennes in 1804.
   (2) Pastor at Maria Creek for eight years.
4. First work for the Indians.
   (1) Obstacles were liquor and Catholic interpreters.
   (2) Schools established.
   (3) Settled in Fort Wayne.
5. McCoy's work at Carey:
   (1) First visit to Washington in January, 1822.
   (2) Constantly on horseback.
   (3) Appointed by the government in 1825 to investigate Indian Territory.
6. Home at Fayette:
   (1) Reached Fayette in August, 1829.
   (2) Made yearly visits to Washington.
   (3) Wrote about the Indians for Washington and Philadelphia papers.
7. Home on Osage River in Indian Territory, 1832.
8. McCoy opposed by people who called the Indians "a dying race."
9. McCoy's plan for organization of Indian Territory accepted by the government.
10. Secretary of the American Indian Association with home in Louisville, Kentucky, 1842.
11. The passing of McCoy, June 21, 1846.
12. A champion of Indian rights.

ISAAC McCOY

"One thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."—Philippians 3 : 13, 14.

The Indians have a greater appeal to the American Christians than any other race. These first Americans have been sung about by the poets. Many a writer has immortalized their valor and their fearlessness. Historians have told of the ruthlessness of some of the white settlers. Christian missions among the Indians are therefore ever interesting.

It has not always been so. Long and weary were the years that passed when the Indians were practically forgotten. Even in the Council of the Mission Boards of one hundred years ago missionary work among these people found very little hearing. The Indians were looked upon as "a dying race," so why make any effort to save them?

These were the years of their neglect. No voice was raised in their behalf. No one made any appeal that they might hear the gospel message. Feeble efforts were made by a few folks, but the great denominations of America were not giving much attention to the homeland. The lure of the lands across the sea captured their interest. The stirring stories of those early missionaries to India, Judson, Rice, and others, enlisted their support of endeavors to convert the heathen abroad.

The Birth of Isaac McCoy

God intended that the American Indian should hear the gospel. They were numbered among the "whosoevers" of his providence. And so a baby was born on June 13, 1784. It was the day of national chaos. Freedom had come to the Thirteen Colonies, but no government had as yet been set up. In the countryside where this baby boy came, Fayette County, Pennsylvania, there was much unrest. Folks went about armed. Even while at church they posted sentries to warn them of any approaching danger.

Who could know that this baby was destined to be the pioneer of his denomination in work for the Indians? Who could know that in after years he would rise to the prominence of being an adviser to the President and the Congress of the United States in regard to Indian affairs? Such was Isaac McCoy.

McCoy's Early Life

The McCoy family moved to Kentucky when Isaac was but six years of age. On this frontier Isaac spent the years of his boyhood. He was a lover of books, and he sought in every way possible to secure them. His eager mind was ever searching for new truths. It was not easy one hundred and twenty-five years ago to find many books among those early settlers, but those he could secure he quickly read.

His parents reared him with much care. His father taught him the trade of wheelwright, at which he was adept. This trade came in good stead in after life, when, unable to secure sufficient funds to keep his family by his

preaching, he would manufacture a few wheels. His mother was most intent that her boy should be reared " in the fear and admonition of the Lord." With such godly parents it was little wonder that Isaac should early learn to love God and hate evil. He was converted in his sixteenth year; and for the rest of his life, without faltering, he was true to his faith in Jesus Christ.

Religion to Isaac was not just something to be enjoyed. Religion was not something to make comfortable the life that is to come. Religion was something that demanded and challenged all his life. He sought to learn God's will for him. One day in the field he had a deep religious experience. It seemed to him that God was speaking. As he stopped he thought that he saw a finger pointing toward Vincennes. God was calling him into Christian work, and was showing him exactly where his field of activity should lie. He never questioned the authenticity of this vision, but proceeded immediately to obey.

McCoy's Beginnings in Christian Work

He moved to Vincennes in 1804. It was the oldest town on the banks of the Wabash, and the capital of Indiana Territory. He had married Christiana Polke six months previously; and now he was ready to preach the gospel. The climate was so unhealthy, however, that they moved to Clark County, Indiana. Here was located the Silver Creek Baptist Church, which licensed McCoy to preach when he was twenty-four years old. There was little opportunity to preach here, so he followed his trade of wheelwright.

Three years later he moved back near Vincennes. He bought fifty-four acres of land on Maria Creek, and

began planning and thinking of his Christian calling. He was glad to help organize the Maria Creek Baptist Church, and to accept the pastorate. This was his first and only pastorate. He held it for eight years. He was paid very little for this preaching, so he continued to spin wheels, and to make farming implements. This industrial activity did not keep him from doing missionary work. He journeyed north, south, and west for many miles on horseback. He was serving his apprenticeship for the years of labor that lay before him.

These were days of unrest. Talk of war was in the air. England and the United States were again going to fight. Would the Indians ally themselves with Great Britain or the United States? No one seemed to know, not even the Indians. The red men, however, were becoming very much disturbed and suspicious. The white men were growing so numerous, and were continually pushing the Indians westward. To what end? Why were these white men gathering and building blockhouses?

McCoy liked not the hostile attitude of the whites, or the unfriendliness of the Indians. He believed that instead of arming to fight the red men, they should prepare to preach the gospel to them. Like the men of his day, however, he trained himself to be a soldier and carried his gun. Even while worship services were being held in this pioneer community, sentries were posted, and men brought their muskets to church.

All this seemed to McCoy incongruous with the teaching of Jesus. These men should not be fired with hatred, but with love. The Indians needed to be evangelized. There was no organized effort to reach them. Here was

a great virgin field for the Protestants to enter. He, therefore, decided to form a society to promote missionary work. He sent letters to the churches of the Long Run Association of Kentucky, and of the Silver Creek Association of Indiana. These Baptist Associations adopted his plan and made him their missionary.

First Work for the Indians

McCoy was now ready for his life-work. He with his wife and children were going to live among the Indians. He was going to blaze a new trail among these red-skins of the West. He gladly set out on October 27, 1818, for Montezuma, Indiana. The Board of the Triennial Baptist Convention had sent him out for one year as an experiment, and with a limited commission among certain counties. Now, he was going on his own initiative to evangelize these Indians.

The first obstacle that he encountered, and that which proved to be the greatest handicap to his work, was the white man's liquor among these Indians. This proved a veritable fire-water to them. They acted as men possessed when they drank this liquor. It seemed a very terrible offense to McCoy that the whites gave this liquor to the red men. After his first contact with this curse he fought it with all the ardor of his being. When he learned that the government was considering moving the Indians to west of the Mississippi he championed that cause. He believed that separation from the whites would be separation from the white man's rum.

Another difficulty that he encountered was that of language. He came into contact with the tribes of Weas, Miamis, Kickapoos, and Delawares. Until he could learn

their various tongues he needed interpreters. The only interpreters that he could secure were Roman Catholics. He soon realized, by watching the faces of the Indians, that the things he was saying were not being correctly interpreted. These Catholic men were changing his words according to their own liking. He immediately decided, therefore, to master the Indian dialects. He first began a study of the Delaware tongue.

McCoy's work at this time had two characteristics. One was the founding of schools. He established his first school in January, 1819, with six pupils. Five of the students were children of the white settlers, and one of them was an Indian. His hope was to build up a school with Indian children in it from all the tribes, the pupils ultimately to become the native ministers among their own people. It was a big vision for these days when the work was in such a primitive state.

The other activity of McCoy was his constant visitation of the tribes. He wanted all of them to share in the gospel of Jesus. He was desirous of evangelizing all the Indians. He did not feel that he had been sent to any special tribe, but rather that his commission from God was to preach the gospel to all the Indians. As he journeyed on horseback all over this Indiana Territory he was accompanied by one or more Indians. In this way he gained a quicker hearing in the various tribes.

These early days were days of hardship for Mrs. Isaac McCoy. She was left alone a great deal with her six little children, unprotected from the Indians. When Isaac came home from his trip one day he found the family sick, and his wife discouraged and very lonely. He sought, but without avail, to secure help for her in the

home. She was true to the gleam, however, for she held school whenever possible for the Indian girls.

McCoy desired to press on farther. When the Indian agent at Fort Wayne offered him buildings and a garden, if he would only settle there, he gladly accepted. This was a central point for trading, and it would put him in closer touch with his beloved Indians. He had now lived among them for two years and a half, and he was more and more conscious of their need of the gospel. Yet, he felt his own inability to do all that ought to be done. He therefore wrote to the Triennial Convention asking that they send John M. Peck out to be his co-laborer. Peck did come to the West, but he made his headquarters in St. Louis, and he worked with the white settlers.

That did not discourage McCoy. He immediately set out on horseback for Ohio to obtain supplies, and to secure a helper. It was not an easy journey. Swollen rivers must be crossed. Nights must be spent in the open, unprotected from the elements. Hostile Indians and marauding white men must be kept at bay. Water must be obtained sometimes from muddy rivers. These were hard trips; but as McCoy journeyed through the country he sought to tell the gospel story to the wayfarers whom he chanced to meet, and to the pioneer settlements through which he passed.

The first teacher that he secured was a young woman, who proved to be of some help. Then he engaged Mr. Samuel Hill, of Philadelphia. Things took on a much happier aspect with these additional workers, but it was only for a short time. Patience had still to finish its perfect work as these teachers quit despairing of success.

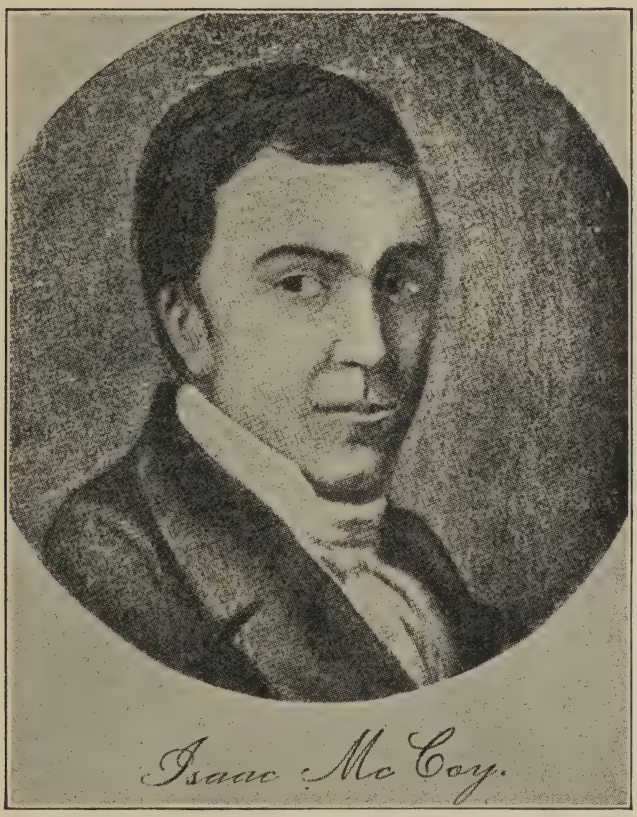
So far away seemed the centers of civilization, and so difficult did it seem to touch the heart of the Indian, that they were very much discouraged.

When the time came for their annuities the Indians would all assemble at the station to receive their money from the government. Very few of them ever left, however, with any of this money. They spent it all in drunken revelry. The curse of strong drink and all the attending evils added to the suffering of the servants of God. The white men who kept the open brothels on the frontier were human parasites who were living off the lust of the red men.

It was not all shadows. God is always enriching the experiences of his followers. The blessings of his love oftentimes prove themselves in the darker places. One of the Delaware women was converted. She was baptized in the fall of 1820. This baptism of Mrs. Captain Shane proved to be a great encouragement to the work just at this time. God was setting his approval on the Mission.

Another source of joy was the cooperation that Governor Cass gave to McCoy. Isaac McCoy had made a special trip to tell Governor Cass his story. The governor gave him $450 worth of food and clothing; and arrangements were made whereby the government would continue to aid the work of the school funds for the scholars' clothing, room, and board, and for the teachers' salaries.

A very important conference was called in Chicago regarding Indian affairs. McCoy was unable to go, but he secured Colonel Trimble, of Ohio, to place his ideas before the Conference. The government officials at this



ISAAC McCOY
Champion of Indian Rights

meeting followed the line of McCoy's suggestions. They gave the Potawatomis a mile square for mission premises,

> to be located under the direction of the President of the United States, and held by him as government property. The government to place in this section a teacher and a blacksmith, and spend in their support $1,000 annually for 15 years.

A treaty of like nature was granted for the Ottawas, only giving them a farmer also.

The immediate question that arose was, Who would be the teacher? The Roman priests told the government agents that the Indians wanted a Catholic teacher. At the conference, however, were some of the Indians. When the proposition was put to them, they asked for McCoy. He immediately took charge of the Potawatomis and held the position as their teacher until 1828.

McCoy's Work at Carey

There came now a change in the life of McCoy that affected his entire future career and the mission of Baptists to the Indians. He perceived that if he was going to secure all the benefits of the Chicago treaty for the Indians, he would have to visit Washington. He therefore set out on horseback. He was going not only to confer with the government officials, but also to discuss future policies with the Board of the Baptist Convention.

He reached Philadelphia on January 1, 1822. Then he went on to Washington and attended the opening of the Columbian College. The members of the Board were in attendance at these exercises; and so he had opportunity to tell them of his plans. They agreed to the establishing of three mission stations among three tribes,

the Ottawas, the Potawatomis, and the Miamis. McCoy was authorized to seek out men who could return with him, to appoint men who would act as treasurers of the funds that would be given, to lay his thoughts before the executive branch of the government, and so to obtain their financial support and cooperation.

Secretary of State John C. Calhoun received this zealous missionary kindly. He promised to help as he was able, and he started by familiarizing himself with the legal status of the Indians. McCoy left him with that promise, and after a few futile attempts to secure helpers, returned to his station.

He now had Mr. J. Lykins as a teacher. It was his delight and joy to baptize Lykins at the age of twenty-two, and then by the authority given to him by the Board, to appoint Lykins as a missionary. The other helper that he had was Mr. Gales Jackson, who entered the Mission as a blacksmith.

McCoy was always going. The immensity of his task was growing upon him. To reach and Christianize the great company of Indians, to help settle them beyond the Mississippi, to drive out the white liquor dealers, to help these red men to grow into strong Christian Americans, were all aims of this missionary.

He went to Detroit in July of 1822 to see Governor Cass. The Department of War had placed the fulfilment of the Chicago Treaty in the governor's hands. Governor Cass conferred on McCoy the appointment as teacher of the Potawatomis. School buildings were to be erected and teachers' homes to be built on the sites chosen by the President of the United States. The scholars were to be outfitted, and the salaries of teachers to

be paid by the government. The final settlement of all of these matters was left to the President of the United States.

Home affairs were a little easier now. Women had been found to help his wife with their children. Mrs. McCoy was teaching the girls of the school. New missionaries were being sent on by the Board. Mr. D. Dusenbury, of Zanesville, Ohio, had just arrived to work in the mission. All had agreed to a set of rules that were to govern their relationship to each other and to the missionary work.

The government was now ready for the missionaries to proceed with the work to which they had been appointed. It therefore became necessary for them to break up the mission at Fort Wayne and settle in the places selected by the officials. McCoy and his family settled among the Potawatomis, and the Board called the station "Carey" after the illustrious William Carey. This is the site of the present town of Niles, Michigan. They also established a station among the Ottawas, which they named after Carey's companion, "Thomas." This is the site of Grand Rapids, Michigan.

These were trying days and weeks. They were now almost two hundred miles from civilization. This meant, as McCoy wrote, "a four-hundred-mile trip for the three wagons that I sent back for supplies." The houses were unfinished, as were the schools, and the winter was bitter cold. McCoy wrote, "We have four fires for fifty of us." On January 27, 1823, they opened the school with thirty Indian children. The missionaries not only had charge of the spiritual welfare of these children, but they had to minister to all the physical wants also.

Things finally came to a crisis. The wagons they had sent after food had not returned. By the first week in February food became very scarce, and they tried to subsist on one meal a day. The corn was all eaten up, and still no food came. Cold, hungry, and with not enough clothing, suffering became very acute. *Jehovah Jireh,* and God was thanked.

McCoy had gone without food so much and he was so intent on keeping others from starvation, that he was a mere skeleton. The Indians around, hearing of their need, brought in some corn, and about the middle of February the wagons returned. They brought clothing from Massachusetts, sheep from Kentucky, money from various States, and a large supply of food products. God was taking care of his own.

All desired to put the Mission on a systematic and business basis. The whole McCoy family were experiencing a sickness that was due to lack of proper and wholesome food. The Board sent word that their funds for Indian missions were exhausted. Some of the supplies that had been brought on in March came in a damaged condition due to the capsizing of a boat. All these things had to be remedied if the Mission was going to succeed.

They put the school on a regular schedule. Prayers were always first in the morning. After breakfast came the classwork every day except Sundays. Boys and girls alike worked at least half of the time that they were at the Mission. McCoy found so many of the Indians were so improvident, and so willing to beg, that he decided that all must share in the work. There were now over sixty acres enclosed in the Mission compound, and it was not difficult to find plenty for all to do.

The Government also aided the school very materially. In fact, during all of McCoy's life he had the cooperation of the government in such a way as to make possible his many big accomplishments. The Chicago compact was the line of procedure, and in every way possible Governor Cass sought to further the work of these mission schools. He sent an agent to investigate the work that was being done at Carey. This man reported, "The affairs of your agency appear to be in the best of condition."

The work at Thomas opened with much less ease. Not only did physical privation thwart them; but also the hostility of the Indians themselves. They were very suspicious of these white men and wondered what they would do. It was therefore proposed to start work there by establishing a smithery. It was thought that after the Ottawas learned that these men were different from the other white men who had defrauded them, they would attend the school.

One of the things that saddened McCoy these days was the lack of opportunity of doing evangelistic work. The task of keeping the wolf from the door, of superintending the building of schoolhouses and homes, the constant need of money, seemed to engross all his time and attention. Many of the churches in the East were sending packages and boxes that never arrived. They might reach Detroit or Buffalo; but so uncertain were the lines of transportation that much was lost. Cattle were drowned; goods were smashed; and McCoy found the material needs very urgent.

In December of 1823 he decided to go to Washington again and to intercede with the government. He felt sure that when the officials knew of the real condition

of affairs, he would receive more aid. When he reached the city he found that the Board was in session. It had no money to grant; but it appointed two of its number, Doctor Staughton and Mr. Luther, to go with him to present the matter to the President. Each time they called on President James Monroe, he was absent. They, therefore, laid their case before Secretary Calhoun. As soon as they had gained an audience with the secretary, McCoy started to talk. With zeal and eloquence he laid the facts before Calhoun. He permitted no interruptions. He boldly and frankly stated the facts that he knew and asked that a new territory be granted the Indians for the purpose of colonization. Calhoun admitted the truths of these statements, but told the committee that nothing could be done until Congress took a more hearty interest in the matter. The visit was not in vain, for McCoy obtained $560 for buildings, and an increase of $400 a year to the allowance for the Carey mission.

As long as he was East it was thought best by the Board to have McCoy visit the principal cities and report his work among the churches. He went to Baltimore, Wilmington, Philadelphia, Newark, and New York. He was gladly received and most generously helped wherever he visited. In New York City he was given a most hearty welcome and hospitality by Mr. William Colgate and Mr. Spencer Cone. Both of these men became supporters of the mission and boosters for the work. He continued his tour, coming up to Albany, and then across the State of New York through Rochester and Buffalo. Here he embarked for Detroit, taking back to the mission over two thousand dollars in money and materials. He also carried enough guaranties from the government so that the Mis-

sion among the Potawatomis was never again reduced to financial straits. His journey of over thirty-three hundred miles had been crowned with success.

Sunshine and shadows were in McCoy's life constantly. He was becoming well enough acquainted with the language so that he visited the near-by villages on Sunday afternoons and talked to the men, while Miss Goodridge talked to the women about Jesus. In the fall of 1824 he had the privilege of administering baptism to some Indians in the St. Joseph River. The Indians were being stirred in their souls; and this, the first baptism ever seen in this river, had a tremendous influence on them. Writing of the work at this time he said, "The French Catholics stood in the way as they ever had done." The adventurers were always troubling the missionaries. The government would give grants of land to the Indians; and these men would persuade the poor red men to exchange the land for a few quarts of whisky. This simply confirmed McCoy's views that the only solution for the problem was the colonization of the Indians across the Mississippi.

Two events of very great importance took place in 1826. First, was the taking of seven Indians and putting them into the College at Hamilton, New York. The Board had been unwilling to grant McCoy permission to take these men because it had no money for that purpose. With the same indomitable zeal that characterized his whole life he set out, not even having sufficient funds for the journey. He reached his destination, secured one hundred dollars a year for each one of the seven men, and raised the rest of the necessary funds from the people of Hamilton. It was a daring project.

It was freighted with great possibilities. He carried it to successful fruition.

The other event was the appointment by the Board to attend to the settling of the Indians in the West. He had asked a few months previously, "to go west and make myself acquainted with the country and its inhabitants west of the State of Missouri, by actually residing in it and exploring the region." Things were being blessed by God at Carey. McCoy attended the conference for four weeks which made out a new treaty to the Indians. Annuities were obtained for the operations at Carey and for the education of the Indians. The Potawatomis, the Ottawas, and the Miamis were all included in this new treaty. It meant much more support by the government of the mission schools.

The time had come for a determined stand on the question of colonization. He had talked it, he had pled for it. He had ridden on horseback hundreds of miles to obtain it, but it seemed as far away as ever. His soul was aflame with the newest outrage. Twenty-four hours before Governor Cass of Michigan Territory had given the Potawatomis money and goods, and now the whisky-dealers had it all. Something must be done at once. He mounted his horse and started eastward on October 15, 1827. He met the Board in Boston, and they agreed to do what he had asked them to do four years previous. They memorialized Congress, "to bestow its favor upon the enterprise, and to appoint him an agent to visit the West with a view to making it successful."

On to Washington went McCoy. He had a pamphlet that he had written and printed, and he placed it in the hands of every Congressman. He held interviews with

the President of the United States, John Quincy Adams, and the Secretary of War. His efforts were successful. The President appointed a commission to explore the territory west of St. Louis and bring back a report. McCoy with a delegation of the Potawatomis and of the Ottawas was appointed to accompany this expedition. The Baptist missionary had won the day.

Nothing could stop him. In the summer of 1828 McCoy with a few Indians went through the wilderness to St. Louis in fifteen days. When he reached there he found the rest of the delegation awaiting a party of the Chickasaws. The men with him had never been away from home for so long a time, and they were impatient to proceed. He obtained permission from General Clark, and they set out. He came into contact with the Osages, and the Kausaus tribes. He discovered these Indians to be in a semibarbaric state, and seemingly to have no moral sense.

When he returned to St. Louis he laid all his findings before the officers of the commission. He sent the Indians home who had come with him from Michigan, and he went out again—this time with the expedition of thirty-six men. They had reached the extreme western part of Missouri, traveling on horseback, and were journeying among the Shawanoes. Suddenly McCoy's horse made a misstep and fell, rolling upon his leg and foot. In writing of this injury, Walter Wyeth in his book on "Early Indian Missions" says, "The injury received to the limb and side caused much pain for several days, and was the cause of much suffering to the end of his life."

The expedition went as far west as the confluence of

the Arkansas and the Verdigris Rivers. McCoy learned that the Congregational Board had begun work with the Osages in 1820, but that they had abandoned it. Instead of dampening the ardor of this fearless disciple of Christ, this seemed to quicken his determination to start mission work. He selected Fayette as a spot for a temporary headquarters until he could erect a home in Indian Territory.

With the coming of winter the expedition broke up. McCoy went to Lexington, Kentucky, where his family had moved awaiting their migration to the West. After a short stay at home he pressed on to Washington. He desired to make a personal report of the expedition, and to speed up the transferring of all Indian tribes to the new territory west of the Mississippi River. Government officials listened to this Baptist missionary with respect, and accepted his deductions with the purpose of carrying them out. One writer says: "The administrations of James Monroe and John Q. Adams had been favorable to colonization, but Andrew Jackson's was actively so; he used his authority to move the Cherokees from Georgia." To President Jackson did McCoy appeal; and from him he received a most hearty indorsement. In fact, the work of McCoy was receiving more help and assistance from the government than from the Baptist Board. The overseas reports of Judson were so thrilling to American Baptists that they were inclined to ignore the missionary work at home.

Home at Fayette

June 1, 1829, the Lykins and McCoy families started west. They reached Fayette ten weeks later, one hun-

dred and seventy miles west of St. Louis. He was determined to make a personal survey of the whole territory so that he might know how to advise the government. Out of his own limited resources he paid for another trip over this country in order that he might decide where to locate the seat of government. He made an accurate map of the entire country, and a very thoughtful analysis of the entire situation. When he reached Washington with this information he was given an opportunity to present his findings. President Jackson and Mr. McLean, who was chairman of the committee of the House on Indian Affairs, aided him in every possible way that the case of the Indians might become the property of all the Senators and Representatives in Washington. President Jackson offered McCoy ten thousand dollars a year to be used for Indian reform. This he refused, writing, "The tribes of the Indians are not judiciously distributed, and it would be impossible to expend the money so that it would be beneficial to all." This disappointed President Jackson; but he was determined to keep in close touch with McCoy. He had him appointed surveyor of the territory assigned to the tribe of Delawares. This position McCoy gladly accepted.

Before returning home McCoy decided to have a talk with the Board; and also to visit his friends in New York. He was not pleased with the way things were developing. He considered very seriously resigning as a missionary, for wrote he, "I am hampered by this connection." Some of these thoughts were in his mind as he journeyed from Philadelphia to New York. This part of the trip was made by stage. As the stage was proceeding a very serious accident occurred. The stage

tipped over, and he was thrown violently forward. His shoulders, ribs, and chest were severely injured, and as he lay in the home of his friend, Dr. S. H. Cone, of New York, it seemed doubtful whether he would recover.

He was well taken care of these days. His tired frame was given a much needed rest. His friends who had often desired to express their love and appreciation of all he had done, were now given an opportunity of which they gladly availed themselves. He never regained his natural shape; but he did develop a greater poise of life. When he started for home again it was with a firm determination to remain as a missionary of the Board and to seek in everything that he did and said to bring the Indians into the full joy of divine fellowship.

Seven long months had the father and husband been gone. Separation and loneliness was ever the part of the wives of these pioneer missionaries. Mrs. McCoy proved a true faithful helpmate for her courageous husband. She was as determined as he that their children should have all the educational advantages of that day. Their eldest daughter had married Lykins. Their two oldest boys were training to be physicians. One of them had died of fever on the journey to Fayette, and now the other brother was taken by death. The home was shrouded in sorrow. Four children had these missionary parents buried since they had started in to help the Indians. Within the next year two of the younger children died; so that by 1831 they had given six children as living sacrifices that the Indians might hear the gospel of "the blessed God."

It was a tremendous price to pay. Never did these faithful folks think of turning back. Bravely they con-

tinued onward. Eyes might be dimmed with tears of sorrow. Hearts might be burdened with grief. Lives might feel the pinch of poverty. They were following a divine leader who had "sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat."

After the death of his son Josephus, McCoy stayed home and wrote on Indian affairs. He sent these documents east, and they were published in Philadelphia and Washington papers. His government appointment awaited fulfilment, so immediately he started off on his surveying trip among the Delawares. He took with him fifteen soldiers from Fort Leavenworth, for he knew that he must go among the hostile Pawnees. He wrote of this trip:

> I was absent in the wilderness for one hundred and three days, ninety-six of which I spent without a roof. Every night I posted a sentry to keep watch.

On Osage River, in Indian Territory, 1832

It was very evident that they must break up their home at Fayette and settle in Indian Territory. It was, therefore, decided that Lykins would locate in the northern part and McCoy in the southern. It was a three-hundred-mile journey for the McCoy family, but they made it in twenty-three days. They rented a shanty on the banks of the Osage River where they made their home, while the father pressed on to determine a location for the Chickasaws. He was ever eager that all of the Indian tribes should be moved to this territory as soon as possible.

February 1, 1832, he started on his two-thousand-mile trip to Washington. No matter how cold the weather, how swollen the stream, or how dangerous the territory

through which he passed, he pressed on. He had written a new document which he desired to place in the hands of the national leaders at Washington. In it he wrote:

> I tell you there will be a time when the people for whom I am pleading will be present, not to solicit your assistance, but to meet their destiny. How shall we then bear the reproaches of that neglected people, or hope for pardon from our God if we refuse to do them good now?

During his visit in Washington he held a conference with President Jackson and the Secretary of War regarding the Indian affairs. He left Washington much gratified because of a stipulation in a new Indian treaty,

> providing for the expenditure of three thousand dollars per year for twenty years, under the direction of the President of the United States, for teaching their children.

McCoy Opposed Because Indians Were a "Dying Race"

McCoy went to Boston to attend a meeting of the Triennial Baptist Convention. He found both pleasure and sorrow in this meeting. New missionaries were appointed to work among the Indians; but open opposition developed. Much was said in the meeting of the uselessness of spending money to try to Christianize a "dying race." Many of the men of that day looked upon Indian missions as a waste of money, time, and men. "For," said they, "these people will soon be gone, and why give to a hopeless cause?"

The journey home, however, was full of joy, for new missionaries accompanied him, and he had obtained added support from the government. As soon as he reached home he bought a tract of land opposite Kansas City, Missouri, and built a home. Off he started now to locate

the new mission stations which the Board had given him authority to establish. After three hundred miles on horseback he selected the ground for work among the Choctaws, and settled Rev. D. Lewis among them. This tireless man never stopped, but on he went. On September 9, 1832, he with Rev. and Mrs. Lewis, Rev. J. Davis, and three Negroes, organized the Muscogee Baptist Church, the first Baptist church that was organized in Indian Territory. Before two months had passed almost fifty people were baptized and joined the Muscogee Church. God set his approval on this new venture of faith.

Finances were always short at the McCoy home. He received pay from the government for the work that he did, but this money he invested in the Mission. Of this, McCoy wrote:

> All my extra earnings I was employing in the support of the Mission; I might have preferred a just claim on the Board for support; but this I declined.

Many times he found it necessary to borrow money in order that he might secure the necessary food for his family. He and his wife cultivated their small plot of ground. They also took in a few boarders. McCoy obtained a position in one of the stores posting its books. They, however, were very much troubled because of the necessity of spending so much time in seeking to supply their material needs when the Indians around them were dying without Christ. They therefore resolved to abandon all business that might interfere with the missionary work, and to sell everything they owned except the bare necessities for carrying on. They never lost sight of the

object of their mission, namely, "The salvation of the souls of the aborigines." It grieved McCoy when he learned that many Baptists were complaining of the way in which he was gaining his support, when they themselves would not give sufficiently for him to spend all his time in missionary work. Neglect of support from the home base and hardships on the frontier did not change the policy of this man of God, who clung to his deathless ideal of a saved Indian race.

McCoy's Plan Accepted by the Government

In 1833 he made another tour for the government. This was a trip of much hardship as the winter was very cold, twenty to thirty degrees below zero, and the marauding bands of Indians proved very troublesome. When he reached home he found a summons to go to Washington, so he left home on February 11, 1834. He was very much rejoiced to learn that the Secretary of War had submitted a plan to Congress for the organization and establishing of Indian affairs which he himself had proposed several years previous, but which had been dropped at that time because of opposition. He sought earnestly during this Eastern trip to secure money for a printing-press. This he finally was able to purchase, and on March 1, 1835, the first newspaper ever published in the Indian language was printed by him in the Shawnee language.

These were the days when the influence of McCoy at Washington was at its height. This lowly Baptist missionary who was called by his brethren "a boarding school agent," was thought of by the government as a man whose counsel and advice on Indian affairs was of the utmost value. Through his written tracts and documents,

and through his personal interviews with men of the highest national standing, he had emerged as the most important figure in Indian affairs in this country. It is of little wonder, therefore, that almost every year found him in Washington consulting and advising.

He had ridden thousands of miles on horseback. He had been instant in season and out of season. He had braved the elements in all sorts of weather. He had faced men who were his vigorous opponents, and by his passionate earnestness he had won them to his cause. He had suffered two severe accidents; and now, on the way back from Washington in 1837 he was prostrate with sickness not over eighty miles from home. Mrs. McCoy came after him, and took him home in a carriage. His constitution was breaking. He had never been a large man, though he was tall. The effect of the years he had spent in the open in wind and rain, mid ice and cold, mid sand and heat, began to show on him. He who had not spared himself, but who had gladly given without any known reserve, came to the end of his strength. Doctor Bolles wrote of him at this time, " He with such a heart and such a hope loved not his own life unto death."

McCoy continued his trips to Washington until 1842. Things were happening there that rejoiced his heart. Treaties were being passed, and agreements were being made that were all according to his purposes for the Indians. The government had asked him to write a bill stating in it his plan for the organization of Indian Territory. This met with such hearty approval by the officials that they commissioned him to visit the tribes now in this territory. So he bravely set out and went to all the

council-fires of the entire field. He was more than repaid for his work in the gratitude of the Indians and in their acquiescence in his plan. In 1838, therefore, the bill for organizing this territory was passed, and the Baptist missionary's wise plans were made the law of the land.

In all this work, until almost the end of his life, he was harassed by the indifference of many Baptists and some members of the Board. This was a continual irritation to this man who was giving his all that the Indians might be saved. Doctor Bolles in writing of this said:

> Whether we shall ever be able to do the Indians permanent good is more and more doubtful. Shall we give up all for loss? No. Should we be forced to hold, let us die with eyes fixed toward this wretched race.

McCoy continued on. His home, his heart, and his purpose were open to the Indians' needs. He might be without the very necessities of life; but these spiritual wards of his must be supplied. These red men knew that he was their friend. They came to him with their family troubles and their tribal difficulties. His decisions were always final. He was their friend, and he would decide in the way that was best.

Secretary of the American Indian Association

He had sought for years to have a department of Indian Missions in the Triennial Baptist Convention. His brethren could see no necessity for such a movement, and they had opposed it. In 1842 a special meeting was called to decide "the propriety of forming in the valley of the Mississippi an American Indian Association." As soon

as he heard of this call he made plans to attend the meeting. When he stood up that day in the council of his brethren he was not an attractive figure; but when he began to speak that was forgotten. The pathos of his narrative and the eloquence of his presentation carried the day. The organization was perfected, and he was made the first corresponding secretary and agent with headquarters at Louisville, Kentucky.

The days of his extensive traveling were over. The sacrifices of Mrs. McCoy and himself had finally reaped a reward. They moved back to civilization to plead more earnestly for the Indians, but they left ten children under the sod. He poured out his soul for four years in his new task. With unremitting toil he made out the annual reports and wrote addresses to the denomination. His hand was never still, his voice was never quiet in seeking to redress the wrongs done to the Indian. They must be reached for Christ.

The Passing of McCoy

He was sixty-three years old. He had served as secretary for four years. He had enjoyed his work, but his friends noticed that he was failing. He was suffering a great deal these days. One day it was reported that he was sick in bed. They waited for news, but none came. As they sought his home they found all was quiet. Mrs. McCoy came to the door and asked them to pray. He lingered but a short time, dying on June 21, 1846. Just before his death he called to him the faithful wife who had been his true companion and gave her his final message to the Triennial Convention, "Tell the brethren never to let the Indian mission decline."

A Champion of Indian Rights

Doctor Cone, his life-long friend, mourned his loss. Their friendship had been very deep and close. They had weathered many a storm together. In writing of McCoy afterward Doctor Cone classed him with Eliot and Brainerd. He had proved himself a true and trusted friend to the first Americans.

Over McCoy's grave is this inscription:

> For nearly thirty years his entire time and energies were devoted to the civil and religious improvement of the aborigines of this country. He projected and founded the plan of their colonization, their only hope, and the imperishable monument of his wisdom and benevolence.

Still his summons rings out. Still the Indian continues to increase in numbers. Still many thousands of them have not even heard the gospel story.

The challenge is not in past accomplishment but in present need. The daring of such consecration is a vital summons to Baptists. He who was willing to go on almost alone in his obedience to divine call, has put his impress on every loyal heart. Folks opposed him thinking that the Indian was doomed to extinction. People talked against the Indian Mission in his day, saying that it was unimportant. He never permitted himself to be drawn aside in vain debate over the question. He continued on following Him whom he loved; only desiring that these Indians should hear of Him who is "altogether lovely, and the fairest of ten thousand."

IX

JOHN MASON PECK

OUTLINE OF CHAPTER IX

1. John M. Peck born in Litchfield, Connecticut, October 21, 1789.
2. Changes in Peck's life in 1807
   (1) Began teaching school.
   (2) Converted and joined the Congregational Church.
3. Married Miss Sally Paine, May 8, 1809.
4. Joined the New Durham Baptist Church, New York State, September, 1811.
5. Early preaching:
   (1) First sermon, October, 1811.
   (2) First pastorate, at Catskill, New York.
   (3) Influenced by Luther Rice.
6. The eventful time of preparation:
   (1) Studied under Dr. W. Staughton, at Philadelphia.
   (2) Welch and Peck commissioned as missionaries to the West in May of 1817 by the Triennial Convention.
   (3) Started West on July 28, 1817.
7. Beginnings in the West:
   (1) First converts, April, 1818.
   (2) Peck constantly traveling, preaching, and founding schools.
8. The work at Rock Springs, Illinois:
   (1) Started in the Spring of 1822.
   (2) Antimissionary influence.
   (3) A conference with President John Quincy Adams in 1826.
9. Establishment of three great projects:
   (1) Shurtleff College.
   (2) A religious paper.
   (3) The settling of circuit-riders.
10. The visit of Dr. J. Going in 1831; the projecting of The American Baptist Home Mission Society.
11. Peck a great organizer and traveler:
   (1) Helped to organize the Illinois Baptist Education Society in 1836.
   (2) Helped in the organization of the American Baptist Education Society in 1853.
   (3) Established the system of depositories for the Publication Society.
12. Peck's homegoing, March 14, 1858.
13. Christian pioneer of the Mississippi Valley.

JOHN MASON PECK

"I can do all things in him that strengtheneth me."—Philippians 4 : 13.

Birth and Early Years

During the early days of American Independence John Peck was born. George Washington had been inaugurated as the first President of the United States. The Thirteen Colonies had elected the commander of the colonial army to the position of leadership. John Mason Peck began his career on October 21, 1789, in the same year that Washington began his presidency. One had for his task the molding of a nation out of thirteen separate colonies. The other was God's ambassador to the Mississippi Valley.

Peck traced his ancestry back to almost the beginning of Puritan New England. His parents were of old Yankee stock, and they reared John, their only child, in the fear and admonition of the Lord. He had his daily chores to do. Early in the morning work began, and late into the evening did it continue on his father's farm in Litchfield, Connecticut. The training for patient endurance was being built into the fabric of his body.

It was a life fraught with many difficulties and hardships. The sturdiness of his New England ancestry, however, was flowing in his veins. He enjoyed mastering the problems that confronted him. The challenge of wresting a living from nature was ever meeting him, and he delighted in accepting it and in coming out victorious.

Early in life Peck showed eagerness for knowledge. He attended and graduated from the village school, but he desired to continue his education. He obtained books wherever possible; and after the evening chores he sat and read them. When the days were long in the winter, and the weather was cold, he sat by the fire planning and dreaming of the future.

Changes in Peck's Life in 1807

When he was eighteen years of age two changes came into his life. First, he began teaching school. He found it difficult to give instruction in grammar and in writing because he himself was very poor in these two subjects. Otherwise he proved to be a good teacher, for he had a very logical mind and a strong personality. The children liked the positiveness of Peck, he made his point so clear.

The second change was his conversion. He had been concerned about his relationship to God for some time. It all seemed a mystery. A revival began in the community in 1807; and he, with the other young people, attended the meeting. He began an immediate search for God. He desired that peace of which men were speaking. He was very much concerned and came every night to hear the preacher. He was seeking the light. At the end of the week he found "The Light of the world." John Peck surrendered himself to Jesus.

What should he do for Christ? Whither should he go in his name? He was not content to enjoy God's peace alone; he must share it. The wonderful salvation that was his was worthy of promoting in other lives. He straightway sought channels of service. He was abiding in the vine, and he desired to bring forth much fruit.

He joined the Congregational church of the Connecticut village. He had given his all to the Master whom he loved, and now he eagerly grasped every opportunity of spreading the gospel. The salary of a school-teacher was not sufficient to keep him, so he stayed on the farm.

Marriage

On May 8, 1809, he was married to Miss Sally Paine. She proved to be a true heroine. Miss Paine had been born in Green County, New York; but her parents had migrated to Litchfield many years previous. She was also a member of the Congregational church.

They were both of the blood of the early pioneers. They both had been reared as citizens of a Puritan community. They both were Congregationalists; and they had been taught to respect the teaching and preaching of their minister. The church believed and practised infant sprinkling. Should their baby boy be sprinkled? They had never thought seriously of the baptismal question. They had seen the ordinance administered, but this was their own child. What would the child attain by sprinkling?

They were so troubled that they wrote a letter to Doctor Lyman Beecher. They stated their case in full and asked his advice. Before he answered, however, they came to a decision. Their baby should not be sprinkled to satisfy the church, the neighbors, or the family. If there was no teaching in the Word of God for the doctrine, then it should not be carried out on their child.

Shortly after this momentous decision the Pecks moved to New York. They took a tract of land in the Big Hollow Settlement where there were only eight other

families. The spot was near Windham, New York, and was but a small clearing surrounded by big trees. They settled here in the spring of 1811.

Joins the Baptist Church

Where was the nearest church? Down the Batavian turnpike at New Durham the Baptist church held service in the schoolhouse once a month. When they learned that there would be a meeting the following Sunday they looked forward to it, and gladly attended it. A month later, in September of 1811, they were received and baptized into the Baptist church. Their conversion had been whole-hearted; and now, with equal eagerness they joined in the activities of the small church.

John Peck was still reserving one confession. He would not profess until he was sure that he could be faithful. To a mind so clear and logical as his it was the grossest effrontery to attempt to declare that he would maintain a position unless he was willing to give his life, if necessary, for that purpose.

He had thought for many months about this problem. Since the day, four years previous, that he had given himself to Jesus, he had battled. Christ was victorious! Peck valiantly surrendered. At the October meeting of the church Peck declared that he was ready to go wherever sent to preach the gospel.

The conviction of his heart had become the confession of his lips. The call of God had been answered with the consecration of man. The challenge of the unseen had been met by the audible declaration of purpose. The step was irrevocable. He had determined to preach the gospel of Jesus.

Early Preaching

His friends urged him to start at once. He preached his first sermon, therefore, from the last words of Jesus, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." It was his first message; but for forty-six years his voice was never silent in telling the gospel. These early pioneers sat in the small schoolhouse and listened. They were few in number. They were poor in this world's goods. They understood but little of what was transpiring on that day. God, however, had touched his soul. He had fired the purpose of this man. God had summoned Peck into his service.

Several years intervened between the day of this first sermon and the time of his missionary commission. The way seemed somewhat intricate, and the road seemed long. The future was not always glowing, and the outlook not always bright. Slowly but surely, however, God led Peck from the wayside settlement in New York to the heart of the Middle West.

His first pastorate was at Catskill, New York. The little church that he had joined had licensed him to preach, and he began the upward climb toward his life of service. Poverty had been his portion as a youth, and so now it did not overcome him. He received only $61.95 during the first year of his ministry. In order to help along his finances he also taught in the village school.

God was training his man for real pioneering activity. He was constantly permitting him to be tested that his physical muscles might become as steel, that his mental acumen might be ever alert, and that his spiritual consecration might be very thorough. God had a gigantic task

for Peck to perform, and he wanted him empowered and trained for his service.

After serving in Catskill for a few months he moved to Amenia, New York. Many things transpired in rapid succession here that changed the course of his life, and sent him out to the great West. He had begun his itinerating during his first pastorate, walking many miles to tell the good news of salvation. In this new pastorate he journeyed still farther. He began riding horseback; and no historian has yet computed the thousands of miles that he rode in the next forty years in his efforts to spread the gospel.

During these years in Amenia he had opportunity to continue his studying. He rejoiced in this chance of acquiring more information, and he gladly availed himself of it. He studied under Mr. Barnes, who was principal of the Dutchess Academy at Poughkeepsie, New York.

Peck soon came into contact with a companion of Adoniram Judson. Luther Rice had gone to India under the Congregational Board. He had become a Baptist because of studying of the word of God. He had been baptized in India; and then he had returned to rouse the Baptists to missionary zeal. As soon as the mind of Peck heard the voice of Luther Rice appealing for the vast heathen world, it knew that a crisis had come. Peck had listened to Rice at an Association meeting, and then he took him to his home. His heart burned with love, and his purpose was fired with determination as Rice pictured India's needs to him. He would go. He would follow wherever the Lord needed. Rice, the flaming evangel who did more than any other man to stir the Baptist

churches of America to their glorious missionary privilege, had helped turn Peck's enthusiasm into missionary channels.

During the next few weeks Peck rode all over central New York pleading with the Baptist churches to support foreign missions. In three weeks' time he had ridden four hundred and forty miles and had made nineteen addresses. He rejoiced at this opportunity of thus serving the missionary cause. He had hoped at times to go to the Far East with Judson; but as he grew older he thought more, and talked more of the West. He wrote to a friend during these days, "I shall rejoice if God opens the way for me to go west."

The Eventful Time of Preparation

In the fall of 1815 he wrote Rice a letter and asked him if he thought the denomination would send a missionary to the West. He further asked him what qualifications such a man would need. Rice answered that a missionary would probably be sent to the West; and that whoever went ought to have a good understanding of English and of as many other things as possible. Immediately on the receipt of this letter Peck made his decision. He would go west as a missionary. He therefore decided to leave his wife and children and go to school for a year in Philadelphia. On the way to the city of brotherly love he stopped over in New York City. Here for the first time in his life he preached in a city pulpit. This was a unique experience to this farmer preacher, and he often looked back upon it with much interest.

John Peck entered school at the age of twenty-six. He had been preaching for five years. The sphere of

his activity had been large. Now, however, he came into an entirely new environment and surrounding. He entered the school taught by Dr. William Staughton. There were five men in the school, and they all stayed in Staughton's home.

What a marvelous leading of the Holy Spirit of God was here evident. Peck had come to Doctor Staughton's home at the suggestion of Luther Rice. Doctor Staughton was pastor of the Sansom Street Baptist Church of Philadelphia. He had come to America about twenty-three years before. He had been a member of that group of Englishmen who had met in 1792 in Kettering, and had organized the Baptist Missionary Society. He had taken part in the campaign in sending William Carey to India. He was to have a part in the training of the Baptist pioneer missionary of the great Middle West.

Doctor Staughton himself did all the teaching. He taught Latin, Greek, Hebrew, homiletics, pastoral theology, and other subjects, including some of the sciences. On Sundays the students went out to practise. Peck preached every Sunday. He was in much demand, not so much because of his oratorical ability as because of his intense earnestness. He believed in his message with all of his heart, and he was always glad to tell of his blessed Redeemer.

It was always a problem for him to secure enough money. In January of 1817 he was concerned for fear that he would have to quit school because of financial stress. His friends, however, learning of his difficulties, raised a sum of money and gave it to him. God was guiding his workman on to his appointed task.

In the school was a young man named Welch. He

and Peck soon became fast friends. Together they attended medical lectures. Together they prayed through many of their problems. Together they finally went to the village of St. Louis as missionaries.

Another source of blessing and inspiration to Peck was the fellowship of many of the prominent men of the Baptist denomination. Luther Rice, the man who had already influenced him, continued to be a source of strength to him. He was encouraged in his ambitions and led to believe that when the time came the Baptists would really send him out as their missionary.

With much fear and trembling he and Welch looked forward to the meeting of the Triennial Baptist Convention. It was to meet in Philadelphia in May, 1817, and upon the decision of that body depended the future of their hopes. Would they send them to the West? or would they vote to let the matter rest? It was a momentous issue to these two young men. It was a time when the Christian future of the great Middle West was being thought out.

The Convention days finally came. Foreign missions had been the great key-note since the baptism of Judson and his adoption as a Baptist missionary. The need and call of the West, however, was well presented. It was voted to incorporate with the Foreign Board portions of the American continent and have them known as "Domestic Missions." This was the real beginning of the Home Mission Society, though many years elapsed before the formal organization took place.

After the Convention adjourned the Foreign Board met to decide what course to pursue. Their decision was made. The die was cast. The anxiety of the young men

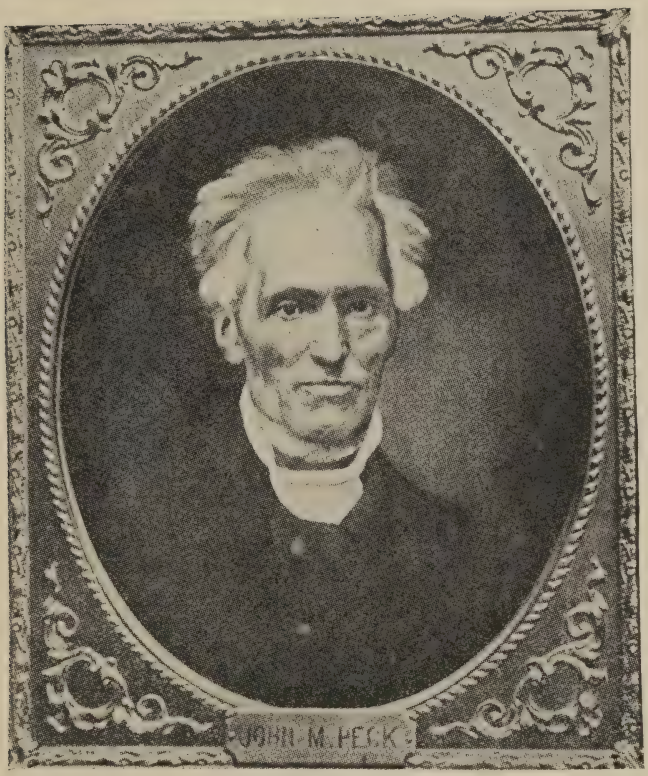
gave way to jubilation. On May 18, 1817, Peck and Welch were publicly dedicated as missionaries in the Sansom Street Church for work in the Western mission field. They were to be missionaries to the new "Missouri territory." The Board voted to set apart $1,000 for the support and expenses of this new enterprise.

Two months passed before the start was really made, days of eager service and tearful good-bys. Associations must be visited. Churches must hear the news. The Baptists' work for their homeland had begun. The day of home missions had arrived. Peck's whole soul went out in his talks and messages. Baptists were set on fire by the zeal and passionate earnestness of this young man, who with his friend Welch were going a thousand miles west to start missionary work.

The last speech was made. The final farewell had taken place. On July 28, 1817, Mr. and Mrs. Welch, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Peck, and their three children started westward from their old home in Connecticut. Their journey was a tremendous undertaking. They were going over one thousand miles from home and friends to carry the gospel message. They had no surety that they would ever return. Their missionary trip seemed as far to the New England people as Judson's had looked to his company only five years previous.

Beginnings in the West

It was a long, tiresome journey. Over four months were consumed before they came to the great Father of Waters. On December first they entered St. Louis. It was a typical frontier town. Expenses were high and morals low. It was a trading-post, and a great mixture of nation-



JOHN MASON PECK

Christian Pioneer of the Mississippi Valley

alities was there. It was the boast of a wicked and ungodly group of its citizens, "The Sabbath never has and never will cross the Mississippi." The missionaries, however, had come. The missionaries stayed!

The taunts of men meant nothing to the man who had been sent out by God. With grim determination Peck rented the rear of a store building and began holding services. He found a French Catholic church in the community, but otherwise the whole city seemed to be given up to all manner of licentiousness. Even the French who were in the city attended their church but occasionally; and they seemed to be no different from the rest.

The work of these missionaries brought a harvest. In April of 1818 a large crowd gathered on the banks of the Mississippi. The first baptismal service was to take place. Peck baptized two converts that day. Many had told him to beware of what might happen; but the crowd, though it was large, listened very thoughtfully to the message that was given.

Peck with his zeal raised three thousand dollars from the community for a church. He organized a Sunday school of one hundred scholars. He had already opened a day-school, and he now had over forty pupils paying for their training. Nor was Peck content to stay in the city. He began riding into Missouri and Illinois and founding schools. Three years after he reached St. Louis fifty schools were in operation; and he was going without any attempt to conserve his strength, but with all his thought on reaching the religiously destitute.

He was a great traveler. In the month of September of that first year in the West he traveled four hundred miles on horseback. He talked with everybody on the

road concerning the way of light. He was constantly seeking openings for Sunday schools. Wherever possible he bound together the Baptist churches in an Association. He strove to secure pastors who would take charge of several churches and keep definite preaching appointments at various stations. He was always on the lookout for men who were willing to do colportage work, and become Baptist circuit-riders. He found many of the leaders of the frontier community bigoted and wicked men. In the minister's office were many untrained and ignorant men who opposed the establishing of Sunday schools, and who did not believe either in education or in missions.

Often on these travels his horse would lose his way. He would give the animal free rein and continue to read. Sometimes he met encouragement, and sometimes there was fierce opposition. He became inured to the cold and to sleeping on the hard ground. He suffered hunger and fatigue; but there was no cessation of his activity. When the Indians, the hunters, the hardy pioneers, and the squatters heard him preach, they listened eagerly to the story of Jesus. He found the people hungry for vital Christianity.

In the latter part of 1818 he was gone for two months on a trip. He met two men on this journey who encouraged him. First was the famous Daniel Boone, who was then eighty years old. He was entertained in the home of the old pioneer. The other man was Lewis Williams, a consecrated minister. "Without money and without price," he was going from village to village telling of the unsearchable riches of Christ. In writing of him Peck said, "He is a man of heavenly spirit."

Peck was eager to establish a school for higher education. He moved to St. Charles, twenty miles northeast of St. Louis. He there joined forces with Rev. Craig who already had a school. They founded St. Charles Academy, and started in to work with forty pupils. This venture proved unsuccessful mostly because of the dishonesty of his partner, though partially due to the fact that it was very irksome to Peck to be confined to the classroom when he would much prefer to do pioneer work.

A very severe crisis came to the work in 1820. Peck was sick with a bilious attack. His children were all ill. His oldest son was dead. Home problems were very acute. He felt the need of a friendly hand. He wanted sympathy and encouragement. Instead, while still sick, he received word that the Baptist Convention would be unable to keep him any longer, for lack of funds.

The Triennial Convention had held a meeting, and the record shows, " Having listened with concern to some anti-mission complaints from the West, then proceeded to direct the Board to discontinue the missions at St. Louis." Peck had been severely criticized for his pioneering activities. The folks said he should have covered less territory and been more thorough in his work. These were but factors, and not the ultimate causes of the action of the Convention. Two facts seemed to bear the most influence. First, the enthusiasm over the work in Burma made Western missions pale into insignificance. Secondly, the development of Columbian College at Washington, D. C., seemed to engross the interest of Baptists.

Peck felt this blow very keenly. With all means of support gone, whither should he go? What should he do? The Board had suggested that he could go to Fort Wayne

and join forces with Isaac McCoy; but he did not have sufficient funds. They also wrote for Welch to stay in St. Louis, but this he could not afford to do. It never entered the mind of this intrepid hero that he might return to civilization. He had put his hand to the plow of the Western needs, and he was determined to follow it to the end of the furrow. He wrote to the Board that he would stay in St. Louis.

The Work at Rock Springs, Illinois

In the spring of 1822 he moved to Rock Springs, Illinois, in which place he lived the rest of his life. He had been guaranteed five dollars a week by the Massachusetts Missionary Society for time actually spent on the field. In this village he found some Georgia Baptists who had been parishioners of Mr. Mercer, president of Mercer University. He therefore organized a Baptist church at Rock Springs, and he was pastor of both this church and of the Baptist church in St.Louis. He had plenty to do between these two fields and his own half-section of land. No sooner, however, had he accomplished the forming of the church than he was off again on one of his long tours.

On one of his horseback trips he came into contact and conflict with Mr. Daniel Parker, who was an ardent antimissionary enthusiast and a strong reactionary. They were both in attendance at a Baptist Association gathering. Peck was not permitted to sit in as a delegate because of his known missionary enthusiasm. Parker, on the other hand, was heartily welcomed. When the subject of missionary work came up for discussion the Association permitted Peck to talk. For over five hours Parker and

Peck debated the subject of missions, most of all of home missions. Peck came out victorious, for the Association voted to help him in his work.

The genius, the courage, and the perseverance of Peck in these days were marvelous. He left an organization in every little hamlet or village to carry on the work. Sometimes it was a Sunday school, or a church, or a mission society, or a Bible-study club, or a ladies society; always something for the continuing of the work of spreading the gospel. He was a great believer in organization. He formed the Green County Sunday School Association in 1824. He was always distributing Bibles and tracts.

During the year of 1824 his rides took in a tremendous amount of territory. He went into the borders of Kansas on one trip. Starting off again, he went south through Kentucky and Tennessee. His work was always that of the pioneer. He differed much from the men of his day. Their works have perished; but Baptists are still building on Peck's foundations.

In 1826 he started on a journey that took him 4,400 miles. Realizing the lack of educational facilities in the West, he decided to go East to see if money could be secured for the establishing of a school of higher education, especially with a view for the training of ministers. There were now two hundred and fifty Baptist ministers in this territory. Most of these men were ignorant. They had not had even a common-school education. Something must be done to raise the standard of the ministry if the cause of Christ was going to prosper.

Peck therefore went to Cincinnati and then on to Washington. While in this city he had a conference with the

President, John Quincy Adams. He was more delighted, however, to meet again Luther Rice, to whom he looked as a spiritual adviser. After the nine long years in the West it seemed good to Peck to fellowship with his brethren again.

Everywhere he went he was greeted with enthusiasm. The Massachusetts Society, whose missionary he had been for four years, heard his report with joy. He attended the meetings of the Triennial Convention, the American Bible Society, and the Tract Society. His plans for advance work were adopted, and they heartily concurred in them. All agreed that a Seminary must be established in Illinois. Before returning to the West he visited the churches of New York State and throughout New England, raising money for this new enterprise. He collected six hundred and fifty-eight dollars in cash and three hundred and fourteen dollars worth of books. The Baptists of the East were beginning to listen now, and to support their representative in the West.

He reached Rock Springs again after nine months, bringing his mother back with him to live. He had visited his old home in Litchfield, and some of his old friends and neighbors had looked upon him as one returned from the dead. Ready now for the most forward move of his life, he set to work with greater enthusiasm than ever. He had a plan for the redemption of the great Middle West; and he proceeded to put it into operation along three special lines.

Establishment of Three Great Projects

First was the founding of the school for which the Massachusetts Society had given him authority. In

January of 1827 a few friends met in Peck's home and organized a Literary and Theological Seminary and elected trustees. By the giving of ten dollars or more to this Seminary one was entitled to one vote for the trustees. Thus was started the institution which was later to become Shurtleff College. Peck donated the land for the school from his own farm, and organized a stock company. He was appointed superintendent of construction, solicitor of funds, canvasser of pupils, and organizer of the school. Sleeping only six hours a day he gave himself to this enterprise. On November first "The Rock Springs Theological Seminary and High School" opened its doors with twenty boarding pupils, and several other pupils who came by the week. Two teachers had been engaged. Three buildings were finished. Peck did some teaching when he was home. The institution began to function by 1828 despite the determined opposition of the antimissionary Baptists, who had steadily opposed the school.

The second big undertaking was the promoting of a religious paper. He found himself practically alone in this enterprise. Both friends and foes were pitted against him. They sought to reason with Peck that this was a foolhardy project. Even the paper published in Boston was a financial liability, and one published here would be just plunging them into debt. Why do this when the college needed all their resources? Nevertheless he went ahead. He brought Green from St. Charles, Missouri, to do the publishing. On December 2, 1828, appeared the first issue of "The Pioneer," the first religious paper published west of the Ohio River. It was always a drain on the financial resources. Each year during the twelve years

of its separate existence, Peck and his friends had to make up a deficit of two hundred dollars.

His third advance move was the establishing of circuit-riders. He carefully selected these men, and then gave them their territory. He was desirous of reaching the entire pioneer West with the gospel of his Redeemer. In allotting their fields of service he gave them a great opportunity. He commissioned Lewis Williams over a territory as big as the State of Massachusetts. This system of work was so blessed of the Lord that the Massachusetts Society decided to send out a representative to visit Peck, to investigate his work, and to report to the whole denomination. In writing in his journal these days, Peck says:

> My mind is often deeply impressed with the thought that I am laboring for future generations; and that the principle inculcated and habits introduced in the Baptist society in this country will last for ages. Under what high and weighty responsibility should every professor, and particularly every preacher, act, who lays the foundation in a new country!

The Visit of Jonathan Going

Dr. Jonathan Going was the messenger commissioned by the Massachusetts Society. He arrived at Peck's home on June 20, 1831. For three months they rode together over the immense extent of territory covered by Peck's field of activity. They studied every feature of the work that Peck was promoting. Finally they separated in Shelbyville, these two men who were both seers. In his journal Peck wrote, "We agreed on the plan of The American Baptist Home Mission Society." Though this Society was not formally organized until 1832, it was

Going and Peck that share equal honors in the establishment of this mighty arm of the Baptists.

When at home from his trips Peck did much writing. He was constantly receiving requests concerning the country and its possibilities. In 1831 he published a "Guide to Emigrants"—a mine of information regarding the Mississippi Valley. It was a book of over three hundred pages written about the West by one who knew the West as well as any living man. He also wrote a sketch of Daniel Boone. He sold all the copyrights of his books.

He was living in days when temperance reform was very unpopular. Even among the leaders of the church, and also with many of the ministers, there was much drunkenness. Peck was a strong advocate of temperance; and because of that fact he was looked on as a radical. With his usual fearlessness he boldly gave lectures and preached sermons for the sake of temperance.

Peck's main task, however, during these few months, was the changing of the location of the school. He had realized that Rock Springs was not the place. When Going was with him they had discussed at considerable length the city where the school ought to be established. He finally decided to move the Seminary to Upper Alton. Alton Seminary opened its doors in September, 1832. Immediately finances became very low. Mr. Loomis, the principal, spent six months in the East trying to raise funds. He returned with four hundred and ninety dollars. The trustees turned to Peck and asked him to go East. He had been the main spirit in the change, and they felt that he could raise the amount needed. He went East, therefore, in the spring of 1835. He first visited his friend Doctor Going, and discovered that Going

had organized two years previous The Western Baptist Educational Association. This proved of very material help. Peck secured ten thousand dollars from Dr. Benjamin Shurtleff on the condition that the college be named after him. The Alton Seminary had already changed its name to Alton College. Now it was changed to Shurtleff College to secure this large gift. When Peck returned to Alton he had in cash and pledges about twenty thousand dollars, so the future of the college was assured. Shurtleff College stands today as his great educational monument.

Peck a Great Organizer and Traveler

The extent of his activities was immense. In every single field, where there was an opportunity to serve his fellow man, he served. No task was so difficult, no requirement so severe, but that he answered gladly, "Here am I, send me." He helped to organize the Illinois Baptist Education Society in 1836. He delivered two lectures before the legislature of the State of Illinois on "The Early History of Illinois." He met the financial panic of 1837 by visiting the churches and securing enough funds to tide the college over the strain. At a meeting of the Illinois Baptist State Convention he was appointed its general agent; and a few years later he was elected president of that body. He gave himself without stint to the bringing in of the kingdom of God.

When he was fifty years of age, he wrote to a friend concerning his general health. He said, "My liver is permanently affected, my constitution seriously impaired; I must retire to sedentary life." Yet during that year he traveled over three thousand five hundred miles on horse-

back, carriage, and steamboat. He also served as pastor of the Church at Rock Springs and at Bellville, Illinois. He had gone into Northeastern Missouri, Iowa, and Kentucky with his missionary zeal.

For five years he left his Western home to serve in different secretarial positions of the denomination. He never fully enjoyed it. He was an outdoor man, and he loved the open spaces. The free life of the prairie, where his policies were not hampered by Boards, and the great world of God were more according to his wishes than cities and office buildings.

Peck moved to Louisville, Kentucky, in September of 1841, and became the agent of the Western Baptist Publication and Sunday School Society, which society was pledged to conduct its work "in strict cooperation with that in Philadelphia." In this position he made trips into the South and East seeking to stimulate interest in the missionary work in the West. He appeared on the program of the Triennial Convention and made an earnest appeal for home-mission work on the frontier. While they listened to him thoughtfully and enjoyed hearing this earnest man of God, he found them somewhat reluctant to adopt any big policy for the West. This opposition was due to the fact that Burma and the marvelous story of Judson had engaged the missionary-minded Baptists; and partially to the fact that many Baptists were still antimissionary.

He made another change in 1843. He became secretary of The American Baptist Publication Society, and arrived in Philadelphia on April 17, 1843, to assume his position. His family stayed at their home in Rock Springs, and his boy ran the farm. Peck in order to

curtail expenses lived at the depository of the Society. He faced a tremendous task in this new office. Yet he applied himself to its solution with the same energy and with the unflagging zeal with which he had attacked his frontier problems.

He established the system of depositories for the Publication Society, enlarged the work of the Society's agents and colporters, and sought to keep the work of missions before the whole denomination by the use of tracts and documents of the Society. At the annual meeting of the Society he reported that he had traveled almost nine thousand miles, this man who had said five years previous that he was going to seek a quieter life.

Finances were always at low ebb those days. When the Foreign Mission Society reported a debt of forty thousand dollars, he was the first man to give toward its liquidation. He gave one hundred dollars to the lifting of the indebtedness and helped the Society in every possible way to raise the rest. Despite this tremendous campaign he was able to guide the Publication Society through the year so that they had no indebtedness.

Peck's Home-going

The days of his active service were over, however. In May, 1846, he resigned, and with much joy turned his face home. He had answered the call, accepted the challenge. He had served his denomination, had helped them weather the storm, had guided them to where there was smooth sailing. Now, he was going home.

The last few years of his life were quiet. He did considerable preaching for the next seven years. He visited St. Louis often and preached. As a result of his work

in that city a German Baptist Mission was founded for the West and a German Church in St. Louis. Peck was always promoting, always pushing forward in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.

He made his last journey east in April of 1853. Mr. H. G. Jones, Mr. Herman Lincoln, and he drew up a plan for the organization of The Baptist Historical Society. This plan was received and unanimously adopted. This was pleasing to Peck, who had thought about the matter for many months.

Peck's last years were filled with much bodily sufferings. His years had been so strenuous that he had a great deal of pain. This hardy old pioneer had spent over a third of a century in seeking to build the Christian religion into the life of the frontier. He had given himself unsparingly to the accomplishment of his God's appointed objective; so determined was he to win for his Saviour these American settlers.

His home became the Mecca for many folks. To it people came as to a shrine, to receive inspiration and help. Ministers came for instruction. Denominational leaders came for counsel. Men of all walks of life sought his humble home that they might hear Peck talk and know his views and receive his advice.

With it all Peck was humble. Harvard gave him the degree of doctor of divinity in 1851. Men sought to honor him in many ways. Always in demand as a speaker, whenever he was able his voice continued its plea for home and foreign missions. When he was kept home, on account of sickness, he continued to write for the cause for which he had so gladly given his life. He wrote for newspapers, for magazines, and for the denominational

press. There was always the same burning zeal for this great frontier.

As the days wore on they were more full of suffering and of heartache. His companion and friend, his true helpmeet, died in 1856. Her record has not been kept by mortal pen as faithfully as his; but the divine scribe has placed her among those "who were faithful unto death." In an attempt to assuage his sorrow, after this loss he made a visit to Iowa where his children were living. On the way home he passed through Chicago, and was entertained while there by Mayor Boone.

He reached home in the fall of 1857. His suffering was very severe. The worn, tired body was torn with aches and pain. They watched him and prayed for him, trying to lighten the sorrow and ease the pain. On Sunday morning, March 14, 1858, he turned to his friend and said, "Only Christ is my Saviour, my whole dependence"; and he was gone. Heaven's gates were opened; and he who served so faithfully below received the approval of his Lord and Master.

Christian Pioneer of the Mississippi Valley

One author in seeking a fit tribute for him wrote,

> Baptists certainly should honor the memory of John Mason Peck, Baptist Missionary Bishop of the Mississippi Valley who ranks among the foundation-layers of the Christian commonwealth.

Doctor Jeter said of him:

> Not only a pioneer, but a master-spirit among the pioneers. Perhaps no man of the class did more than he to guide the thoughts, mould the manners, and form the institutions of the West.

John Mason Peck

John Peck was a faithful follower of his Lord. From the time of his conversion until his death he wrought mightily for God. With the eye of a seer, the determination of a soldier, and the consecration of a child of God he gave his life for forty years that America might be saved, that the West might be redeemed, that all men might know the Christ whom he loved and whom he served.

READING LIST

"A History of American Baptist Missions," Edmund F. Merriman. The American Baptist Publication Society, 1900.

"The Baptist Heritage," George E. Horr. The Judson Press, 1923.

"Outlines of Missionary History," Alfred DeWitt Mason. George H. Doran Company, 1921.

"Following the Pioneers," Joseph C. Robins. The Judson Press, 1922.

"A Hundred Years of Missions," Delevan L. Leonard. Funk & Wagnalls Company, 1913.

"Great Missionaries of the Church," Charles C. Creegan. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., 1895.

"Fifty Missionary Heroes," Julia H. Johnston. Fleming H. Revell Company, 1913.

"Into All the World," Amos R. Wells. United Society of Christian Endeavor, 1903.

"Wonders of Missions," Caroline A. Mason. George H. Doran Company, 1922.

"Missionary Heroes," Basil T. Matthews. George H. Doran Company, 1922.

"Pioneers of Light," L. C. and M. C. Barnes. The American Baptist Publication Society, 1924.

"The World's Debt to the Baptists," J. W. Porter. Baptist Book Concern, 1914.

"Missionary Milestones," Margaret R. Seebach. Council of Women for Home Missions, 1917.

"Tales of Great Missionaries for Young People," Jeanne M. Serell. Fleming H. Revell Company, 1922.

"Heroes of the Cross in America," Don O. Shelton. The Young People's Missionary Movement, 1904.

"Roger Williams," Arthur Strickland. The Judson Press, 1919.

"William Carey," S. Pearce Carey. The Judson Press, 1923.

"The Life of Adoniram Judson," Edward Judson. The American Baptist Publication Society, 1883.

"Ann of Ava," Ethel D. Hubbard. The American Baptist Publication Society, 1913.

"William Knibb," Mrs. John J. Smith. Alexander & Shepherd, 1896.

"William Knibb," R. A. L. Knight. The Carey Press, 1924.

"The Memoir of Madame Feller," J. M. Cramp. W. Drysdale & Co.

"Early Indian Missions," Walter N. Wyeth. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 1895.

"The Life of John Mason Peck," A. K. DeBlois. The American Baptist Home Mission Society, 1917.

PAMPHLETS

"The Man Who Could Not Be Silent." The Carey Press.

"Heroes of Modern Missions," Charles P. Chipman. The American Baptist Publication Society, 1909.

"A Few Facts About the Grande Ligne Mission," E. Bosworth. Grande-Ligne Mission.

HEADQUARTERS

The Carey Press, 19 Furnival Street, E. C., 4, London, England.

The Northern Baptist Headquarters, 276 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

The Southern Baptist Convention, 161 Eighth Avenue North, Nashville, Tennessee.

The Canadian Baptist Convention, 223 Church Street, Toronto, Canada.

The Grande-Ligne Mission, 901 New Birks Building, Montreal, Canada.